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Valentine's Manual of Old New York



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THE FIRST CAPITOL BUILDING OF THE UNITED STATES

OLD FEDERAL HALL, CORNER WALL AND NASSAU STREETS, NOW SITE OF SUB-TREASURY 1789

Valentine's Manual of Old New York

No. 4, New Series

1920

Edited By

Henry Collins Brown

"I PRAY YOU LET US SATISFY
OUR EYES—
WITH THE MEMORIALS AND
THE THINGS OF FAME
THAT DO RENOWN THIS CITY"

Shakespeare.

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To the
Liberty Boys of 1918
Who Fought in Foreign Lands
That Liberty
Might Not Perish from the Earth
This Volume is
Affectionately Dedicated

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Press of
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New York City

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DIARY OF A LITTLE GIRL IN OLD NEW YORK (1849-1850)

CATHERINE ELIZABETH HAVENS

August 6, 1849.

I am ten years old to-day, and I am going to begin a diary. My sister says it is a good plan, and when I am old, and in a remembering mood, I can take out my diary and read about what I did when I was a little girl.

I can remember as far back as when I was only four years old, but I was too young then to keep a diary, but I will begin mine by telling what I can recall of that far-away time.

The first thing I remember is going with my sister in a sloop to visit my aunts on Shelter Island. We had to sleep two nights on the sloop, and had to wash in a tin basin, and the water felt gritty.

These aunts live in a very old house. It was built in 1733 and is called the Manor House, and some of the floors and doors in it were in a house built in 1635 of wood brought from England.*

* Note—This house is now in possession of Miss Cornelia Horsford, of Cambridge, Mass., and was the subject of an article by the late Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, in the November number of the Magazine of American History for 1887.

The next thing I remember is going with my nurse to the Vauxhall Gardens, and riding in a merry-go-round. These Gardens were in Lafayette Place, near our house, and there was a gate on the Lafayette Place side, and another on the Bowery side.

Back of our house was an alley that ran through to the Bowery, and there was a livery stable on the Bowery, and one time my brother, who was full of fun and mischief, got a pony from the stable and rode it right down into our kitchen and galloped it around the table and frightened our cook almost to death.

Another time he jumped onto a new barrel of flour and went right in, boots and all. He was so mischievous that our nurse kept a suit of his old clothes done up in a bundle, and threatened to put them on him and give him to the old-clothes man when he came along.

The beggar girls bother us dreadfully. They come down the steps to the kitchen door and ring the bell and ask for cold victuals; and sometimes they peek through the window into the basement, which is my nursery. And one day my brother said to one of them, "My dear, I am very sorry, but our victuals are all hot now, but if you will call in about an hour they will be cold." And she went away awfully angry.

We moved from Lafayette Place to Brooklyn when I was four years old, but only lived there one year. My brother liked Brooklyn because he could go crabbing on the river, but I was afraid of the goats, which chased one of my friends one day. So we came back to New York, and my father bought a house in Ninth Street. He bought it of a gentleman who lived next door to us, and who had but one lung, and he lived on raw turnips

and sugar. Perhaps that is why he had only one lung. I don't know.

I am still living in our Ninth Street house. It is a beautiful house and has glass sliding doors with birds of Paradise sitting on palm trees painted on them. But I am afraid we shall never move again. I think it is delightful to move. I think it is so nice to shut my eyes at night and not to know where anything will be in the morning, and to have to hunt for my brush and comb and my books and my etceteras, but my mother and my nurse do not feel that way at all.

I forgot to say I have a little niece, nearly as old as I am, and she lives in the country. Her mother is my sister, and her father is a clergyman, and I go there in the summer, and she comes here in the winter, and we have things together, like whooping-cough and scarletina. Her name is Ellen and she is very bright. She writes elegant compositions, but I beat her in arithmetic. I hate compositions unless they are on subjects I can look up in books.

Beside my little niece, I have a dear cousin near my age. Her father died in New Orleans, and her mother then came to New York to live. She brought all her six children with her, and also the bones of seven other little children of hers, who had died in their infancy. She brought them in a basket to put in the family vault on Long Island.

My aunt and my cousins came to New York three years ago. I was in my trundle-bed one night and woke up and saw my mother putting on her hat and shawl, and I began to cry, but she told me to be a good girl and go to sleep, and next day she would take me to see some little cousins. So the next day she took me, but first we

went to Mrs. May's toy store, just below Prince Street on Broadway, to buy some presents for me to give to my three little girl cousins. They were living in a nice house in Bleecker Street, near McDougal Street, and are named Annie Maria and Eliza Jane and Sarah Ann.

I took Annie a basket made by some of the people at the Blind Asylum. It was made of cloves strung on wire in diamond shapes, and where the wires crossed there was a glass bead. She keeps her big copper pennies in it.

Annie is my dearest friend. She and I are together in school, but now they have moved way up to Fifteenth Street; but I walk up every morning to meet her and we walk down to school together. Saturdays I go up to Annie's, and on Irving Place, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets, there is a rope walk, and we like to watch the men walk back and forth making the rope. It is very interesting.[1]

Some Saturdays we go to see our grandmother, who lives with our aunt on Abingdon Square, and she sends Bella her maid out to buy some candy for us, and she tells us about what she did when she lived way down town in Maiden Lane. She is our mother's mother. Annie's parents and my parents were married in the Maiden Lane house, and my father took my mother to his house at 100 Chambers Street to live with him.

My grandmother's mother lived in Fletcher Street, and she had a sister who lived on Wall Street, opposite the old Tontine Coffee-House. They loved each other very much, and were both very sick and expected to die; but my great grandmother got up off her sick bed and

1 The Academy of Music now stands where the rope walk was.

went down to see her sister, and she died there an hour before her sister died, and they were buried together in their brother's vault in Trinity Church Yard. I love to hear my grandmother tell about these old times. She says Mr. R., who married her aunt, was a Tory; which meant he was for the English in the Revolutionary War. He was a printer and came from England, and Rivington Street was named for him.

My father's father lived on Shelter Island, and had twenty slaves, and their names were: Africa, Pomp, London, Titus, Tony, Lum, Cesar, Cuff, Odet, Dido, Ziller, Hagar, Judith, and Comas, but my grandfather thought it was wicked to keep slaves, so he told them they could be free, but Tony and Comas stayed on with him. After he died Tony and Comas had a fight and Comas cut Tony, and my grandmother told Tony he must forgive Comas, for the Bible said "by so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head," and Tony said, "yes, Missy, de nex' time Comas hit me, I'll heap de coals ob fire on his head and burn him to a cinder."

New York is getting very big and building up. I walk some mornings with my nurse before breakfast from our house in Ninth Street up Fifth Avenue to Twenty-third Street, and down Broadway home. An officer stands in front of the House of Refuge on Madison Square, ready to arrest bad people, and he looks as if he would like to find some.

Fifth Avenue is very muddy above Eighteenth Street, and there are no blocks of houses as there are downtown, but only two or three on a block. Last Saturday we had a picnic on the grounds of Mr. Waddell's country seat

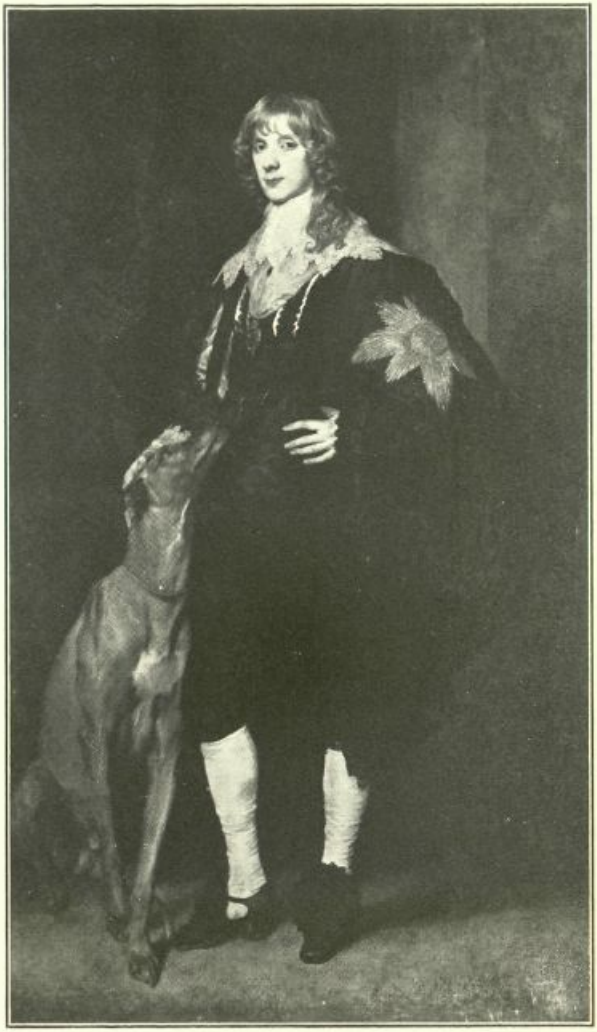
way up Fifth Avenue,[2] and it was so muddy I spoiled my new light cloth gaiter boots. I have a beautiful green and black changeable silk visite,[3] but my mother said it looked like rain and I could not wear it, and it never rained a drop after all. It has a pinked ruffle all around it and a sash behind.

Miss Carew makes my things. She is an old maid, and very fussy, and Ellen and I don't like her. She wears little bunches of curls behind her ears, and when she is cutting out she screws up her mouth, and we try not to laugh, and my mother says Miss Carew is well born and much thought of and only works for the best families.

There is another person called Miss Platt who comes to sew carpets, and although we don't despise her, which would be very wicked, for my mother says she comes of an excellent old Long Island family, yet Ellen and I don't like to have her use our forks and drink out of our cups. She is very tall and thin and has a long neck that reminds Ellen and me of a turkey gobbler, and her thumb-nails are all flattened from hammering down carpets, and she puts up her front hair in little rings and sticks big pins through them. Ellen and I try to pick out a nicked cup for her to use so that we can recognize it and avoid it.

Mr. Brower makes my shoes and brings them home on Saturday night and stays and tries them on. My sisters go to Cantrell on the Bowery, near Bleecker Street. The wife of one of my brothers thinks I am too fond of pretty clothes, and she sent me a Valentine about a kitten wanting to have pretty stripes like the

2 Corner of Thirty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, where the Brick Church now stands.
3 A visite was a loose fitting, unlined coat.



Van Dyck's Portrait of James, Duke of York for whom the City was named. Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

tiger, and how the tiger told the kitten that she had a great deal nicer life than he did, out in the cold, and that she ought to be contented. I will copy it just as she wrote it. I don't know whether she made it all up, but she made up the verse about me. This is it:

A kitten one day,
In a weak little voice
To a tiger did say:
"How much I rejoice

That I am permitted
In you to behold
One of my own family,
So great and so bold!

I'd walk fifty miles, sir,
On purpose to see
A sight so refreshing
And pleasant to me!

"With your gay, striped dress,
You must make a great show,
And be very much courted
Wherever you go!

Every beast, great and small,
In the forest must say,
'I wish I were a tiger,
So showy and gay!"

The tiger, half dozing,
Then opened his eye,
And thus to the kitten
He deigned a reply.

"You envious, foolish
And weak little thing,
Know that your size, like mine,
Doth advantages bring.

"Though you have not strength,
Nor a gay, striped dress,
You have comforts around
I should love to possess.

"Though I'm powerful and bold,
I'm the terror of all!
Alas! every one hates me
And flees at my call.

"You may be very useful
By catching the mice;
Thus make the folks love you
And give you a slice

"Of their meat, and a place
Nice and warm where to sleep,
While, friendless and cold,
I my wanderings keep!

"Now, envy no more
Fine looks and gay dress,
But strive to be useful,
Make happy and bless

"The friends who 're around you
By kindness and care,
And you'll find in return
Love and happiness there."

.

Methinks you, my dear Kitty,
My tale can explain;
If not, I'll unfold it
When I see you again.

August 15.

I got so tired doing so much thinking and writing in my diary that I waited to think up some more to say.

My father is a very old gentleman. He was born before the Revolutionary War. I have three sisters who are nearly as old as my mother. We have the same father, but different mothers, so they are not quite my own sisters; but they say they love me just the same as if we were own. Two of them got married and went away to live with their husbands, but one whose name begins with C is not married. I will call her Sister C in my diary. She is educating me.

I love my music lessons. I began them when I was seven years old. Our piano is in the middle room between the parlor and dining-room, and my teacher shuts the sliding doors, and Ellen peeked through the crack to see what I was doing, but she was only six years old.

My teacher is very fond of me. Last year my sister let me play at a big musical party she had, and I played a tune from "La Fille du Regiment," with variations. It took me a good while to learn it, and the people all liked it and said it must be very hard. My mother has had all my pieces bound in a book and my name put on the cover.

I love my music first, and then my arithmetic. Sometimes our class has to stand up and do sums in our heads. Our teacher rattles off like this, as fast as ever she can, "Twice six, less one, multiply by two, add eight, divide by three. How much?" I love to do that.

I have a friend who comes to school with me, named Mary L. She lives on Ninth Street, between Broadway and the Bowery. She and I began our lessons together and sat on a bench that had a little cupboard underneath for our books. She has a nurse named Sarah. Sometimes Ellen and I go there and have tea in her nursery. She has a lot of brothers and they tease us. One time we went, and my mother told us to be polite and not to take preserves and cake but once. But we did, for we had raspberry jam, and we took it six times, but the plates were dolls' plates, and of course my mother meant tea plates. My brother laughed and said we were tempted beyond what we were able to bear, whatever that means. He says it is in the Bible.

I hate my history lessons. Ellen likes history because she knows it all and does not have to study her lesson, but one day our teacher asked her to recite the beginning of the chapter, and she had only time to see there was a big A at the heading, and she thought it was about Columbus discovering America and began to recite at a great rate, but the teacher said, "wrong," and it

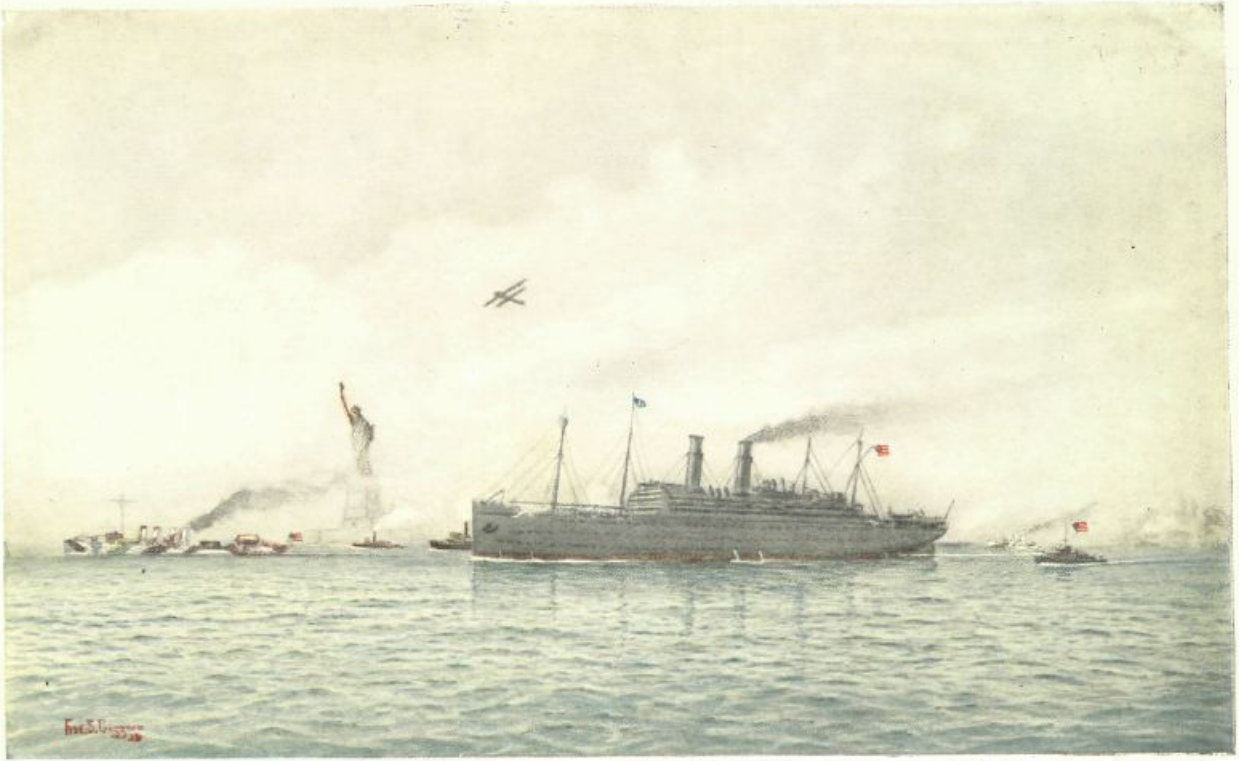
was about Andrew Marvell. Once a girl in our class asked our teacher if what we learned in history was true, or only just made up. I suppose she thought it was good for the mind, like learning poetry.

I meant to write about the time three years ago, when I went with my father to Brady's Daguerrean Gallery, corner of Tenth Street and Broadway, to have our picture taken.

My father was seventy-four, and I was seven. It is a very pretty picture, but people won't believe he isn't my grandfather. He is sitting down and I am standing beside him, and his arm is around me, and my hand hangs down and shows the gold ring on my fore-finger. He gave it to me at New Years to remember him by. I wore it to church and took off my glove so that Jane S., who sits in the pew next to me, would see it, but she never looked at it. We introduced ourselves to each other by holding up our hymn books with our names on the cover, so now we speak. Ellen and I are afraid of the sexton in our church. He looks so fierce and red.

Once in a while my sister takes me down to the Brick Church on Beekman Street, where our family went before I was born. We generally go on Thanksgiving Day. Dr. Spring is the minister. He married my parents and baptized all their children. Mr. Hull is the sexton, and he puts the coals in the foot-stoves in the pews. Sometimes the heat gives out and the lady gets up in her pew and waves her handkerchief and Mr. Hull comes and gets her stove and fills it again. When church begins he fastens a chain across the street to keep carriages away.

A man used to stand in front of the pulpit and read two lines of the hymn and start the tune and all the



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U. S. S. George Washington

Leaving the harbor of New York, Dec. 3rd, 1918, for the Peace Conference at Paris with President Wilson and party on board. This event marked the first occasion in which a President of the United States ever absented himself from the country while holding office.

people would sing with him. He had a tuning-fork, and used to snap it and it gave him the key to start the tune on, but that was before I was born. Afterwards they had a choir, and my mother and one of my sisters sang in it one time.

We are a musical family, all except my father; but he went with my sister to hear Jenny Lind in Castle Garden, and when she sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," the tears ran down his face. My sister took me too, and I heard her sing "Coming thro' the rye" and "John Anderson, my Joe," and a bird song, and she is called the Swedish Nightingale, because she can sing just like one.

September 21.

My parents went up to Saratoga in August for two weeks, to drink the water. They always stay at the Grand Union Hotel. Some time they will take me. It takes my mother a long time to pack, particularly her caps. She has a cold that comes on the nineteenth day of every August. She calls it her peach cold, and says it comes from the fuzz on the peaches she preserves and pickles.[4] It lasts six weeks and is very hard to bear. It makes her sneeze and her eyes run, and it is too bad, for she has sweet brown eyes and is very beautiful, and when she was a girl she was called "the pink of Maiden Lane," where she lived.

This summer I went up to my sister's, my own sister, at Old Church. Maggy, my nurse, took me in a carriage from Hathorn's Livery Stable on University Place, to Catherine Slip on the East River, where we get into a steamboat—sometimes it is the *Cricket*, and sometimes

[4] Now known as Hay Fever.

the *Cataline*—and we sail up the sound to the landing where we get off to go to Old Church, and then we get into the stage-coach to ride to my sister's parsonage. I was so wild to get there and to see Ellen and the rest of them that I could hardly wait to have the driver let down the steps for me to get in, and put them up again.

I just love it at Old Church. We play outdoors all day; sometimes in the barn and the hayloft, and sometimes by a brook across the road behind a house where three ladies live who have never married, although they have a vine called matrimony on their porch, and they are very good to us children and let us run through their house and yard. On Sundays it is so quiet we can hear everything they say, and one morning we heard Miss E. say, "Ann, do you think it is going to rain? If I thought it was going to rain I would take my parasol, but if I thought it was going to shine I would take my parasolette."

Every year there is a fair at the Landing, and of course the minister has to go, and so my sister goes too and takes us. There is an old wagon in the barn beside the carriage, and sometimes we all pile in with my nurse and my sister, and go down to bathe in the salt water. I wish we lived nearer to it and could go in every day.

It is lovely on Sunday at Old Church. My brother-in-law is in the pulpit, and his pew is in the corner of the church, and there are two pews in front of us. On pleasant days when the window is open behind us, we can hear the bees buzzing and smell the lilac bush; and out on the salt meadows in front of the church, we sometimes, alas! hear old Dan F. swearing awfully at his

oxen as he is cutting his salt grass, which it is very wicked of him to cut on the Sabbath. He has only one eye and wears a black patch over the other one, and Ellen and I are afraid of him and run fast when we pass his house. A nice gentleman sits in front of us in church and brings little sugar plums and puts them on the seat beside him for Katy (Ellen's sister) to pick up, as she is very little and it keeps her quiet. One time this gentleman went to sleep in church, and his mouth was open and Katy had a rose in her little hand and she dropped it into his mouth, but he did not mind, because she was so cunning.

In the front pew of the three a family of two parents and three sons and a daughter sit. They are farmers, and they stomp up the aisle in their big hob-nailed boots, and the father stands at the door of the pew and shoves them all in ahead of him just as he shoos in his hens, and then he plumps himself down and the pew creaks and they make an awful noise.

The people in Old Church are very different from our church people in New York, but my sister says they are very kind and we must not make fun of them. Once a year they give her a donation party, and it is very hard for her for all the furniture has to be moved to make room for the people. They bring presents of hams and chickens and other things.

I could write lots about Old Church and the good times I have there. My sister's father-in-law is the Governor of the State, and sometimes he and his wife drive over and spend the day with my sister and her husband, who is their son. Once when my sister called us to come and get dressed as they were going to arrive soon, Ellen said to me, "You needn't hurry; he isn't your

grandfather." She felt so proud to think he was the Governor. But my father is her grandfather too, and he is much finer looking than the Governor; and my mother says she is very proud of my father for he stands very high in the community—whatever that means. One time I was very angry with my father. It was about the Ravels.

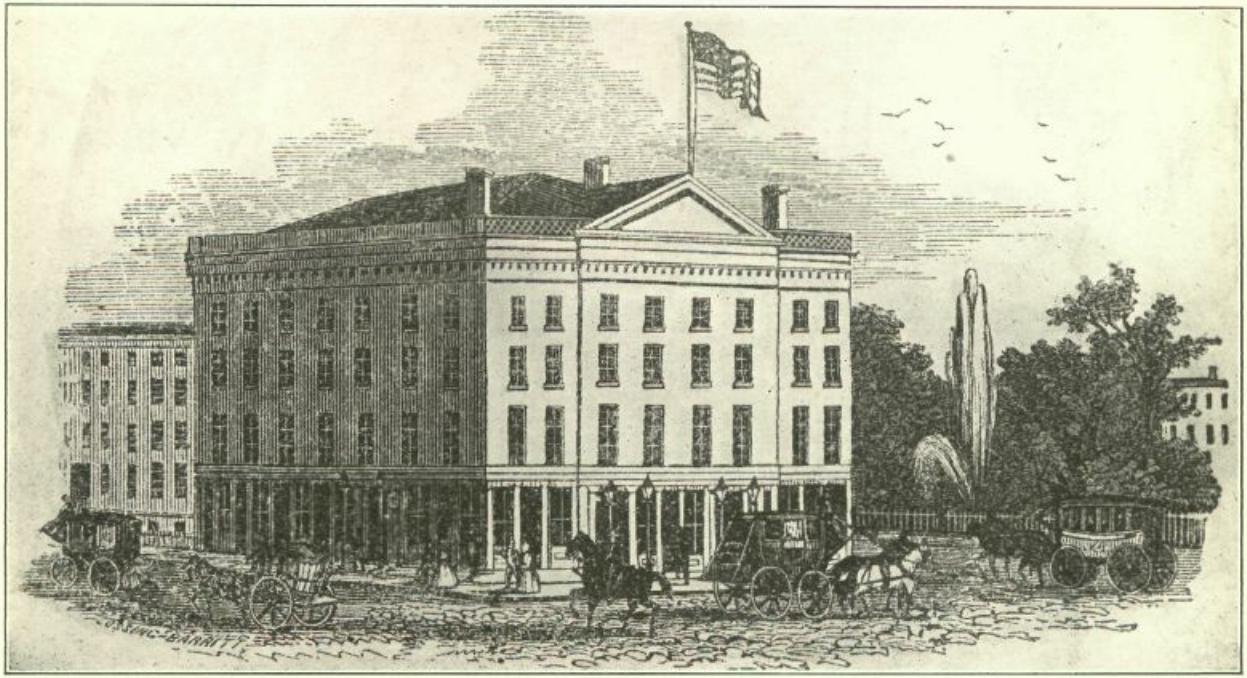
October 1.

I stopped to get rested a fortnight ago and then I forgot about my diary.

I will now tell about the Ravels. They act in a theater, called Niblo's Theater, and it is corner of Broadway and Prince Street. My biggest own brother goes there with some of his friends to see the plays, and he said he would take me to see the Ravels. But when my father found out about it he would not let me go. He said he did not think it was right for Christians to go to the theater. I went out on our front balcony and walked back and forth and cried so much I hurt my eyes.

Now I must tell about this brother of mine, for he has gone away off to California. He went last February with five other young gentlemen.

When he was twenty-one years old he joined a fire company, and it was called "The Silk Stocking Hose Company" because so many young men of our best families were in it. But they didn't wear their silk stockings when they ran with the engine, for I remember seeing my brother one night when he came home from a fire, and he had on a red flannel shirt and a black hat that looked like pictures of helmets the soldiers wear. He took cold and had pain in his leg, and Dr. Washington came and he asked my mother for a paper of pins



CLINTON HOTEL "OPPOSITE DR. SPRING'S CHURCH" BEEKMAN STREET AT PARK ROW 1851. THE FOUNTAIN TO THE RIGHT IS THE FAMOUS ONE THAT USED TO BEAUTIFY AND REFRESH CITY HALL PARK

and he tore off a row and scratched my brother's leg with the pins and then painted it with some dark stuff to make it smart, and it cured him.

Last year my brother had the scarlet fever. His room was on the top floor of our house, and when dear old Dr. Johnston came to see him my mother felt sorry to take him up so many stairs, but he said, "Oh, doctors and hod-carriers can go anywhere." He lives on Fourteenth Street and his daughter comes to school with me.

Last week my sister took me to see Helen R. who is very sick with scarlet fever. They thought she would die, and she was prayed for in school, and now she is getting well. We went up in her room and she looked so funny in bed with all her hair cut off. She lives in Tenth Street.

Before my brother went to California, he wrote in my album, and this is what he wrote:

"My sister, thou hast just begun
To glide the stream of Time,
And as it wafts thee onward
Towards thy glorious youthful prime,

Oh, may the fleeting moments
Which compose thy early years
Be so improved that future days
Will not look back in tears!"

My album is a beautiful book, bound in pink kid. I begged one of my brothers (not own) for one, and he gave it to me and wrote lovely poetry on the first page. I don't understand it all, but it sounds like music. I will copy it here in my diary:

"Spotless is the page and bright,
By heedless fingers yet untarnished;
Ne'er the track of fancy's flight
Has the virgin leaflet garnished!

Sweet the impress of the heart
Stamp'd in words of true affection!
This be every writer's part!
Love give every pen direction!"

October 15.

My eyes are so bad that I could not write in my diary, and Maggy takes me to Dr. Samuel Elliott's, corner of Amity Street and Broadway, and he puts something in that smarts awfully. He has two rooms, and all the people sit in the front room, waiting, and his office is in the back room; and they have black patches over their eyes—some of them—and sit very quiet and solemn. On each side of the folding doors are glass cases filled with stuffed birds and I know them all by heart now and wish he would get some new ones.

When I was four years old I had my tonsils cut out by Dr. Horace Green, who lives on Clinton Place. My nurse asked him to give them to her, so he put them in a little bottle of alcohol and sealed it up, and she keeps it in the nursery closet, and sometimes she shows it to me to amuse me, but it doesn't, only I don't like to hurt her feelings. My grandmother gave me a five-dollar gold piece for sitting so still when they were cut out.

November 8.

My diary has stopped on account of my eyes, and I have not studied much.

Ellen is here, and we have had fun. We have been down to Staten Island to one of my sisters. She has ice

cream on Thursdays, so we try to go then. One day I ate it so fast it gave me a pain in my forehead, and my brother-in-law said I must warm it over the register, and I did, and it all melted, and then they all laughed and said he was joking, but they gave me some more.

My brother-in-law is a dear old gentleman, but he is very deaf. He has a lovely place and every kind of fruit on it, and there is a fountain in front with pretty fish in it. The farmer's name is Andrew, and when he goes to market, Ellen and I go with him in the buggy; and we always ask him to take us past Polly Bodine's house. She set fire to a house and burned up ever so many people, and I guess she was hung for it, because there is a wax figure of her in Barnum's Museum.

Maggy takes us there sometimes, and it is very instructive, for there are big glasses to look through, and you can see London and Paris and all over Europe, only the people look like giants, and the horses as big as elephants. Once we stayed to see the play. Maggy says whenever the statue on St. Paul's Church hears the City Hall clock strike twelve, it comes down. I am crazy to see it come down, but we never get there at the right time.

My mother remembers when the City Hall was being built; and she and Fanny S. used to get pieces of the marble and heat it in their ovens and carry it to school in their muffs to keep their hands warm. She loves to tell about her school days, and I love to hear her.

December 10.

My eyes are better and I will write a little while I can.

Ellen and I went out shopping alone. We went to Bond's dry-goods store on Sixth Avenue, just below Ninth Street, to buy a yard of calico to make an apron for Maggy's birthday. We hope she will like it. It is a good quality, for we pulled the corner and twitched it as we had seen our mothers do, and it did not tear. Ellen and I call each other Sister Cynthia and Sister Juliana, and when we bought the calico, Ellen said, "Sister Cynthia, have you any change? I have only a fifty-dollar bill papa left me this morning," and the clerk laughed. I guess he knew Ellen was making it up!

There is a bakery kept by a Mr. Walduck on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Eighth Street, and they make delicious cream puffs, and when I have three cents to spare, I run down there right after breakfast, before school begins, and buy one and eat it there.

On the corner of Broadway and Ninth Street is a chocolate store kept by Felix Effray, and I love to stand at the window and watch the wheel go round. It has three white stone rollers and they grind the chocolate into paste all day long. Down Broadway, below Eighth Street is Dean's candy store, and they make molasses candy that is the best in the city. Sometimes we go down to Wild's, that is way down near Spring Street, to get his iceland moss drops, good for colds.

My mother says Stuart's candy store down on Greenwich and Chambers Street used to be the store in her day. When she was a little girl in 1810, old Kinloch Stuart and his wife Agnes made the candy in a little bit of a back room and sold it in the front room, and sometimes they used to let my mother go in and stir it.

After they died their sons, R. and L. Stuart, kept up the candy store in the same place, and it is there still.

When my mother lived at 19 Maiden Lane, Miss Rebecca Bininger and her brother lived across the way from her, and they had a store in the front of their home and sold fine groceries, and their sitting room was behind the store. They were Moravians and they used to ask my mother sometimes to come over and sing hymns to them, and my mother says they were so clean and neat that even their pot-hooks and trammels shone like silver, and by and by Miss Rebecca would go into the store and my mother would hear paper rustling, and Miss Rebecca would come back and bring her a paper filled with nuts and raisins for a present.

Sometimes my mother gives us a shilling to go and get some ice cream. We can get a half plate for sixpence, and once Ellen dared to ask for a half plate with two spoons, and they gave it to us, but they laughed at us, and then we each had three cents left. That was at Wagner's, on the other side of Broadway, just above Eighth Street. There is another ice cream saloon on the corner of Broadway and Waverly Place, called Thompson's.

I hope Ellen will stay all winter. She is full of pranks, and smarter than I am if she is younger, and I hope we will have lots of snow. When there is real good sleighing, my sister hires a stage sleigh and takes me and a lot of my schoolmates a sleigh ride down Broadway to the Battery and back. The sleigh is open and very long; and has long seats on each side, and straw on the floor to keep our feet warm, and the sleigh bells sound so cheerful. We see some of our friends taking their after-

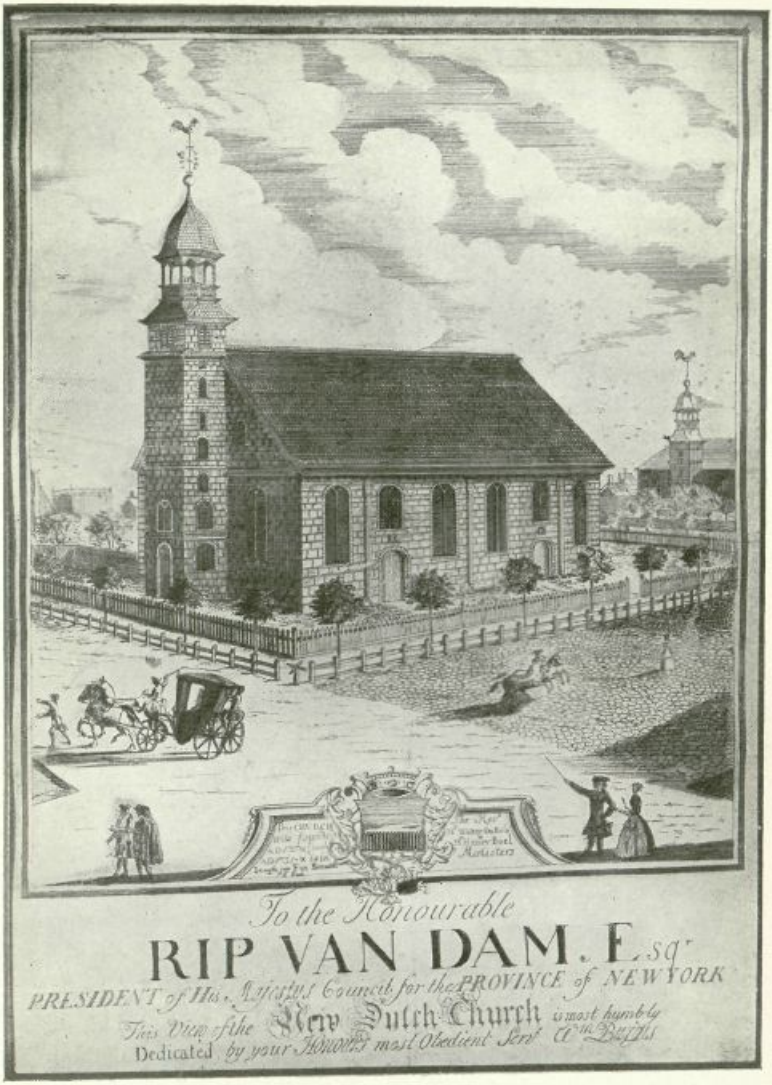
noon walk on the sidewalk, and I guess they wish they were in our sleigh!

Stages run through Bleecker Street and Eighth Street and Ninth Street right past our house, and it puts me right to sleep when I come home from the country to hear them rumble along over the cobble stones again. There is a line on Fourteenth Street too, and that is the highest uptown.

I roll my hoop and jump the rope in the afternoon, sometimes in the Parade Ground on Washington Square, and sometimes in Union Square. Union Square has a high iron railing around it, and a fountain in the middle. My brother says he remembers when it was a pond and the farmers used to water their horses in it. Our Ninth Street stages run down Broadway to the Battery, and when I go down to the ferry to go to Staten Island, they go through Whitehall Street, and just opposite the Bowling Green on Whitehall Street, there is a sign over a store, "Lay and Hatch," but they don't sell eggs.

January 2, 1850.

Yesterday was New Year's Day, and I had lovely presents. We had 139 callers, and I have an ivory tablet and I write all their names down in it. Some of the gentlemen come together and don't stay more than a minute; but some go into the back room and take some oysters and coffee and cake, and stay and talk. My cousin is always the first to come, and sometimes he comes before we are ready, and we find him sitting behind the door, on the end of the sofa, because he is bashful. The gentlemen keep dropping in all day and until long after I have gone to bed; and the horses look tired, and the livery men make a lot of money.



THE OLD MIDDLE CHURCH IN NASSAU STREET, BUILT 1729, TAKEN DOWN 1882. USED AS POST OFFICE FROM 1845 TO 1875. FROM THE ONLY ORIGINAL PRINT KNOWN, IN THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM LORING ANDREWS



Next January we shall be half through the nineteenth century. I hope I shall live to see the next century, but I don't want to be alive when the year 2000 comes, for my Bible teacher says the world is coming to an end then, and perhaps sooner.

January 14.

My mother said she could not afford to get me another pair of kid gloves now, but my sister took me down to Seaman and Muir's, next door to the hospital on Broadway, and bought me a pair. I like salmon color, but she said they would not be useful. Strang and Adriance is next door to Seaman and Muir's and we go there sometimes.

We get our stockings and flannels at S. and L. Holmes' store, near Bleecker Street. They are two brothers and they keep German cologne. Rice and Smith have an elegant store on the corner of Waverly Place, and they keep German cologne too. We go sometimes to Stewart's store, way down on the corner of Chambers Street, but I like best to go to Arnold and Constable's on Canal Street, they keep elegant silks and satins and velvets, and my mother always goes there to get her best things. She says they wear well and can be made over for me or for Ellen sometimes.

My Staten Island sister gave me a nice silk dress, only it is a soft kind that does not rustle. I have a green silk that I hate, and the other day I walked too near the edge of the sidewalk, and one of the stages splashed mud on it, and I am so glad, for it can't be cleaned.

On Canal Street, near West Broadway, is a box store, where my mother goes for boxes. They have all kinds,

from beautiful big band boxes for hats and long ones for shawls, down to little bits of ones for children, and all covered with such pretty paper.

Maggy, my nurse, is a very good woman, and reads ever so many chapters in her Bible every Sunday, and she said one day, "Well, Moses had his own troubles with these Children of Israel." I suppose she was thinking about the troubles she has with us children. I have a little bit of a hymn book that was given to one of my sisters (not own) by her affectionate mother. It was printed in 1811 and is called "The Children's Hymn Book," and some of the hymns are about children sleeping in church, and they are very severe, and I don't have to learn them, but Maggy teaches me some pretty verses sometimes to sing. I will copy down one of the hymns about sleeping in church. It is called "The sin and punishment of children who sleep in the House of God." This is the hymn:

Sleeper awake! for God is here
 Attend his word, his anger fear;
For while you sleep his eyes can see,
 His arm of power can punish thee.

This day is God's, the day He blest,
 His temple this, His holy rest;
And can you here recline your head,
 And make the pew or seat your bed?

Jehovah speaks, then why should you
 Shut up your eyes and hearing too?
In anger He might stop your breath,
 And make you sleep the sleep of death!

Dear children then of sleep beware;
 To hear the sermon be your care;
For if you all God's message mind,
 For sleep no season will you find.

Remember Entycleus of old,
He slept while Paul of Jesus told;
In sleep he fell, in Acts 'tis said,
That he was taken up for dead.

Hear this ye sleepers and be wise,
And shut no more your slumbering eyes,
For 'tis an awful truth to tell
That you can never sleep in Hell!

There is another hymn called Hell, but my mother does not like me to learn it. She thinks it is too severe. We use the book "Watt's & Select" in our church, and I know lots of them. It is the University Place Church. This is the hymn called Hell:

There is a pit beneath the grave,
The same into which Satan fell;
God made it in His holy wrath;
And called the horrid dungeon Hell.

There burns the everlasting flame,
Kindled by His almighty breath,
And sinners in that pit endure
The vengeance of eternal death.

There is more of it but these hymns were written long ago, and we don't have such awful ones now. There is one hymn I have learnt, and in it, it says:

Like young Abijah may I see
That good things may be found in me.

and my sister says when she was a little girl and learned it, she always thought that when Abijah died, they cut him open and found candies in him.

January 20.

Last Sunday my mother let me go with Maggy to her church. It is called the Scotch Seceders' Church. Mr. Harper is the minister. The church is in Houston Street. In the pew were her father and mother. They live in

Greenwich village, and once she took me there, and her mother gave me elegant bread and butter with brown sugar thick on it.

Maggy has a sister married to a weaver, and his name is George Ross, and he is growing rich by buying land and selling it, and soon he is to be an alderman. Her other sister is Matilda, and she is my sister's maid. Our other servants are colored people. The man waiter is colored, and we hear him asking our cook on Sunday if she is going to Zion or to Bethel to church, and her name is Harriet White, but she is very black.

We have a Dutch oven in our kitchen beside the range, and in the winter my mother has mince pies made, and several baked at once, and they are put away and heated up when we want one. My mother makes elegant cake, and when she makes rich plum cake, like wedding cake, she sends it down to Shaddle's on Bleecker Street to be baked.

January 25.

This is my mother's birthday and my grandmother came to dinner. She is forty-nine to-day, and I hope she will live to be a hundred. She has a lovely voice and sings old songs, and plays them herself.

She went to a big school in Litchfield kept by a Miss Pierce, but was only there three months. Her father thought it was too cold for her to stay there. While she was there she boarded at Dr. Lyman Beecher's and his wife died, and he preached her funeral sermon, and my mother heard him. She says a Mr. Nettleton came there to preach once, and at breakfast he and Dr. Beecher had mugs of cider with pearlash in it, and they heated a

poker and put it in the cider to make it fizz. It must have been horrid.

My oldest aunt went to Miss Pierce's school, and got acquainted with a young gentleman who was at Judge Gould's Law School in Litchfield, and she married him in 1811, and he became a clergyman, and Queen Victoria ordered him to come to Edinburgh to try to get an estate. That was in 1837. He took my aunt and their children and went away in a ship, and it took them ninety days to cross the Atlantic Ocean, and when they get the estate they will live in the castle, and my mother and I will go and visit them.

My aunt was sixteen and my uncle was nineteen when they were married, and he was born in Beaufort in South Carolina, and had a good deal of money. I do hope they will live in the castle! This is called a law suit they are having to get the estate.

This aunt took dancing lessons when she was a girl of Mr. Julius Metz, and she danced the shawl dance, and was very graceful, and she and my mother took music lessons on the piano, of Mr. Adam Geib, and he played the organ in Trinity Church, and he and his brother George Geib sold pianos. A young lady in Edinburgh told one of my Scotch cousins that she supposed all the Americans were copper colored, and he said, "Well, you know my father is a Scotchman, so that is why I am white."

February 14.

I have had a lot of Valentines to-day.

Once when I was six years old I teased one of my brothers (not own) for a valentine, and he sent me one written on a sheet of lovely note paper with a rose bud

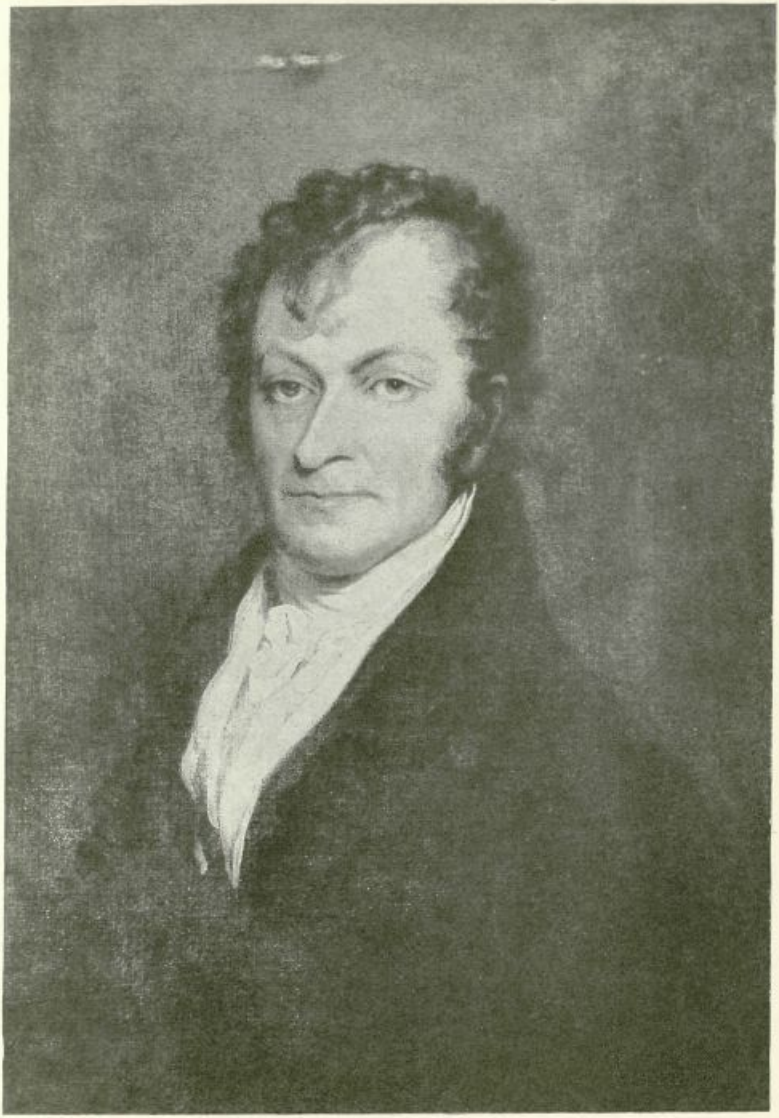
in the corner. It is pretty long to copy, and I don't know all it means, but it sounds tinkly, like music. This is it:

Little Kitty one day,
In her wheedling way,
With her kisses and smiles
And twenty such wiles,
 Did a valentine request;
That somehow or other
My brain I should bother
And verses indite
In stupidity's spite,
 To comply with her simple behest.

Now, though it may seem
 But a trifling affair
To fill up a ream
 Of paper so fair
 With words that will jingle in rhyme,
Yet to put them together
 In proper connection
And give them a meaning
 And useful direction
 Wit is quite as essential as time.

And here, little Kitty,
 Will please to observe
That speech, to be witty,
 Must ever deserve
 The aids of reflection and sense;
And careless, gay prattle
 And voluble talk,
Though making much rattle
 Will scarcely be thought
 Very witty or worthy defense!

But as verse that is fired
 With passion and truth,
From a fancy inspired
 By beauty and worth,
 Hath a charm that no heart can resist,
So the thoughts of a mind
 That's calm, clear and pure,
When they utterance find,
 In words plain and sure,
 Are generally reckoned the best!



EDWARD LIVINGSTON, THIRD MAYOR OF NEW YORK, 1801-3. PAINTED FROM LIFE BY JOHN TRUMBULL. FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE CITY HALL

This brother is a lawyer, and now he has gone to California too, to a place called Eureka. He has a lovely voice, and so has my own brother too, who went to California last year, and they used to sing rounds with my sister.

When my mother sings one of her songs, she has to cross her left hand over her right on the piano to play some high notes, and make what my teacher says is "a turn," and it is beautiful. This song is called "The Wood Robin," and another one begins, "Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer." My mother knows ever so many songs, and some of them were sung before she was born. One of them is called "The Maid of Lodi," and another is "The Old Welsh Harper," and another, "A Social Dish of Tea," and a lot of others.

April 12.

I have a schoolmate who lives across the street, and her name is Minnie B. Her father is a doctor, and she has a brother, Sam, and he is fifteen years old and big, and to-day I ran over to see her, and Sam opened the front door, and when he saw me, he picked me up in his arms to tease me, but he didn't see his aunt Sarah who was coming downstairs, and when she saw him she was very severe, and said, "Samuel, put that child down right away, and come and eat your lunch." I don't dislike Sam, but I think he was very rude to-day, and I am glad his aunt Sarah made him behave himself.

Minnie B. and Lottie G., who lives on the corner of University Place and Ninth Street, and Mary P., who lives on Ninth Street across Fifth Avenue, and I have a sewing society, and we sew for a fair, but we don't make much money.

But four years ago there was a dreadful famine in Ireland, and we gave up our parlor and library and dining room for two evenings for a fair for them, and all my schoolmates and our friends made things, and we sent the poor Irish people over three hundred dollars. My brothers made pictures in pen and ink, and called them charades, and they sold for fifty cents apiece; like this: a pen, and a man, and a ship, and called it, "a desirable art" Penmanship. The brother who used to be so mischievous, is studying hard now to be an engineer and build railroads. He draws beautiful bridges and aqueducts.

One Fourth of July, my father got a carriage from Hathorn's stable and took my mother and my sister and my brother and me out to see the High Bridge. It is built with beautiful arches, and brings the Croton water to New York. My brother says he remembers riding to the place where the Croton aqueduct crossed Harlem River by a syphon before the Bridge was built, and the man who took charge of it opened a jet at the lowest point, and sent a two-inch stream up a hundred feet.

My mother says when she was young, everybody drank the Manhattan water. Everybody had a cistern for rain water for washing, in the back-yards. And when she lived in Maiden Lane, the servants had to go up to the corner of Broadway and get the drinking water from the pump there. It was a great bother, and so when my grandfather built his new house at 19 Maiden Lane, he asked the aldermen if he might run a pipe to the kitchen of his house from the pump at the corner of Broadway, and they said he could, and he had a faucet in the kitchen, and it was the first house in the city to have drinking water in it, and after that several gentlemen

called on my grandfather and asked to see his invention. My mother says the Manhattan water was brackish and not very pleasant to drink.

My grandfather had ships that went to Holland and he brought skates home to his children, and they used to skate on the Canal that is now Canal Street and on the pond where the Tombs is now, and my mother says that the poor people used to get a rib of beef and polish it and drive holes in it and fasten it on their shoes to skate on. The Canal ran from Broadway to the North River, and had a picket fence on both sides of it, and there were only three houses on its side, and they were little white wooden houses with green blinds. My grandfather used to tell his children that whichever one would be up early enough in the morning could ride with him before breakfast in his gig as far as the stone bridge, and that was the bridge at Canal Street and Broadway.

My grandfather bought the lot for his new house from Mr. Peter Sharp, the father of my mother's schoolmate, Fanny. The lot was 28 feet wide, but the house was only 25 feet wide, and there was an alley 3 feet wide that was used by the shop people to get to the kitchen at the back of the house.

This Mr. Sharp was an alderman and he was a Democrat, and my grandfather was a Federalist, and they used to exchange their newspapers so as to read both kinds, and sometimes when my mother was waiting for Fanny to go to school, at her house, Mr. Sharp would throw down the paper and say a very wicked word about the Federalists. Another alderman is Mr. John Yates Cebra, a cousin of my mother's. He lives on Cebra Avenue on Staten Island, and once I went there with

my sister in her barouche and the grays. The grays are beautiful horses.

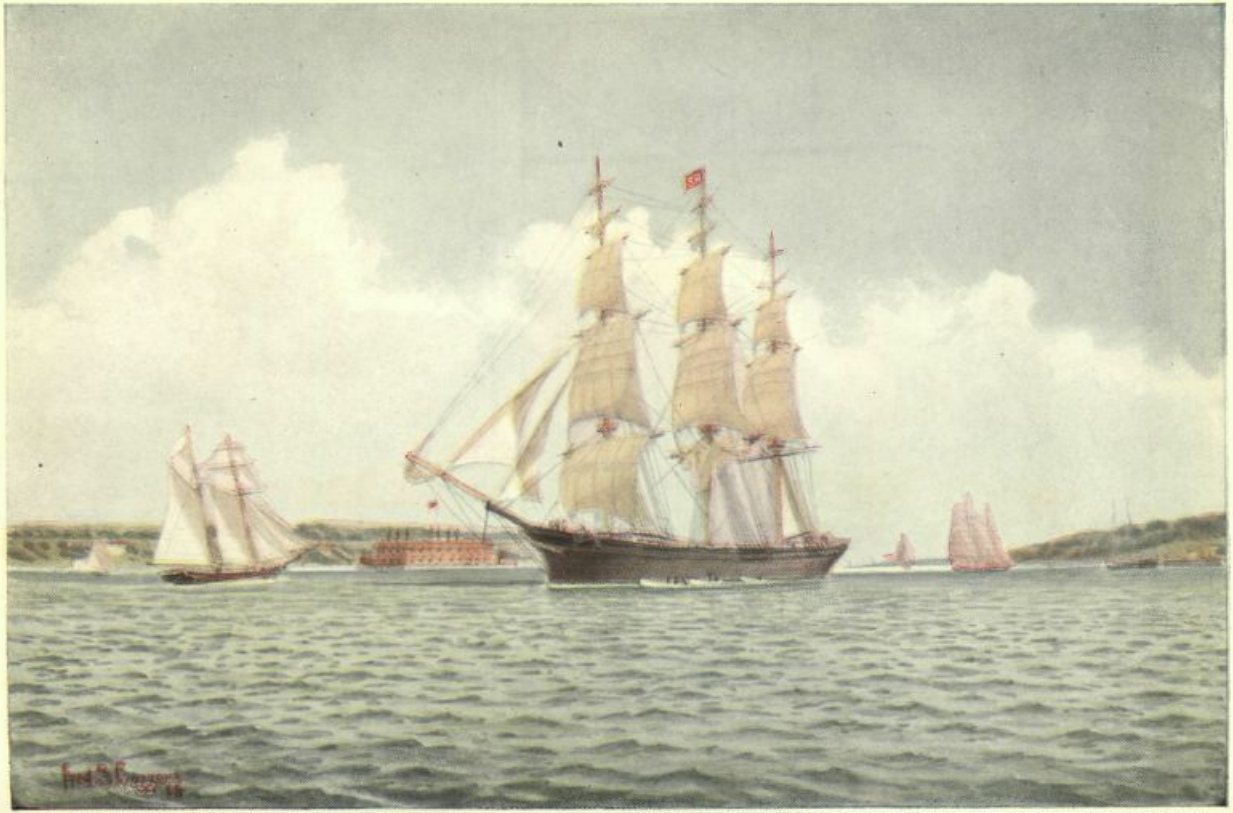
July 15.

I have not written in my diary for ever so long, but now school has just closed for the summer, and I have more time.

We had a new study last winter, something to strengthen our memories. The teacher was a Miss Peabody from Boston, and she has a sister married to a Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, who writes beautiful stories.

We had charts to paint on, and stayed after school to paint them, and one-half of the page was a country and the other half was for the people who lived in that country, and the country was painted one color, and the people another color, and this is the way it will help us to remember; for Mesopotamia was yellow, and Abraham, who lived there, was royal purple, and so I shall never forget that he lived in Mesopotamia, but I may not remember after all which was yellow, the man or the country, but I don't suppose that is really any matter as long as I don't forget where he lived. We did not study it long, but it was fun to stay and paint after school.

Professor Hume teaches us natural science, and every Wednesday he lectures to us, and one day he brought the eye of an ox and took it all apart and showed us how it was like our own eyes. And another time he brought an electric battery, and we joined our hands, ever so many of us, and the end girl took hold of the handle of the battery, and we all felt the shock, and it tingled and pricked.



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PRINTED FOR VALENTINE'S MANUAL OF OLD NEW YORK. No. 4. NEW SERIES

Samuel Russell 1847

A beautiful vessel, plenty of light canvas for moderate weather but heavily sparred and every inch a Clipper.

Built by Brown & Bell and engaged in the China Tea Trade. In a run from Canton in 1851 she sailed 6,780 miles in 30 days, her best day being 328 miles.

"Nat" B. Palmer was in command. She was named for the founder of Russell & Co., a great China firm in the early 40's and with whom A. A. Low and his brother began their career as merchants and ship owners.

Collection Mrs. A. A. Low.

Sometimes he talks on chemistry, and brings glass jars and pours different things into them and makes beautiful colors. He told us we could aways remember the seven colors of the rainbow by the word, v i b g y o r.

Professor Edwardes has been teaching us French. He is a little bit of a man, with a big head, and gray hair and a broken nose, and when he recites one of La Fontaine's Fables, he says, "L'animal vora-a-ace," and rolls up his eyes until you can only see the whites of them. Mr. Roy comes from the Union Seminary on University Place, to teach us Latin.

August 6.

This is my birthday again, and I am now eleven years old. School will begin again in September and so I will write some more in my diary while I have time.

I think I will tell about the school my mother went to.

The first school she went to was in Fair Street, and that is now Fulton Street, east of Broadway. It was kept by a Mrs. Merrill, an old lady who took a few little children, and each child brought her own little chair.

Then my mother went to Mr. Pickett's, and she says that was the school of that time. He had two sons who taught in the school. I will tell about it just as she has written it down for me.

"The school at first was at 148 Chambers Street, on the south side near Greenwich Street. Mr. Pickett's residence was in front and the school buildings were in the yard behind, running up three stories, with a private side entrance for the scholars, and a well in the yard. The house was brick, painted yellow, but the school buildings were of wood. The first and second floors

were for the boys, and the third for the girls, beautifully fitted up, and hardwood floors. On the wall in the four corners of the girls' room were oval places painted blue, and on them in gilt letters were inscribed, Attention, Obedience, Industry, Punctuality. Mr. Pickett's desk was in the center of the room. The desks were painted mahogany color, and put in groups of four, facing each other. Wooden benches without backs were screwed to the floor. On top of the desks were little frames with glass fronts for the copies for writing, and the copies were slid in at the sides. Some of them were, Attention to study, Beauty soon decays, Command yourself, Death is inevitable, Emulation is noble, Favor is deceitful, Good humor pleases, etcetera. Quill pens were used, which Mr. Pickett made himself."

Some of the girls who went to school with my mother had awfully funny long names. One was Aspasia Seraphina Imogene and their last name was Bogardus.

She had ten brothers and sisters, and these were some of their names: Maria Sabina, Wilhelmina Henrietta, Laurentina Adaminta, Washington Augustus, Alonzo Leonidas Agamemnon, Napoleon LePerry Barrister. There were eleven children, and their mother named them after people she had read about in novels. It must have been funny to hear their nurse call them all to come to dinner.

My name is Catherine Elizabeth. I don't like it very much. It makes me think of Henrietta Maria and Marie Antoinette and all those old queens with long names we study about in history, but my mother calls me Katy, and sometimes Katrintje, which is the Dutch for "little Katy."

Some other schools in New York now are Mme. Canda's on Lafayette Place, Mme. Okill's on Eighth Street, Mme. Chegary's, the Misses Gibson on the east side of Union Square, Miss Green's on Fifth Avenue, just above Washington Square, and Spingler Institute on the west side of Union Square, just below Fifteenth Street. On the corner of Fifteenth Street next to Spingler Institute is the Church of the Puritans. Dr. Cheever is the minister, and he and the church people are called a long name, which means that they think slavery is wicked, and they help the black slaves that come from the South, to get to Canada where they will be free.

N. B.—My mother has read my diary and corrected the spelling, and says it is very good for a little girl. She has written down her memories of old New York, for me, and she was born in 1801, and can remember back to 1805, some things.

Numb. 11

THE

New-York Weekly JOURNAL.

Containing the freſheſt Advices, Foreign, and Domeſtick.

MUNDAY November 12, 1733.

Mr. *Zenger.*

INcert the following in your next, and you'll oblige your Friend,

CATO.

Mira temporum felicitas ubi ſentiri quæ velis, & quæ ſentias dicere licit.

Tacit.

THE Liberty of the Preſs is a Subject of the greateſt Importance, and in which every Individual is as much concern'd as he is in any other Part of Liberty: Therefore it will not be improper to communicate to the Publick the Sentiments of a late excellent Writer upon this Point. Such is the Elegance and Perſpicuity of his Writings, ſuch the inimitable Force of his Reaſoning, that it will be difficult to ſay any Thing new that he has not ſaid, or not to ſay that much worſe which he has ſaid.

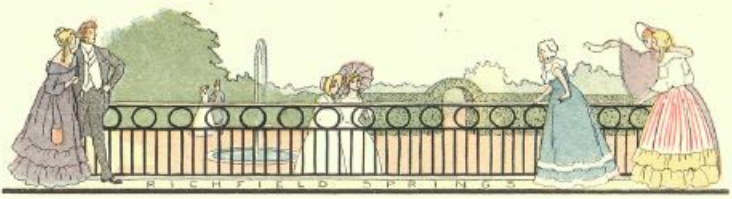
There are two Sorts of Monarchies, an abſolute and a limited one. In the firſt, the Liberty of the Preſs can never be maintained, it is inconſiſtent with it; for what abſolute Monarch would ſuffer any Subject to animadvert on his Actions, when it is in his Power to declare the Crime, and to nominate the Puniſhment? This would make it very dangerous to exerciſe ſuch a Liberty. Beſides the Object againſt which thoſe Pens muſt be directed, is their Sovereign, the ſole ſupream Magiſtrate; for there being no Law in thoſe Monarchies, but the Will of the Prince, it makes it neceſſary for his Miniſters to conſult his Pleaſure, before any Thing can be undertaken: He is therefore properly chargeable with the Grievances of his Subjects, and what the Miniſter there acts being in Obedience to the Prince, he ought not to incur the Hatred of the People; for it would be hard to impute that to him for a Crime, which is the Fruit of his Allegiance, and for refuſing which he might incur the Penalties of Treaſon. Beſides, in an abſolute Monarchy, the Will of the Prince being the Law, a Liberty of the Preſs to complain of Grievances would be complaining againſt the Law, and the Conſtitution, to which they have ſubmitted, or have been obliged to ſubmit; and therefore, in one Senſe, may be ſaid to deſerve Puniſhment, So that under an abſolute Monarchy, I ſay, ſuch a Liberty is inconſiſtent with the Conſtitution, having no proper Subject in Politics, on which it might be exercis'd, and if exercis'd would incur a certain Penalty.

But in a limited Monarchy, as *England* is, our Laws are known, fixed, and eſtabliſhed. They are the ſtreight Rule and ſure Guide to direct the King, the Miniſters, and other his Subjects: And therefore an Offence againſt the Laws is ſuch an Offence againſt the Conſtitution as ought to receive a proper adequate Puniſhment; the ſeveral

Conſtit.



CUTTING DOWN THE OLD TREES IN THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL GROUNDS BROADWAY AND WORTH STREET 1869, FOR THE OPENING OF THOMAS STREET



PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WASHINGTON IRVING

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM

WASHINGTON IRVING may be regarded as the first author produced by the American Republic. He was, we may recall, born in 1783, the year in which the Republic secured, under the Treaty of Paris, recognition of its independence.

My father's home was a few miles south of Sunnyside. From time to time, my father would take me with him on his visits to his friend and author. I recall a word given to me by Irving a year or two before his death in regard to an interview that he had had with General Washington. He told me that when he was a youngster a year old, his nurse, who had the boy in a perambulator on the corner of Pearl Street and Broadway, held him up in her arms while Washington was passing on horseback in order that the General might place his hand on the head of the child who bore his name. "My nurse told me afterwards," said the old gentleman, "that the General lifted me in his arms up to the pommel of his saddle and bestowed upon me a formal blessing." I looked with reverential awe at the head that had been touched by the first President and

was puzzled when the old gentleman said, "Haven, you will not see the spot that Washington touched." I did not venture to put the question to Irving, but had word later with my father. "You goose," said my father, "did you not know that Irving wears a wig?"

I was with my father again at Sunnyside on a grey day in November, 1859, when the friends from New York and the great group of neighbours from Tarrytown and the surrounding country had gathered together to pay their last honours to the memory of the first American author. The writer has in his memory a picture of the weather-beaten walls of the quaint little church with the background of forest trees and the surroundings of the moss-covered graves. Beyond, on the roadside, could be seen the grey walls of the old mill, in front of which Ichabod Crane had clattered past, pursued by the headless horseman. The adjoining road and the neighbouring fields were crowded with vehicles, large and small, which had gathered from all parts of the countryside. It was evident from the words and from the faces of those that had come together that the man whose life had just been brought to a close had not only made for himself a place in the literature of the world, but had been accepted as a personal friend by the neighbours of his home.

The final and, in some respects, the greatest of Irving's productions, the Life of Washington, was completed on his seventy-sixth birthday. Six months prior to the close of his earthly labours, he had the satisfaction, before the final illness in November, of holding in his hands the printed volume.

Irving occupied an exceptional position among the literary workers of his country. It was his good fortune

to begin his writing at a time when the patriotic sentiment of the nation was taking shape and when the citizens were giving their thought to the constructive work that was being done by their selected leaders in framing the foundations of the new state. It was given to Irving to make clear to his countrymen that Americans were competent not merely to organize a state but to produce literature. He was himself a clear-headed and devoted patriot, but he was able to free himself from his local feeling of antagonism toward the ancient enemy, Great Britain, and from the prejudice, always based upon ignorance, against other nations that is so often confused with patriotism.

Irving's youthful memories and his early reading had to do with the events and with the productions of colonial days. Addison and Goldsmith are the two English writers with whose works Irving's writings, or at least those relating to English subjects, have been most frequently compared. His biography of Goldsmith shows the keenest personal sympathy with the sweetness of nature and the literary ideals of the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Irving's works came, therefore, to be a connecting link between the literature of England (or the English inspired literature of America) and the literary creations that were more justly entitled to the name American, and Irving's books express the character, the method of thought, the ideals and the aspirations of English folk on this side of the Atlantic.

His long sojourn in England occurred just after the close of the war of 1812–1815. The war ruined the fortunes of the firm of which his brothers were the managers, and this bankruptcy, in preventing Irving from becoming a merchant, was the determining influence in bringing

him to devote his life to literature. It was of enormous service to the relations between the two countries that in these years, when, as a result of the issues of the war, there was bitterness on both sides of the Atlantic, a cultivated, sweet-natured, clear-sighted citizen like Washington Irving was sojourning in England as a kind of unofficial Ambassador of the new Republic.

The Englishmen who were disposed to think of the rebellious Yankees as a set of uncultivated and sometimes insolent frontiersmen could not but recognize that in this particular American they had to do with a man of intellectual force and refinement of nature. If America could produce one such gentleman, it was probably not safe to assume that the community was entirely backward in its civilization.

Irving was the first connecting link between the English-speaking peoples on the two sides of the Atlantic, and his service to both countries in this relation can hardly be over-estimated.

Irving's Life and Letters present many evidences of his genius for friendship. He showed as a traveller that happy faculty of coming at once into sympathy with the people of the immediate surroundings. With all circles with which he came into relations, he gave and received the best that there was to give or to receive. This enabled him to understand the spirit of the peoples with whom he had to do in France, in Spain, on the banks of the Elbe, and in his tramps through Italy and Sicily, but, as said, he was particularly fortunate in securing sympathetic relations with the people in England. He made friends everywhere, but in securing new friends in Europe, he did not forget or break relations with his old-time associates in America.

As one result of Irving's long absence from his New York home, we have the body of letters written by him to New York friends, and the most important in the series were those to one of his earliest associates, Henry Brevoort. These letters of Irving and Brevoort (together with the answers from Brevoort to Irving) have now been collected and for the first time, in completeness, brought into print for the information of the present generation of Americans. Mr. Hellman has edited the two volumes of this series, which presents a record of friendship such as is hardly parallelled in the annals of our literature. From time to time, the veil of Irving's reserve is lifted so as to divulge the inner ideals of his chivalrous soul. From time to time in the earlier portion of the series, the tribulations of business affairs interpose their shadows, but for the most part these letters present a sane and cheerful record of a noble life and of a loyal relation of friendship. The letters are valuable not only for their portrayal of the character of the man, or of the two men, but they have continuing interest in the references of a first-hand observer to the important events and the noteworthy characters of the early nineteenth century. The final letter in the Irving series is one particularly worth reading. It touches upon literature, royalty, social affairs, and diplomacy. "In my diplomacy," writes Irving, "I have depended more upon good intentions and frank and open conduct than upon any subtle management. I have the opinion that the old maxim, *Honesty is the best policy,* holds good in diplomacy."

Brevoort did not possess the high literary standard or the grace of expression of his famous friend, but his letters touch with a charming grace and a sense of humour on topics intimately interwoven with the cultural, the

commercial and the political development of America during the first half of the nineteenth century. Brevoort's letters have a special attraction in picturing to the Americans of our generation a group of men and women among whom Irving and himself were the most interesting. Old families of New York, early writers, actors, statesmen, artists, again cross from the land of shadows, and carry us along familiar highways and fascinating byways of our city's past.

Brevoort's letters from Paris in April, 1812, are interesting as pictures of the French life of the time, and they are evidence that Brevoort was a careful observer of the conditions about him. In one of the later letters of the series, written in December, 1842, reference is made to Charles Dickens whose "American Notes" called forth from Brevoort intelligent comment. During his stay in Paris, Dickens had become deeply attached to Irving and in his last letter before his departure for Spain, Dickens had written "wherever you go, God bless you! What pleasure I have had in seeing and talking with you, I will not attempt to say. As long as I live, I shall never forget the privilege of my association with you." He asks Irving to write to him "if you have leisure under its sunny skies to think of a man who loves you and holds communication with your spirit oftener, perhaps, than any other person alive."

The last letter in the series from Brevoort gives what may be called an intimate picture of the gossip and scandal of the New York families of 1843. The epistle is a very mine of news for the absent friend who was then immersed in the difficulties of his Spanish mission. Irving's reply refers to this letter as "most kind and welcome." The wonder remains for us that these two men,



DeWitt Clinton, fourth Mayor of New York, 1803-7. Painted from life by George Catlin. From the original in the City Hall

at the time both past sixty, could, despite the far different lines along which their lives ran and the great distances which for so many years separated them, have thus cordially kept up their relationship in the same spirit of affection that animated them in the early days when they were looked upon as the merriest of young fellows in the little City of New York.

The letters are an assured testimonial to the fineness of nature of the two men. It is the privilege of Henry Brevoort to have his memory recalled in these later generations on the ground of the friendship for him of Washington Irving.

Mount Roosevelt—A Memorial

Within sight of the country over which Theodore Roosevelt as a young man ranged his cattle and hunted wild game and just above the trails he followed while a visitor in this district, a mountain—one of the most lofty peaks in the Black Hills—became Mount Theodore Roosevelt, on July 4, in honor of the former President of the United States, "The Great American." Two tablets were unveiled.

The movement to provide the memorial had its inception at a meeting of the Society of Black Hills Pioneers last January, when a suggestion of Captain Seth Bullock to change the name of Sheep Mountain to that of Mount Theodore Roosevelt was adopted.

Washington Irving and the Empress Eugenie

To the casual reader the name of Washington Irving suggests a romantic figure that belongs to a very different world from the one in which we live. Somehow we think of him as the ancients thought of their muses—a forceful but mysterious being who wielded an enchanting spell over our forebears, charming them into tears and smiles at his own good pleasure. He dwelt high up among the mountains and sometimes in the glades and forests of the lowlands but always far removed from the haunts of men. Such at least we too frequently visualize him if we dare give rein to our fancy at all, but nevertheless he was, as Theodore Roosevelt portrayed him, the first in the American field of true literature—quite a practical, every-day man of letters and a real builder of intellectual structures. But romanticism and fancy will always cluster about his name—and why not? We see him sitting at the feet of the great magician, Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, learning the secrets of his magic art and assuming the mantle as it fell from his shoulders; and again we find him among the legendary castles of old Europe. But let us turn to the pages of history a moment.

It is an afternoon in the gardens of the old Alhambra in Spain. The lengthening shadows fall aslant the figure of a kindly-faced man of middle age. Upon his knee are two little children. He is telling them undoubtedly some wonderful tale, for the children sit open-eyed and silent. One of them is Eugenie Marie de Montijo, eight years old, afterward Eugenie, Empress of France. The story-teller is the author of Diedrick Knickerbocker, now Minister to Spain from the United States.

With this incident in mind, the writer sought a line from the aged Empress still living but now practically a recluse in the safe retreat she found in England with the fall of the French Empire. The following note is therefore of passing interest.

FARNBOROUGH HILL
FARNBORO'
HANTS

February 9th, 1919.

The Lady in Waiting to the Empress Eugenie presents her compliments to Mr. Henry Collins Brown and regrets that the very retired life the Empress now leads prevents her Majesty from attempting any definite promise of her recollections of Washington Irving, but as opportunity presents itself she may be able to send some memories that may be of interest.

As this number of the *Manual* must go to press early in the year, it is doubtful if we shall be able to include this contribution unless received much earlier than we now expect. To have even the slightest contribution from one privileged to have such unique personal intercourse with New York's first citizen would be a joy indeed. The events of recent months have, however, imposed an additional burden upon a soul already tired almost beyond the limit of human endurance, and it is perhaps unreasonable of us to expect it at present.

Washington Irving died in 1859. The incident to which we have referred occurred in the 30's. The Empress is now in her 92nd year. She has survived every contemporary—a striking example of "the last leaf on the tree".

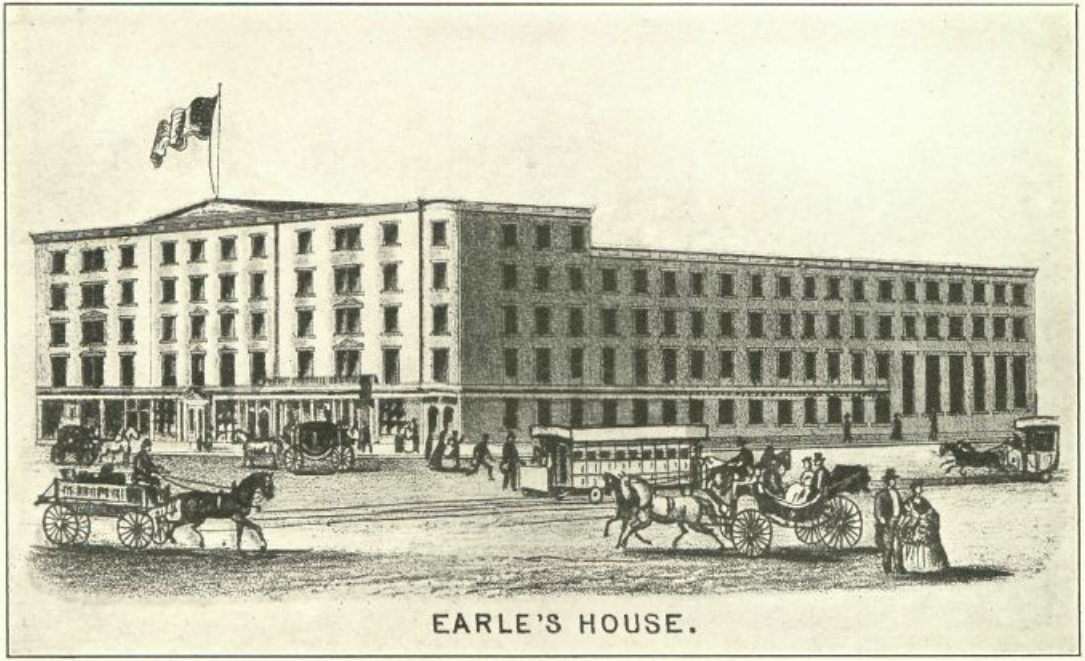
Notable Restorations

Wall Street North and South Sides, from Broadway to William Street, as It Appeared Before the Great Fire of 1835

Fifth Avenue from 38th to 42nd Streets About 1880

With this number the Manual presents what it considers its most important work for old New York in a series of Restorations, and for its first attempt has selected Wall Street. In this drawing of Wall Street we have been fortunately able to achieve a degree of historical accuracy which is of great value in a record of this kind and which we hope to maintain as the work progresses.

Certain unusual circumstances contributed to the result in this particular instance. First and foremost must be regarded the complete outline of the buildings sketched by Hugh Reinagle in the margin of the now famous "View of Wall Street looking East from Trinity Church" and lithographed by Peter Maverick, Jr. "The drawing for this lithograph," says Mr. Phelps Stokes, "must have been made between 1827 and 1834 and is a most interesting view of the period." With this as a foundation, other contemporary drawings were consulted. Wall Street has always enjoyed a measure of popularity among artists and writers unique among streets, which has resulted in making its records singularly full and complete. So in addition to Reinagle and Maverick, we have three other well-known artists—Burton, Fay and A. J. Davis—all of whose work ranks deservedly high, and each of whom contributed one or more buildings in this street to the existing collection. With the additional aid of contemporary maps, plans and other data, it is not at all unlikely that the restoration we present is for all



EARLE'S HOUSE.

OWNED BY "AFFINITY EARLE," CANAL AND CENTER STREETS. THE MCALPIN OF FORTY YEARS AGO WHERE BUSINESS MEN FROM THE FAR WEST AND SOUTH PUT UP WHEN THEY CAME TO MAKE THEIR SPRING AND FALL PURCHASES

practical purposes, as correct as anything can be that must necessarily be constructed almost a century after the original has disappeared.

Some trifling criticism may be offered here and there. Perhaps Nassau Street might be shown a little wider. When the Federal Hall stood where the Treasury Building now is it was squarely in the centre of the street, the square of its end forming the jog that you will notice in front of the Hanover Bank Building; and the entrance to Nassau Street was through a small passage known as Pie Alley, which ran along what is now the side of the Bankers' Trust Building; then turned to the right as it reached the end of the building, and led into Nassau Street.

When the old Federal Hall was replaced by the Custom House shown in our picture, this opening was considerably enlarged, but none of the contemporary drawings show it as wide as when in 1848 the Treasury Building was completed with Nassau Street showing as we know it now. With trifling exceptions such as this, our work will bear the closest scrutiny and investigation.

That is what we intend to accomplish. No city has been more fortunate than has our own in the preservation of its old records. Even with some regrettable and irreparable losses, there is still wonderful material available for the task we have set ourselves. And as we develop the plan much more of it will undoubtedly appear. It is not at all an unusual thing for a man to walk into our office from San Francisco, Chicago, Detroit, and even as far as Melbourne, Australia, and bring us some long-forgotten item which has come to light while rummaging through old family papers. Either he or his family lived in New York years ago and he feels that these old papers

are valuable to us—which indeed they are—though personally the owners have lost all interest in them. So in this way we secure occasional items of rare interest and of great value in our work.

This idea of restoring some of our old streets to their former appearance is perhaps the most important service the Manual can render the City and has long had our thoughtful consideration. The changes in Fifth Avenue, for another example, have been so recent and revolutionary that it will no doubt be a great pleasure to many of our readers to see this old thoroughfare as it appeared less than forty years ago when it was the City's most fashionable residential street. The material for this work is at present very full and complete. Neglected for another half century and it would be absolutely impossible.

In the days which we depict it was strictly a region of beautiful homes. There existed no particular reason for illustrating or publishing special views of it, as in the case of a financial centre like Wall Street—yet its present day importance in a business sense invests its past with an absorbing interest—and its delightful history in a less hectic period will soon loom large as one of the most interesting pages in our city's history. Historical accuracy is of course the one and only thing that will make these pictures truly valuable. We have no use for them as mere illustrations, and so you may occasionally see a building omitted in a block. That will indicate that no reliable data have been obtained and, pending such, we prefer to wait further developments.

Our plans in this direction are quite ambitious, and in time, no doubt, we shall have a fairly good representation of how some of our most famous streets looked in the

days of their youth, and we predict for the series the power to renew and increase the love and veneration of all our citizens for the dear little village in which they live.

* * * * * * * * *

The City at the time of which the Wall Street view was made was still considerably behind Philadelphia in point of population. There was no coal used in the houses—wood being the only fuel. A load of this was dumped in front of your house, where it lay until a negro came along with a long buck saw and cut the sticks into proper lengths. Running water was available in certain sections, but the entire town practically depended upon the corner pump or on the special barrels from the "Tea Water Pump" which was peddled around the City. Gas had not yet put in an appearance, though there were rumors that such an illuminant existed and had been successfully used in London. Whale oil and tallow dips were still the source of artificial light. Most of the merchants lived in the top floors of the small two-story buildings in which they did business. Private carriages were owned by so few persons that each one was personally known to all the people in the city, and it was a common thing to hear the owner's name mentioned as his vehicle drove by. Notwithstanding that slavery had been officially banished from New York and that the Declaration of Independence was now almost half a century old, slaves were still numerous in New York, and a society for the manumission of slaves was very active and carried on a constant effort to have the slaves granted freedom or deported to the South.

Knee breeches, silk stockings, silver buckles and periwigs had however completely disappeared. The men

wore "skin tight" trousers held down by a boot strap. Coats of brilliant colors formed the popular styles, and they were ornamented with large, shining brass buttons, and were cut very much like the present dress suit. High, rolling collars with heavy "stocks" or four-in-hands together with vests of startlingly vivid colors, the whole surmounted with a huge high hat of rough beaver, completed the costume of the man of fashion as he appeared in Wall Street for the afternoon promenade. Such was New York at the time shown in our Wall Street views.

* * * * * * * * *

In our last number we gave expression to a haunting fear that was in our hearts regarding the material success of our venture. And we recalled the experience through which Bancroft's History passed. The first and second volumes were received in respectful silence, but no great amount of public interest seemed apparent. Yet with the appearance of the third volume the situation changed in the twinkling of an eye. It aroused enthusiasm in every direction, stimulated sales not only for the third volume but created a larger and wider demand for the entire work from beginning to end.

Our experience, we are happy to say, has been of a similar character. We have always had an abiding faith in the love of the New Yorker for his city and have proclaimed this belief in season and out. While we suffered through the war, our *faith* never wavered. We might be wrong, but we wanted two things before we would capitulate—Peace and the Third Number.

Fate willed that we should have both at once, and it is with a perfectly savage feeling of delight that we record the result. With the signing of the Armistice,

the sales immediately increased; and upon the general distribution of the crucial third number, a demand for the back volumes made itself at once manifest and has continued ever since. Interest in Old New York has been aroused as never before, and we regard the Manual as a leading factor in this renaissance. It is good to know that this publication is now firmly established upon a permanent basis.

* * * * * * * * *

It was of course only natural that so astute an observer as Professor Brander Matthews would comment on this reawakened interest in our city. The sentiment he says has already reached important dimensions and each year sees a wider field brought under its influence.

Our own experience has been of a similar nature. A peculiarly effective demonstration occurred in our neighboring borough last March where the writer addressed the Brooklyn Institute on the subject of "Old New York," illustrated with some of these quaint and rare old views taken largely from the Manual.

Heretofore, it had been hard to get more than a moderate attendance at these lectures; but at the Institute so many were unable to gain admittance at the first lecture that it had to be repeated twice in the month following —and in each case to a capacity audience.

The vivid contrast between the City of yesterday and today as shown in these slides is dramatic in the extreme. One has only to recall the skyline of fifty years ago compared with the skyline of today to get an idea of the thrill that these wonderful pictures produce. A close-up night-view from the Woolworth Tower requires a descriptive page all for itself—the myriad lights of the Equitable in the foreground like a sky full of stars; the

diamond necklace that seems to hang from the arc lights of the Brooklyn Bridge, and the cluster of globes that sparkle on Broadway—all combine to produce one of the most inspiring pictures ever imagined in or out of the theatre.

* * * * * * * * *

The late Frederick W. Whitridge remarked to us during a discussion regarding the size of our City: "New York is not a large City. It is a very small town. The real New York is still nothing but a good sized village; these millions and millions are not New Yorkers."

This picturesque figure knew the old city as few of its average residents could possibly know it. In his early years while connected with Grace Church Sunday School he, with Miss Amy Townsend and other workers in the Parish, was instrumental in founding our original Circulating Libraries. And curiously enough, one of the first subscriptions for this work was a thousand-dollar bond given to Miss Townsend by Mr. Carnegie. That bond is still in existence and contributes its little income toward the Library fund just as it did when the project was first started.

But we meant to direct attention to the comparative smallness of the real New York. That is one reason why the circulation of the Manual will remain somewhat restricted. It is gratifying to know, however, that the first sale of these new Manuals at auction brought a premium of $7.00 above the published price, and may indicate that the real New Yorker is more numerous than the estimate hazarded above.

As a matter of fact very few copies of the new series have been sold compared with the old ones. In 1866 the Common Council ordered ten thousand copies of that



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PRINTED FOR VALENTINE'S MANUAL OF OLD NEW YORK, No. 4. NEW SERIES

N. B. Palmer 1850

One of Jacob A. Westervelt's crack creations. Commanded by Charles P. Low. Mrs. Low frequently accompanied her husband, as indeed did the wives of several other captains. The ladies were made much of in foreign ports, the merchants entertaining them handsomely; no gift was regarded too costly or too good for them and their presence aboard ship added much to the pleasure of the voyage. The N. B. Palmer was 1,490 tons and made the run to San Francisco from New York in 109 days scoring 396 miles in the best day's run.

Named after one of the most famous sea captains that ever sailed out of the port of New York.

Courtesy Mrs. A. A. Low.

year's issue to be printed, and awarded Mr. Valentine an extra bonus of $3,500.00 for his work. This edition of ten thousand copies was, like all the old Manuals, given away by the City without cost. A like number was printed of most of the other numbers except possibly the very early ones. Yet the price brought today by these old books is very gratifying (number one, for instance, $125 to $150) and starts some interesting conjectures as to what the present Manuals will bring half a hundred years hence. When you stop to consider that compared with the old Manuals, there has been scarcely a tenth part of the new ones sold, one gets an idea of the scarcity that will prevail in a few years. We do not care to see it so early in its career mounting the ladder of fame by joining the ranks of that venerable and fascinating class—the Rare and First Editions. But such seems to be its good fortune.

* * * * * * * * *

The title page of this year's Manual is the work of Mr. William S. Eddy, 29 Broadway. He is undoubtedly an artist of no mean ability and his delightful decorative interpretation of our quotation from Shakespeare is a splendid illustration of what the right lines drawn by the right man can accomplish.

Mr. Eddy should be intrusted with more commissions of this kind.



WALL STREET NINETY YEARS AGO

By Sturges S. Dunham

THE views of Wall Street in the Manual for 1919, showing both sides from Broadway to William Street, are the result of an attempt to give a general idea of the appearance of the street as it existed about 1830, when many of the old residences were still standing though given up to business uses. Wall Street was regarded as the seat of fashion for a considerable period after the Revolution, but as bootmakers and harnessmakers and "porterhouses" and "cider vaults" edged their way in, to say nothing of the bolder intrusion of banks and insurance companies and stockbrokers, the more fastidious gentry fled far up town to such quieter localities as Park Place and Beekman Street.

The confused numbering of Wall Street in early days, especially before 1793, makes it difficult, except in a few cases, to identify the buildings by their numbers alone. For instance, No. 5 was on the northwest corner of William Street, No. 3 was on the site of the present Assay Office, and at the same time the south corner of Broadway was No. 67. Nevertheless, by the aid of information from other sources, such as advertisements, news items, contemporary views, and real estate records, it has

been possible to identify most of the old houses with certainty.

The four-story skyscraper on the north corner of Broadway, wearing the roof that evidently inspired the architect of the Bankers' Trust Building, was owned as early as 1786 by William G. Forbes, gold and silversmith. It then had only two stories. In 1809 it came into the possession of Najah Taylor & Co., jewelers, and at the period of the view it was the store of the ultra-fashionable tailors of the day, Messrs. Howard, Keeler, Scofield & Co., and provided offices for numerous lawyers, brokers, and commission merchants. Its number, now 90 Broadway, was then 88.

The little house next to the corner, on the site of present No. 2, was the grocery store of John Taylor in 1795, and in 1802 the establishment of Andrew Sitcher, painter and glazier. Ten years later it was again a grocery, Charles Lee, proprietor, and in 1830 William Bull & Son were making harness and saddles there.

The old church was the First Presbyterian Meeting House,—called a meeting house, we are told, because when it was first built, in 1719, only the Dutch Reformed and the established Church of England were permitted to have churches. Other places of worship were houses, and to keep up the legal fiction they had to be provided with fireplaces. We are also told that the fireplaces were never used, since in those primitive times anything conducive to comfort in the sanctuary was considered a contrivance of the devil. The building shown in the view, erected in 1810, was burnt out in 1834, but was immediately restored with the same walls and a pointed spire. Ten years afterward it was demolished and in 1846 the

present church at Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street was dedicated.

The little two-story affair on the west corner of Nassau Street deserves more extended notice than its size would seem to justify. It was John Simmons' tavern, where, in February, 1784, the common council met and with appropriate ceremonies installed the newly appointed Mayor, James Duane, in the presence of the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. It is said that Simmons weighed more than four hundred pounds, and was of such bulk that at the time of his funeral the doorway of the tavern had to be enlarged to admit the coffin. His widow continued the business for several years, and among its later proprietors were David King and Samuel Randolph. After it ceased to be a tavern it was occupied by T. & W. Benton, bootmakers; Thomas L. Rich, merchant tailor; John N. Baur, watchmaker, and others.

In historic interest the site on the east corner of Nassau Street is the most important in New York. Here stood the second city hall, built in 1699-1700. In 1789, having been made over into the most elegant building in America and renamed Federal Hall, it became the first capitol of the United States, and on its balcony General Washington took the oath of office as the first President of the Republic. By 1812, the year in which the present City Hall was completed and occupied, it had become so dilapidated, and indeed unsafe, that the common council, unmoved by appeals for its repair and preservation, ordered the old building demolished and the lots sold. The structure shown in the view was erected in the year following and was first occupied as a bookstore by Eastburn, Kirk & Company. About 1817 it became the Custom House, continuing as such until 1831 when the

Collector moved his office to 21 Pine Street. The new Custom House, now the Sub-Treasury, was completed in 1839.

At this part of the street the view is not altogether accurate. Simmons' tavern and the old Custom House should be shown farther to the west, making room for two dwellings, which the artist has omitted, adjoining the Custom House on the east. These were built about 1813 and were numbered 13 and 15. The former was the residence of Garret Storm until leased to the Bank of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company. About 1830 the latter concern moved "upstairs" and its former banking room was taken by the newly organized "National" Bank. No. 15 was for several years the residence of George Griswold, of the celebrated firm of shipping merchants, N. L. & G. Griswold,—known, in the slang of the day, as "No Loss & Great Gain."

The rest of the block, except a single lot on the northwest corner of William Street, was occupied before the Revolution by the buildings of Bayard's sugar refinery. In 1773 Samuel Verplanck bought a frontage of seventy-five feet next to the old city hall for what would now be about $650, and on the easterly portion the famous Verplanck mansion was erected. During the Revolution it was occupied by British officers, among them General Robertson, and for a time it sheltered Benedict Arnold. It was given up by the Verplancks about 1810, and from that year until 1821 or later it was the residence of Edmund Moorewood, merchant, a former partner of Jonathan Ogden. In 1823 the building shown in the view, which is well remembered as the old Assay Office, was erected to house the New York Branch of the Bank of the United States. It was then No. 15½. After

President Jackson had succeeded in killing "The Bank" and had bankrupted half the country in the process (no pun intended) the building was let to private parties and at one time was occupied by Henry Clews & Company. In 1839 it was the home of the new Bank of Commerce.

Passing down the block, the next three houses beyond the Assay Office were Nos. 17, 19 and 21. The first was the residence of William M. Seton, and later of John Keese. After it ceased to be a dwelling it contained the law offices of Major Nathaniel Pendleton and of William Duer and Beverly Robinson who practiced under the firm name of Duer & Robinson. For many years, including the period of the view, it was occupied by the Union Bank. No. 19, now No. 36, was in early days the residence of Samuel Mansfield, merchant. Among its later tenants were Francis R. Tillou and F. Bayard Cutting, attorneys at law, composing the firm of Tillou & Cutting. In 1834 the building was taken by the "National" Bank, which continues on the same site as the Gallatin National Bank. No. 21 was the residence of George Barnewell, merchant, vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce. The site is now No. 38.

The site of the next building, the fifth west of William Street, now No. 40, has been occupied for a hundred and twenty years by The Manhattan Company, which purchased the plot in 1799 and put up the building shown in the view. The statuary on top is supposed to represent Oceanus (not Bacchus) reclining in a comfortable position and pouring water or some other liquid out of a jar, probably intended to be symbolic of the blessings so generously bestowed by the company upon the thirsty populace. When the Croton project was being agitated, Recorder Riker opposed the enterprise, contending that



TALLY HO COACH, NEW YORK TO NEW ROCHELLE, 1877, COL. DELANCEY KANE DRIVING. THE START IS FROM THE HUGUENOT HOTEL, NEW ROCHELLE. AMONG THE PASSENGERS ARE JAY GOULD, CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, MRS. BURKE-ROCHE, ETC. COLLECTION OF MR. WILLIAM ROTH

the water furnished by the Manhattan Company was good enough for any one, and in proof of the assertion adduced the fact that he drank a tumbler of it every morning—leaving his hearers wholly in the dark as to how he managed to make out during the rest of the day.

On the adjoining lot, the fourth from William Street, stood the residence of John Delafield, merchant, who was later connected with the Phenix Bank as cashier and president and was one of the original trustees of the old Tontine Coffee House on the northwest corner of Wall and Water Streets. In 1803 the Merchants' Bank opened for business in the Delafield house and at a subsequent period erected the building with the two columns in front.

The third house from William Street was the residence of Dr. Wright Post, the eminent physician and surgeon. It was then No. 27, now 44. Later came Samuel Jones, Jr., one of the great lawyers of his day, called the "father of the New York bar." John Speyer, merchant, was another occupant, and after him Benjamin Butler; Davenport & Camman, brokers; and the Globe Insurance Company.

The corner house was on the site of Gabriel Thompson's tavern, built about 1700. Some twenty years later the plot was acquired by Evert Bancker, whose descendants were living there as late as 1786. In 1789, when New York was the capital of the United States, the old Bancker dwelling was a boarding-house kept by Johannah Ursin, among whose boarders were Mynheer Francis P. Van Berckel, ambassador from Holland, and Samuel A. Otis, secretary of the United States Senate. The house was then No. 5. In 1790 or '91 the Bancker lot and the one adjoining were acquired by Francis Bayard Winthrop, who built the two houses shown and resided in

the westerly house, which in 1793 became No. 29, for twenty years or more, until he moved to No. 7 State Street. In 1815, No. 29 was the private bank of Jacob Barker, the "Quaker merchant," noted for his piety and "a talent for making bargains," as Fitz-Greene Halleck charitably puts it. Jacob was a pretty keen individual, and when it came to entertaining lambs in the manner for which Wall Street is (or was) famous he is said to have wielded the shears with remarkable skill. Indeed, if contemporary accounts are worth believing, he was not much different from a certain speculator of a later day, who built a theological seminary over in Jersey with one hand and with the other in Wall Street (he had a long reach) relieved widows and orphans of their surplus wealth. On one occasion Barker and two or three associates were indicted for conspiracy to defraud. Scorning the services of counsel, he conducted his own defense and was promptly convicted, but the court evidently took pity on him for he was granted a new trial. This time he had better success and managed to have the indictment quashed. Jacob Barker was also Fitz-Greene Halleck's first employer when the future poet came to New York in 1811. At the period depicted by the view, No. 29 was Mrs. Jane Smith's boarding-house and also contained the office of Cadwallader D. Colden, counsellor, who was mayor of the city in 1818, '19 and '20. No. 31, on the corner of William Street, now No. 46, was leased by the Bank of New York about 1798 as the residence of its cashier, Charles Wilkes, and here was passed the early childhood of Charles Wilkes, junior, who, as Captain Wilkes of the U. S. Navy, became famous in the Civil War for the seizure of Mason and Slidell, Confederate commissioners to Great Britain. After the Wilkes fam-

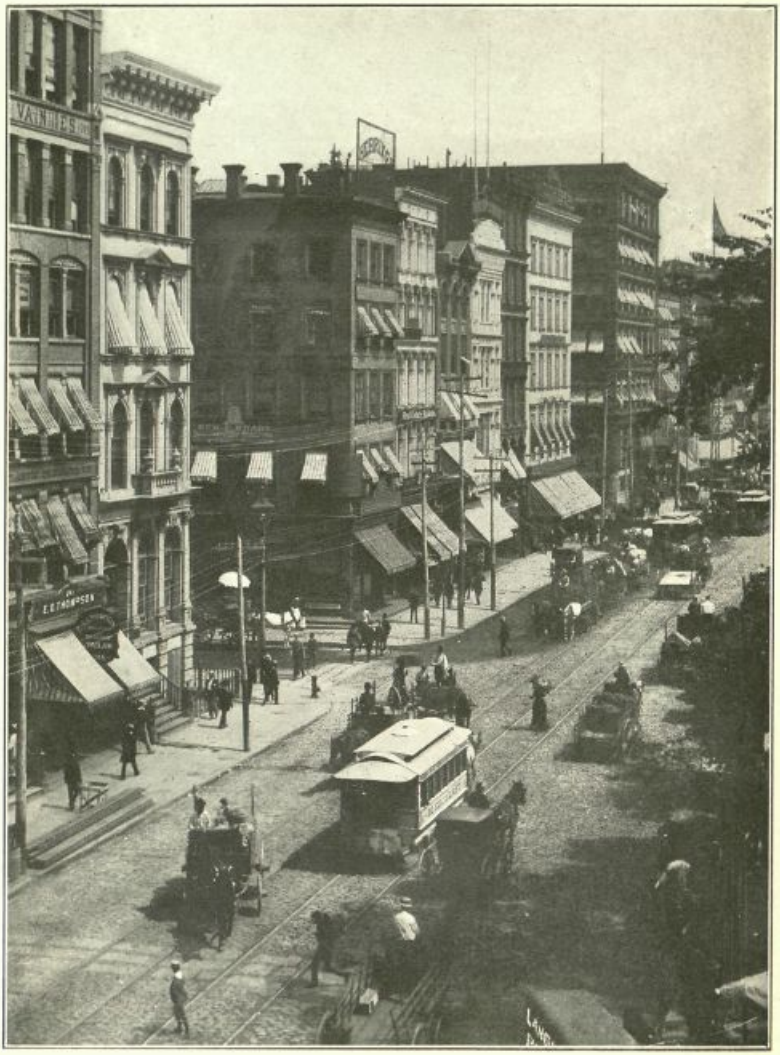
ily moved to Hammond Street, now a part of West Eleventh Street, the house became the bookstore of Isaac Riley & Company, but in 1812 it was leased for $2,000 per annum to the Bank of America, which continued to pay the same rental until it purchased the property in 1831.

On the south side of the street the building at the corner of Broadway existed until 1906, when it was demolished to make way for the present fourteen-story structure. On the same site, originally No. 67 Wall Street, was the residence of Major Nathaniel Pendleton, of the Continental Army, who was one of General Hamilton's seconds at the fatal duel with Burr. Later it was the residence of another Revolutionary soldier, Colonel George Turnbull. From 1797 to 1804 the old house contained the law office of Daniel D. Tompkins, who was elected governor of the state in 1807, '09, '11, '13 and '15, and vice-president of the United States in 1816 and '20. For several years, beginning with 1803, the surrogate's court was in the same house, as was also the office of Pierre C. Van Wyck, counsellor at law, and in the 1812 directory we find "Keese, widow Rosa, boarding-house 1 Wall." The building shown is believed to have been erected some time between 1825 and 1830, and at the period depicted it contained the lottery office of R. H. Cuming.

Before 1845 the numbering on the south side between Broad Street and No. 1 Wall Street was so confused, and the buildings had such a shifting tenantry, that only a few can be identified with certainty. The two-story buildings west of New Street (three are shown, but the westerly pair were in fact one) were all No. 3, but sometimes the one on the corner is referred to as No. 4. The

east corner of New Street was also No. 3 in early days, and later it seems to have been 4½, 5 and 6. The Broad Street corner was No. 2 Broad Street and at the same time Nos. 10 and 11 Wall Street, the latter being the address of S. M. Isaacks & Co., brokers, in 1830. Next door west was No. 9, occupied by Charles Pool, barometer and mathematical instrument maker, who advertises in 1827 that he "has moved from 280 Broadway to 9 Wall Street, opposite the Presbyterian Church," and in a contemporary view his sign appears on the building. The adjoining house was probably No. 8 and the little two-story buildings 7 and 6 respectively. Before 1800 No. 5 was the "counting house" of Jacob LeRoy & Son.

It is not generally known that Washington Irving was a lawyer, but a full-fledged attorney he was, having received his training in the office of Josiah Ogden Hoffman. He and his brother, John T. Irving, had an office in the building on the east corner of New Street for several years and at the same address is found another brother, Dr. Peter Irving, M. D. This was in 1807, '08, '09 and '10. A few years later one of the New Street corners, probably the same building, was the bookstore of Charles Wiley & Company, a favorite resort of Halleck, Bryant, Paulding and other literary men of the time. In the contemporary view lithographed by Peter Maverick about 1830, the little buildings west of New Street are covered with engravers' signs, advertising them as "fashionable establishments." These engravers were Joseph Lewis and John B. Stout & Company. The first building erected on the west corner of Broad Street was a Dutch house with a gable toward the street, from the stoop of which in 1795 Alexander Hamilton made a speech advocating the Jay treaty with England, but evidently with



BROADWAY FROM MURRAY STREET
LOOKING NORTH 1880

less persuasiveness than usual, for the applause he received was a shower of stones. The building in the view was erected early in the last century and was a favorite habitat of stationers and booksellers, among them being M. Ward & Company, Gould, Banks & Gould, and Peter Burtsell.

The corner of Broad Street being close to the City Hall and therefore a convenient location for police headquarters, the "watch house" was built on the east corner, in 1731. The old building was demolished in 1789 and the one shown in the view was erected for the same purpose. At that time the high constable was James Culbertson. He was succeeded about 1800 by John Delamater, who was followed in 1802 by Jacob Hays. From the prominence of his position and the remarkable vigor and judgment with which he discharged the duties of his office, High Constable Hays became the best known citizen of New York. He is often portrayed as a comic figure, but such characterization is unjust, for not only did he enjoy universal respect, from the law-abiding and from the criminal as well, but he also possessed (and deserved) an international reputation as the ablest police officer in America and the equal of any in Europe. Appointed by Mayor Livingston in 1802 he was reappointed by each succeeding mayor till his death in 1850 at the age of 78, when the office died with him.

The original number of the first three-story house east of Broad Street is not known with certainty, but was probably 60, the residence of Jonathan Burrall, who in 1812, then living in Pine Street, became the first cashier of the Bank of America. In 1795 it was Daniel Parker's boarding-house and also contained the office of the supervisor, Colonel Nicholas Fish, and from 1803 to 1808

the office of Richard Riker, assistant attorney-general, who was recorder from 1816 to 1829. The house adjoining on the east was probably the residence of William Irvin, who was commissioner of accounts in 1789.

The site of the next building is associated with one of the greatest of all New Yorkers, General Alexander Hamilton. He owned an L-shaped piece of land extending from No. 58 (now 33) Wall Street around into Broad Street. There is some dispute as to which street his residence fronted, but the General's grandson and biographer, Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, says Wall Street. About 1792 he sold the property, or at least the Wall Street part of it, to Gulian Verplanck, who built the house shown in the view and resided there till his death in 1799, at which time he was president of the Bank of New York. From 1805 it was the residence of John Low, then cashier of the Jersey Bank, of Jersey City, until it was taken by the Mechanics' Bank in 1810. The United States Pension Office was in the same building.

The sixth building from Broad Street, next to the Hamilton-Verplanck site, is the old Ludlow mansion. Originally it was No. 56, now 35. After an occupancy of twenty-five years or more by the Ludlow family it was given over to business about 1815 and in 1839 became the first home of the American Exchange Bank. In the same year it contained the general office of the New York & Harlem Railroad Company, and at the period of the view (about 1830) Ephraim D. Brown, broker, Archibald G. Rogers and William Van Hook, attorneys, and Joseph Staffler, merchant, had offices in the building.

Adjoining the Ludlow house on the east is shown the Jauncey residence, built by William Jauncey soon after the Revolution. After the Jaunceys moved to 24 Broad-

way in 1815 or '16, the house contained the picture gallery of M. Paff, better known as "Old Paff," and the stationery store of Henry J. Megarey, who in 1834 published views of South Street, Broadway and Fulton Street, which are now rare and highly prized. At the period of the view Joseph D. Beers & Company, brokers, had their office in the building.

The little bank with the four Grecian columns in front stands on the site occupied as early as 1789 by the residence of Edmund Seaman, merchant, who had a sugar refinery at No. 29 Pine Street. In 1804 it was the residence of Wynant Van Zandt, Junior, who lived there till 1812 when it was taken by the Bank of the New York Manufacturing Company. This concern changed its name to the Phenix Bank in 1817 and later erected the building shown in the view.

The next house east of the Phenix Bank was the residence of Ralph Thurman as early as 1804. At the period of the view it was the home office of the Manhattan Insurance Company and in 1839 the North American Trust & Banking Company.

The second house from William Street was originally No. 52 and was then occupied by Colonel William S. Livingston. In May, 1786, it was taken by Colonel Richard Varick, recorder from 1783 to 1788 and mayor from 1789 to 1800. In 1794, as No. 28, it is given in the directory as the residence of William Maxwell, who was one of the founders of the Bank of New York ten years before. In 1816 and for more than thirty years afterward it was the book and stationery store of Peter A. Mesier.

In 1789 the house on the southwest corner of William Street, then No. 8 Wall Street, was the New York postoffice, and residence of the postmaster, Colonel Sebastian Bauman, a Revolutionary soldier, who received his appointment from President Washington. He held the office till 1803. In 1799, the postoffice having been moved to 29 William Street, corner of Garden Street (Exchange Place) we find the old building in the possession of B. M. Mumford, merchant. At the period of the view it was occupied by George W. Willis, watchmaker, Isaac M. Wooley, commission merchant, and Rufus L. Nevins, broker.

The First White Way

When William Niblo opened his new theater at Broadway and Prince Street back on Independence Day, 1828, he celebrated the double occasion by a patriotic display of gas lights which flaunted the name of "Niblo" far and wide and immortalized it in stage as well as gas history. An admiring public gasped from a respectful distance, watching the red, white and blue shadows cast by the rows of gas jets spelling the proprietor's name.

Gas had been used for the first time in New York City five years before, but to the owner of Niblo's Garden goes the credit of first using gas for illuminating a theater.—*Gas Logic.*



1825. How the City Hall Park looked before the Post Office was erected.
We want to put it back to this condition

Remove the Post Office and Court House from City Hall Park!

A Plan for an Appropriate Monument to the Liberty Boys of 1918

In the first issue of this publication, attention was called to the neglect of the City Fathers to print the Minutes of the Common Council from 1784 to 1831—a most interesting period—and to the great importance of getting this valuable manuscript in printed form. The editorial was acknowledged by Bertram de Cruger writing for the Mayor, and soon after a committee was appointed by the late Mayor Mitchel and the result is that this work is now well toward completion. We were happy in being the humble instruments whereby so great an achievement was accomplished. Much work had previously been done in the same direction and perhaps we assume too much in claiming the whole credit. Nevertheless ours was the final touch that tipped the scale in the right direction.

And now a similar situation presents itself and a similar opportunity to render our city a great service is at hand. We refer to the removal of the Post Office and Court House from the City Hall Park.

It is quite reasonable to say that practically every citizen who really cares for New York is sick of the sight of these two eyesores on what is one of the few breathing spots in the crowded down-town district. And not one of us but would rejoice to see the old Park restored to its original graceful proportions of Colonial times. Many committees have already attempted to solve this problem but to no avail. In taking up the matter at this time we have the benefit of all the splendid work that has gone

before and what is of greater importance—of the existence of a distinct and important public sentiment in favor of the plan. If we can but crystallize this sentiment—if we can get the various differing factions to unite on the idea of a Restored Park as a proper and fitting Memorial to our soldiers in the great World War—we shall be successful in this great plan for the betterment of our city. Madison Square, Union Square, Battery Park, Riverside Drive and all the other locations suggested for this particular monument have each their claims of merit. But nothing will so largely benefit *all* the people of *all* the Boroughs as more space in our present City Hall Park. And the Restoration of the Old Liberty Pole completes an ideal scheme.

During the stormy days that preceded the Revolution no body of patriots were more active than the Sons of Liberty, an organization formed in our own city and for many years a leading influence in the events that shaped the War of 1776. New York is seldom accorded that measure of credit for her revolutionary efforts that is cheerfully given to Boston or Philadelphia, but the fact remains that New York has a record that is equal to the best and superior to many of the cities that were then in revolt. Encounters with the soldiers in which American lives were lost occurred in New York considerably before the Boston massacre or the Battle of Lexington; and New York, of all the signatories of the non-Importation agreement was the only one to faithfully observe the covenant though as a result she was bound to suffer more severely than others on account of her extensive oversea commerce.

The Liberty Boys had a meeting place at Burns' Coffee House; and later at the corner of Broadway and Ann

Street. They erected a Liberty Pole in the "Common Lands" which we now know as the City Hall Park. And all public meetings of remonstrance relating to questions between the Royal Governors and the populace were held around the Liberty Pole on the Common. So obnoxious became the Liberty Pole to the servants of Royalty that it was repeatedly removed. Strange to relate, it was always restored and no matter how many times destroyed there was always forthcoming a new and loftier Liberty Pole. In a very short time it was easily seen that the struggle between popular rights and autocracy was symbolized in the attack and defence of the Liberty Pole.

As we all know the first struggle for Liberty in the Western World ended with the War of the Revolution. Autocracy was utterly routed and the start of the new world toward Democracy fairly begun. The contest thus commenced in City Hall Park under the Liberty Pole has raged unceasingly, and its latest victory has been achieved over the semi-barbaric Teutonic Empires. It was the United States of America, the originators of modern human freedom that ultimately made the world safe for democracy.

The time has come to suitably commemorate the brave deeds of our American boys who died in foreign lands that Liberty might live. Many projects have been advanced for the conservation of this immortal service. All have merit. Any one of them would be good but so long as we cannot all agree on one particular plan why not adopt one that recalls the valor and daring of the original Sons of Liberty as well as the later heroes who so nobly trod in the footsteps of their fathers?

In earlier days City Hall Park was a very much more beautiful and attractive municipal gem than the present

generation realizes. Stately trees, sparkling fountains and shaded paths made it an oasis in a desert of sidewalk and cobblestone and it was a beauty spot without a rival in any city in the world. But alas! the work of the philistine and demagogue has all but ruined one of the most priceless spots in all the city's domain.

Under the pretense of temporary occupation a huge section of the Bridge Entrance has been wrongfully built across the East end. On the North the most unsightly building in all New York—the City Court—rears its ugly head and on the South, the Federal Government has inflicted upon our defenceless city one of the mightiest and ugliest buildings known to men—the Post Office. This building also exists upon sufferance and sufferance only. The Federal Government obtained the use of this plot for one purpose and one alone—a Post Office. That was a convenience to our merchants at the time and was so nominated in the bond. There never was to be any building there except one devoted wholly and exclusively to the Post Office business.

That obligation has for years been a dead letter. The Federal Government has broken its sacred word to the Municipal Government by using this building for other purposes and in the case of a private tenant would have been ousted long ago for breach of contract. To-day even as a Post Office this building is obsolete.

Looking at the view of City Hall Park before the addition of the Post Office, Court House and Brooklyn Bridge, one is at once struck by the beauty of contour, symmetry of design and fascinating aspect of the entire prospect. Nothing is so great an asset to the City as beauty in her public parks, or so adds to her renown among the countries of the world. And it would be a

simple matter to restore to New York the City Hall Park of Colonial days, erect a fitting and dignified monument to the gallant sons of New York now lying in Flanders Fields, Italy and France, and do it with means well within the City's present limited resources. If these excrescences should be once removed let us not commit the folly of replacing them by any structure however artistic. Nothing can excel in beauty open space in a city so greatly congested as ours. The vacant land, the breathing space, the charming vista from whatever side you approach, is far more effective than the loftiest and grandest structure we could erect. Let the old foot paths be restored and new ones added for the convenience of the common people. Let the old Fountain once more send its myriad diamond studded strands to the sky; let the old trees once more cast their grateful shade, and last but not least, let the old Liberty Pole rear again its defiant head to the assaults of privilege and autocracy!

On the base of the monument let there be inscribed these words:

> IN LOVING MEMORY OF THE
> LIBERTY BOYS OF 1918
> WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES THAT THE WORK OF THE LIBERTY BOYS OF 1776 MIGHT NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH.
>
> —o—
>
> THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED, AND THE PARK RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL COLONIAL CONDITION BY THE GRATEFUL CITIZENS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

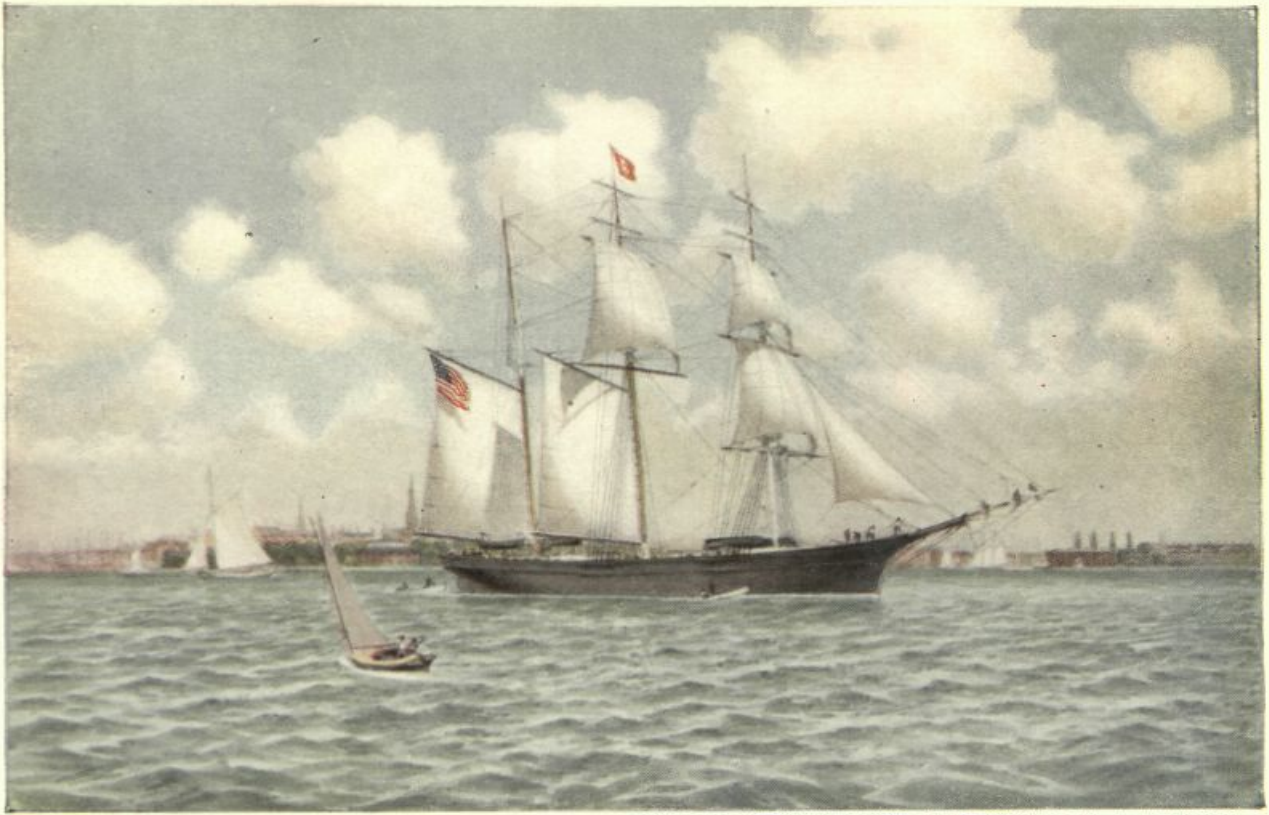


A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

The following glimpse of life as it was in New York about a hundred years ago was written by Mrs. Catherine C. Havens, who lived to the good old age of 96. The article is from her own journal and comes to us in her own handwriting and are her own personal recollections. It is the privilege and good fortune of the Manual to come into possession of such rare and interesting manuscripts and we take pleasure in presenting them to our readers.

I was born in 1801 at 84 Beekman Street. At that time Liberty, Dey, John Streets and so on down to the Battery were all occupied by private families. In Wall Street lived Mrs. Greenleaf, a widow and three daughters, George Griswold, the Buchanans (father and son), the Whites and Stephen Storm.

I was seven or eight when my mother's father (James Cebra) died. He lived in Fletcher Street next to the corner of Water Street. It was a three-story house with one room on each floor. Entering the house there was a small square hall with a closet. My grandfather Cebra was a city weigher and had his office in the Custom House. The Custom House then stood south of the Bowling Green, facing it. It was a large brick building with heavy wooden Corinthian columns painted white supporting the roof, and balconies on each floor. My grandfather had some kind of trouble in his leg late



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Benefactress 1853

A pretty Clipper barque of about 600 tons built by Roosevelt & Joyce and engaged in the China trade. One of the famous tea traders sent out by the great Brooklyn ship masters A. A. Low & Bro. A premium of $5 per ton was the prize held out to the first ship home from China to London in the early 50's with the new crop.

Courtesy Mrs. A. A. Low.

in life and could not always walk to his office. When unable to walk a Mr. Morris came to his house from the Custom House and read the figures to him and my grandfather took them down in his books. An unmarried daughter, Peggy, kept house for him. I used to go regularly to see him on my Saturday half-holidays and stay until Monday morning, going to church with my Aunt Peggy on Sunday morning to old Trinity. My grandfather's pew was on the south side aisle next the wall about half-way up. The church was apt to be cold and my aunt carried a large martin muff in which she put my feet during service. Bishop Hobart preached there then. He wore spectacles with black rims.

Our house in Beekman Street was on the north side, between Cliff and Pearl Streets—a three-story brick house. We moved to Maiden Lane about 1806. At that time there was a market at the head of Maiden Lane called the Oswego market. The city decided to widen Maiden Lane from Broadway to Nassau Street and so all the houses on the south side of the block were taken down. My father then bought a lot on the north side, 28 feet wide, directly opposite our former house, from Peter Sharpe for $2,500, on which he built a three-story brick house in 1810, with a threefoot alley-way. It was built by Abraham Stagg and was a very handsome house for these days. We moved into it May 1, 1811. My sister Fanny was married there June 5th, 1811, by Dr. Spring of the Brick church, to Alex. Garden Fraser of Beaufort, S. C. She wore a colored silk dress, and her cousin, Eliza Cebra Waters, was bridesmaid, and Josiah Goggeshall was groomsman.

When I was about 8 or 9 years of age we attended Dr. Milledoller's church in Rutgers Street. We had a

square pew at the foot of the middle aisle. I cannot remember exactly when we left the Rutgers Street church and went to the old brick church, but it was while Drs. McKnight, Miller and Rogers were the associate ministers. They all wore gowns and Dr. Rogers wore a white wig. It must have been about 1809 that Dr. Rogers died. I went to his funeral. He was buried in the brick church grounds.

Dr. Miller was then called to the church built for him in Wall Street and Dr. McKnight died soon after. In 1810 Dr. Spring was called to the brick church. I heard him preach his first sermon August 10th, 1810, from the text: "I am determined to know nothing among you but Jesus Christ and him crucified." Very soon after Dr. Spring came my father united with the church. My mother also. My father was soon elected an elder and continued in that office until his death, November 26th, 1817. He was a very earnest Christian and a warm friend of Dr. Spring's. The latter said, on closing my father's eyes, that he was the most intelligent layman he had ever known. About 1798 or 1799 my father failed in business. The firm name was "Webb & Lamb, Shipping Merchants," corner Pearl Street and Burling Slip. One of their vessels, loaded with nutmegs, from Sarinam, was lost, and Mr. Lamb lost in it. This disaster caused their failure. In those days the laws were very rigid. My father had to go on what was called "the limits," until he could pay his debts. In 1799 my brother, Augustus Van Horn, was born, and a nurse, Mrs. Page, taking care of my mother, seeing my father was a very ingenious man, advised him to go into the suspender business, and showed him a pair which she had made herself. This was something entirely new,

and, there being no business of this kind in the city, my father made several improvements in the article, until he brought out something very handsome. I remember how he shut himself in his room, not admitting any of his family, until he had completed his invention. During T. Jefferson's administration, he went to Washington and took out a patent under name of "Webb's patent suspenders." His store was in front of his house, and his living room in the rear. His factory was in the basement. This was in our own house, No. 19 Maiden Lane. He imported the sewing silk and webbing from Liverpool, from firm of Rabone Bros., and employed 60 women, some in knitting the sewing silk, for which he paid $14 per lb., and others in working on the different parts. This work was prepared for them by Ira Perego, an apprentice, and they came every Saturday, to bring their work, to receive their wages, and to get their work for the following week. He had agents in all the large cities of the U. S. In Boston it was Wm. Little; in Philadelphia, Andrew Quinn; in Albany, Paul Hockstrasser and agents in two or three places in New York City. He soon paid his creditors, and might have left a large fortune if he had not been so constantly called upon for charity. He was very benevolent, gave freely to the poor, and assisted many of his poorer relations.

Among others of my brother's family who used to come frequently to our house was his cousin, Susan Rivington. She was educated in London. Her father was a tory and a printer. Rivington Street was named for him. She lived on the northeast corner of Wall and Pearl Streets, opposite the Tontine Coffee House (northwest corner). The Phoenix Coffee House was on the southeast corner. Mr. Evans Bardin kept them both.

First he kept the Phoenix, and afterwards the Tontine. I used to go there to visit his granddaughter, Mary Ann Richardson. The Washington Hotel was on the south-east corner of Reade Street and Broadway. The City Hotel was one block above Trinity, and Mechanics' Hall (a hotel), corner Broadway and Park Place. These are all the hotels I can remember. There were a great many boarding houses, well kept and well patronized. Mrs. Saidler kept one down Broadway, East Side, near the Battery. It was afterwards kept by Mrs. Reese. Mrs. Woods, 21 Broadway, on the West Side, also kept one. Down in Pearl Street Mrs. Mix and Tripp kept one in partnership; also a Mrs. Diggins in Pearl Street and smaller ones about the city. Corner Pearl and John Streets Mrs. Cotton also kept a large boarding house and my brother-in-law, James H. Leverich, boarded with a Mrs. Jones in John Street. The old doctors in New York were Dr. Wright Post, corner Broadway and Garden Street; Dr. Hodick, in Vesey Street; Dr. Haversley, in Dey Street, and Dr. Handy, in Dey Street; Dr. Van Solingen, in Cortlandt Street; Dr. Seaman, in Beekman Street; Dr. Mott, Dr. Turner and old Dr. Thomas Cock (Dr. Van Solingen's daughter Jane married Dr. Gunning S. Bedford, Sr.) and old Dr. Moore. (Dr. Van Solingen and Dr. Post were my father's physicians when he died.) In Pearl Street, from Maiden Lane to Beekman Street, the young people used to call it "The Johnnies" because so many Johns lived there. There lived John Taylor (grandfather of I. T. Johnston), John Adams, John Clendening, John Ellis, John Hone. These were their places of business, and they lived over them. In those days there were no bookkeepers; every gentlemen kept his own books; consequently there were no

defalcations. I never heard of but one, and that was old Samuel Swartout, who was in the Custom House. After that when such occasional cases were heard of, it was said "So-and-So has been Swartouting."

Facing No. 21 Maiden Lane was a short street, called Little Green Street, which ran down one block to Liberty Street. On the west side was a large brick building used as a school for girls, kept by a Mr. Griscom; on the northwest corner of Liberty Street was a Quaker Meeting House and graveyard.

In William Street, opposite Cedar Street, an English lady, Mrs. Thomas, kept a school which I attended. In William Street, just a few doors south of this school, was a fashionable shoe store kept by a Mr. R. Bunn. The fashionable French shoe store was kept by Mr. Pardessus on the east side of William Street, between John and Fair (Fulton) Streets.

At the Post Office, southeast corner of William and Garden Streets, lived Thomas Bailey, Postmaster. He married Mrs. McWhorter of Newark, N. J., and had two daughters, Ann Eliza who married Arthur Bronson, and Catherine, who married William W. Woolsey. They went to school with me at Mrs. Thomas'; since then Cedar Street has been cut through and the schoolhouse destroyed.

Policemen were called constables; they carried little square sticks about as big as a broomstick, going up to a point. The point was painted blue with a little blue ribbon at the top. The rest of the stick was painted white.

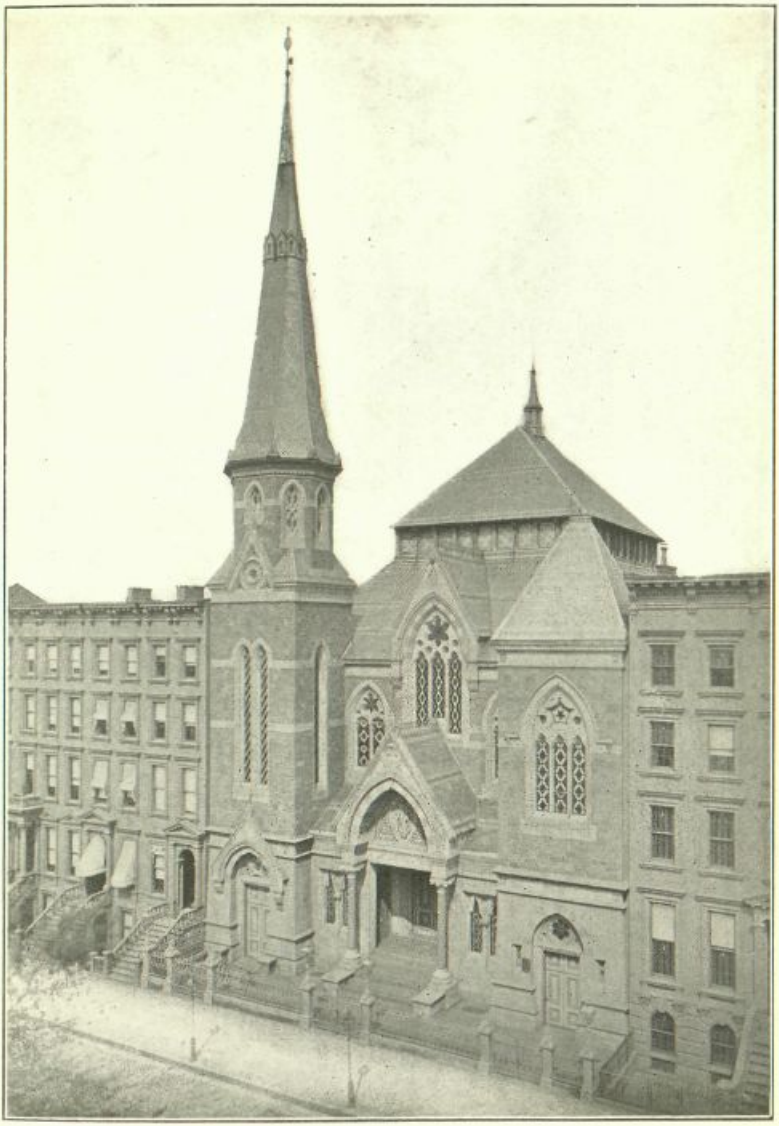
Somewhere about 1812 three steamers went up the Hudson River to Albany. They started from the foot of Cortlandt Street and were called The Paragon, The Car of Neptune and The Richmond. They were all-

night boats and were not larger than an ordinary ferry boat.

The first event I can remember is the death of my little sister Eliza, a month old, at Sterling, Long Island (now Greenport), at my grandfather's, Orange Webb. She had on a little white slip and red shoes—and I wept because she had to lie out at night in the rain. I was then five years old.

My grandfather died in the month of May on Sunday, suddenly, in an apoplectic fit. I was off with my sister at the foot of Hubert Street on the North River, seeing an immersion, when my parents sent for us to come to Fletcher Street to my grandfather's. I remember as if it were yesterday seeing him laid out on a cot in the second story under the front windows. He was buried in Mr. Henry Remsen's vault in the New Dutch church in Nassau Street.

Catherine Lawrence—the daughter of my mother's half-sister, Catherine Beekman—was a beautiful girl and was engaged to her own cousin, Nat. Lawrence. He went on business to China and on his return found her married to Dr. Hicks. By him she had two children—Mary, who married Benson Van Zandt, son of Winant Van Zandt, and Caroline Louise, who married John C. Clarkson of New York. Her cousin must have loved her very devotedly, for after Dr. Hicks died he married her and by him she had six daughters and two sons. They were: Caroline, who married Nelson Abeel; Catherine, who married Major Gallagher of Baltimore; Elizabeth, who married Charles Clarkson of Flatbush, L. I.; Charlotte and Cornelia, who died unmarried, and Julia, who married Phineas H. Buckley; Charles and Clarkson, the sons, were unmarried.



Dr. Hastings' old church—the West Presbyterian—Forty-second Street
1876, now site of Aeolian Hall

Edwin Booth Memorial

The memorial of Edwin Booth erected in Gramercy Park is the first of its kind to an actor in this country. It is a product of the genius of one of the members of The Players—the club founded by Mr. Booth in 1888. Mr. Booth conceived the idea that the intermingling of players with men of kindred arts—writers, artists, sculptors, architects, musicians—would broaden their vision and give them a deeper knowledge of human motive and human action. These others also would derive intellectual and spiritual stimulus from contact with men who were interpreting the masters of dramatic literature and song. How excellently the idea has worked out is shown in the bronze statue of Edwin Booth recently erected in Gramercy Park and unveiled November 13th, 1918, the anniversary of Mr. Booth's birth.

The memorial is a fine representation of Booth in his favorite rôle of Hamlet when he was about the age of thirty-five, and to people who remember him in his incomparable impersonation of this character the statue has a strangely fascinating interest. Those who saw him as he rose to speak the famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," have the whole scene vividly brought back to them. The statue is a noble memorial of the great Shakespearean actor, and will perpetuate his lovable personality as well as his great achievements to future generations of New Yorkers. Mr. Edmond T. Quinn, the sculptor, and Mr. Edwin S. Dodge, the architect, have accomplished a work of which the people of New York are justly proud.

The unveiling of the statue was an interesting event and well worthy of being preserved in the annals of our

city. Three generations of Mr. Booth's descendants were present, Mrs. Edwina Booth Grossman, her son, Edwin Booth Grossman, and his daughter, Lois Fellows Grossman; also little Edwin Booth Waterbury, a son of Mr. Grossman's sister. The invocation was spoken by Rev. George C. Houghton, rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, affectionately known by actors and their friends as "The Little Church Around the Corner." The presentation of the memorial was made by Mr. Howard Kyle, secretary of the memorial committee, and the unveiling of the statue by Mr. Edwin Booth Grossman followed. Mr. John Drew, president of The Players, accepted it in the following words:

MR. SECRETARY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

From the poet to whose genius Edwin Booth dedicated his great powers of interpretation I may well take my cue to-day. You remember that line in The Merchant of Venice, "Such harmony is in immortal souls." Out of the immortal memory of Edwin Booth there has flowed the harmony to which we owe this statue, the harmony of many men, working steadily and devotedly together to do honor to his name. Amongst members of The Players, the club which he founded and gave not only to his own Profession but to the other arts, the monument was planned and made possible. The Players have fashioned it. The bronze was modelled by the sculptor, Edmond T. Quinn. The pedestal was designed by the architect Edwin S. Dodge. And that it stands now amid these trees, upon which Booth loved to gaze from the windows of his home yonder, is due also to the courteous co-operation of the Trustees of Gramercy Park, who from the start have sympathized with our project. An immense good will, my friends, has carried the project to its successful completion. I speak of it with feeling. It is as the gift of a company of loyal loving hearts that I accept, on behalf of The Players this statue of the noblest Hamlet the American stage has ever produced, our leader and our friend.

Mr. John B. Pine made an address on behalf of the trustees of the park, felicitating The Players on the accomplishment of their long-cherished wish of erecting this statue of the great player who for so many years made Gramercy Park his home and who left here a

place in which his spirit still dwells. The exercises finished with a most interesting address by Brander Matthews, appreciative of the character and art of Edwin Booth. Mr. Matthews said:

We, who take pride in our membership in The Players have recognized from the hour when the Founder handed us the deed of gift and lighted the fire which still burns brightly on our hearth—we have recognized that we owed Edwin Booth a debt we could never repay, a debt not merely for the house with its furnishings, its books and its pictures, not merely for the kindly thought that prompted his liberality, but also and especially for the wisdom with which he established our prosperity upon a sound and solid foundation. He was an actor; he loved his profession; and he wished to testify to this love. He meant The Players to be a home for the actor, first of all, for the dramatist and for the manager, that the men of his own calling might mingle at ease. But he knew that it is not well for the members of any one profession to fellowship exclusively with one another; and he wanted the men of the theatre to associate with men of letters and with artists, painters, sculptors and architects. He held that

"All arts are one, all branches of one tree,
All fingers, as it were, upon one hand."

And he designed The Players to be a haven of rest for the practitioners of all the allied arts.

Now, at last, more than a score of years since he was taken from us, we have been enabled to erect this statue, as an outward and visible sign of our gratitude and our affection. It is placed here in this little park that he loved to look down on, in full view from the room in which he lived the last years of his life and in which he died. It has been modelled by one of our own members, with a fidelity to be appreciated by all who knew Edwin Booth and with a beauty to be recognized by those who have had the privilege of beholding him.

In the privacy of our own home, we have a portrait of Edwin Booth, painted also by one of our own members, a portrait which shows him as we like to recall him, as one of us, as our fellow-Player, as a man of most engaging personality, gracious and courteous, unaffected and unassuming. And here in the open air, where all the world may gaze on it, we have now this statue, representing Edwin Booth as the public knew him, as an actor impersonating "Hamlet" and about to utter the soul-searching soliloquy on life and death. In all this great city of ours there is only one other statue of an actor—that of Shakespeare in Central Park; and I make bold to believe that the comradeship is one with which the author of "Hamlet" would not be displeased.

We may apply to Edwin Booth the praise which was given to Shakespeare as an actor by one of his contemporaries: he was excellent in the quality he professed. He was a born actor, inheriting the divine gift from the father whose memory he ever revered. He was an untiring student of his art, knowing why and how he got his effects. By his skill and his sincerity he was able to disguise the artificiality of "Richelieu" and of the "Fool's Revenge." I can recall the thrill with which—now not so far from three score years ago—I first heard *Richelieu* threaten to launch the curse of Rome; and I shall never forget the shiver that shook me as I later beheld the demoniac dance of *Bertuccio* when he believes that he is at last revenged on his enemy. But like the greatest of his predecessors, with whose achievements he had admiringly familiarized himself, he liked best to act the greatest parts, the characters that Shakespeare has filled with undying fire—*Othello* and *Iago, Brutus* and *Macbeth, Shylock* and *Hamlet.* Here in New York more than half a century ago, he acted *Hamlet* for one hundred consecutive performances, a longer run than any Shakespearian play has ever had in any city in the world.

In founding The Players, Edwin Booth erected a monument more enduring than bronze; and now we have set up this enduring bronze to bear witness that *Hamlet's* command has been obeyed and that The Players are "well bestowed."

The Fortune Teller

Almost where Fourteenth meets Broadway,
The other day,
I came upon an old man, gnarled and gray.

He had a box of printed horoscopes
In little envelopes:
A compact, greasy hoard of threats and hopes.

He had a pair of white and wheezy mice,
A monkey mad with lice,
A parrot ugly as a worn-out vice.

And customers, with dullness on their brows—
The men like cows
At noon, the women angry sows—

Came round him, apprehensive but content
That God had sent
Such things to tell them what the future meant.

—*Selected.*



STATUE OF EDWIN BOOTH AS HAMLET ERECTED IN GRAMERCY PARK 1918 OPPOSITE THE PLAYERS' CLUB WHICH HE FOUNDED

A Beautiful Tribute to the American Soldier

Capt. Daniel Couve, Chaplain in the 59th Division of French Infantry, who came to New York on a social errand, related the following simple and touching incident:

"I stood in a Paris street to see your troops go by on the Fourth of July, and I cheered with the rest, but a little old woman beside me touched me on the arm. 'You don't cheer loud enough,' she said. 'These are our saviors.' And that is the way France feels."

An Appreciation

As we drove along country roads weak old women would come out and hold flowers to us.

Why should they hold flowers up to strangers from across the Atlantic? Only because they believed that we were the messengers of friendship and of hope, and those flowers were their humble offerings of gratitude that friends from so great a distance should have brought them so great a hope.—PRESIDENT WILSON.

John Galsworthy on Americans and English

I do not think that you Americans and we English are any longer strikingly alike in physical type or general characteristics, no more than I think there is much resemblance between yourselves and the Australians. Our link is now but community of language—and the infinity which this connotes.

James Duane Complains to Gov. Clinton of the High Cost of Living in 1779

Philad. 27th April 1779.

The extravagance of living here is beyond description and the burden of public business, intollerable. I am for my own part worn down and stand in great need of Relaxation. . . . I must beg your Excellency's Indulgence the more so as I am here without Summer Clothes, and can not reconcile it to my feelings to purchase at the immoderate prices which are current.

His Excellency Governor Clinton. JAMES DUANE.

The Jury That Tried John Peter Zenger in the City Hall, Wall Street, 1735

Thomas Hunt, Foreman

Samuel Weaver	Harmanus Rutgers
Stanly Holmes	Benjamin Hildreth
John Bell	Edward Man
Egbert Van Borsom	Andries Marschalk
John Goelet	Abraham Keteltas

Hercules Wendover

Dr. J. G. Holland and Roswell Smith

WILLIAM WEBSTER ELLSWORTH

Two men who, with knowledge and sympathy and money, did much to further the growth of literature and art in New York in the seventies, were Josiah Gilbert Holland and Roswell Smith, founders, with the senior Charles Scribner, of the joint stock company known in its early years as Scribner & Co. The chief object of the company at first was the publication of *Scribner's Monthly,* the magazine which on the sale of the Scribner interests to Roswell Smith in 1881 became *The Century* and the company publishing it "The Century Company." The new name was the suggestion of Dr. Holland's associate editor, Richard Watson Gilder, and the thought came to him from the Century Club, of which he was a member. The home of the Club was at that time in Fifteenth Street just off Union Square, next door to the house occupied by the Gilders, that interesting dwelling created by Stanford White from a stable which Mr. and Mrs. Gilder made a center of art and literature and hospitality for many years.

The two men Dr. Holland and Roswell Smith were singularly alike in many of their traits, both strongly, almost sternly religious, both desirous of doing good in the world and of helping along their fellow men by what used to be known as "precept and example." Dr. Holland had been an associate of the elder Samuel Bowles on that sterling newspaper, the *Springfield Republican,* and he was also a writer of poetry and semi-religious essays intended for the uplift of young people. His poetry was written in the days when long poems, whole books of a single poem, were in order, the days of Mrs. Browning's

"Aurora Leigh" and not so many years after Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" and "Don Juan," but a million years from the latter in their "lesson." His characters were distinctly good, home-loving people, sweet women and noble-hearted men.

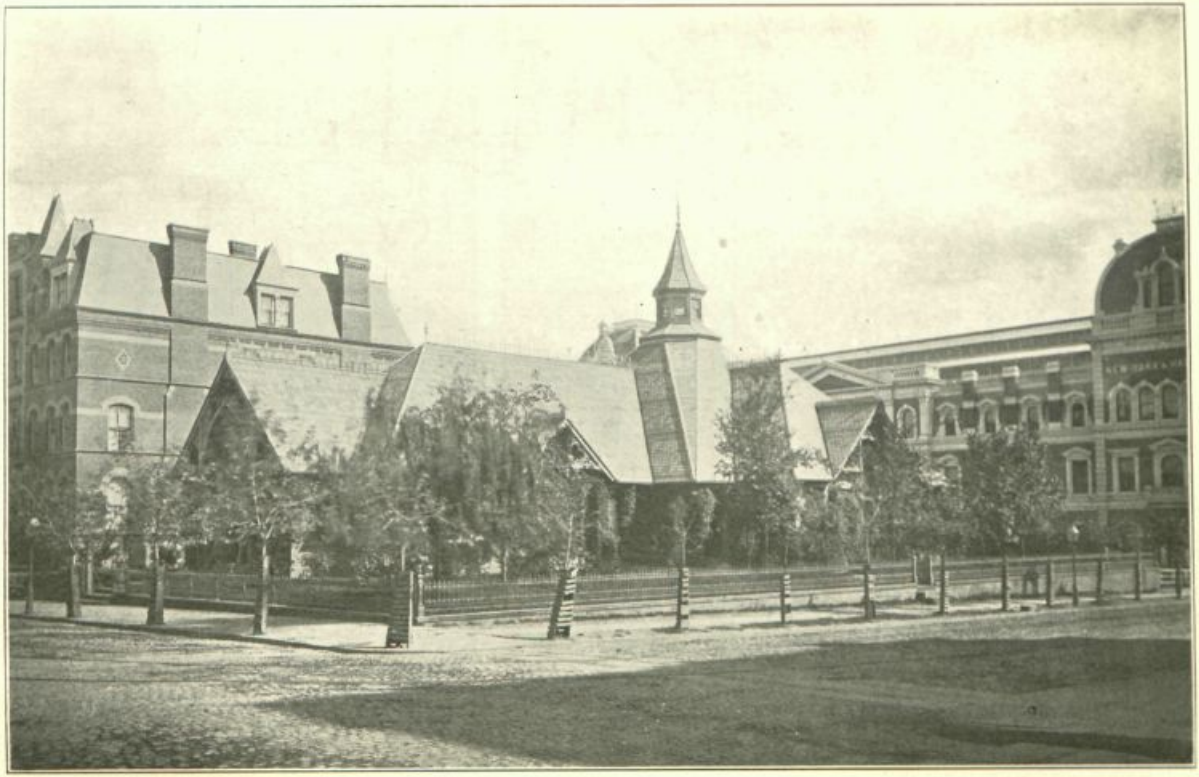
The present writer never passes the little parsonage of the Presbyterian Church at Riverdale on the automobile road to Yonkers, without thinking of Dr. Holland's "The Mistress of the Manse," the scene of which was laid in that house. Others of his poems were "Bitter Sweet" and "Kathrina, Her Life and Mine in a Poem"—great sellers they were. "The Spoon River Anthology" and Masefield's "Dauber" of our day cannot touch them in popularity. His "Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects" and the works which he wrote under the pseudonym of Timothy Titcomb had a great popular sale. The "Nation" well said of Dr. Holland: "He had the immense advantage of keeping on a plane of thought just above that of a vast multitude of readers, each one of whom he could touch with the hand and raise a little upward." Dr. Holland wrote too a life of Lincoln, and even now, when a fifty-foot shelf would not take in all the biographies of the great emancipator, Dr. Holland's book holds its own.

Roswell Smith was a business man of high ideals and broad vision. His uncle, Roswell C. Smith (after whom he was called, but in later years he dropped the middle name), was an author of school books, and "Smith's Arithmetic" and "Smith's Geography" will be remembered by some older readers. It is said that the sale of "Smith's Grammar" was surpassed only in sales of text books by Noah Webster's famous spelling book. The young Roswell passed his later boyhood years in the home of his uncle and doubtless bookmaking got into

his blood then. When he grew up the West called, as it called so many young men. He went to Lafayette, Indiana, and into the law office of Henry L. Ellsworth, retired Commissioner of Patents (he had been the first Commissioner and was known as "the father of the Patent Office"). Roswell Smith married Mr. Ellsworth's daughter, practiced law, bought profitable real estate, and at forty turned his eyes toward the East and fixed his mind on buying a newspaper.

But first he would make the "grand tour" with his family. Knowing Dr. Holland, they decided to go to Europe together. "I must tell you," said Dr. Holland before starting, "that one of my idiosyncrasies is always being exactly on time." "Then," replied his friend, "I fear we cannot get on together, for I am always half an hour ahead."

One moonlight night they stopped in a walk and leaned over the parapet of a bridge at Geneva, and with the rushing Rhone as an accompaniment, Dr. Holland told Roswell Smith his plan for a new American magazine, one which should really develop American Art and American Literature and which should be the vehicle of his own little preachments to people young and old. It seemed to Roswell Smith far better than his own idea of buying a newspaper; yes, he would join in the enterprise, his time and his money should be dedicated to it. In a few days he returned to New York with a letter of introduction to Charles Scribner, who had been Dr. Holland's publisher, and very soon the new company was launched, Mr. Smith and Dr. Holland dividing sixty per cent. of the stock between them, the Scribner book firm taking the other forty per cent. Mr. Scribner's "Hours at



FORTY-SECOND STREET AND MADISON AVENUE 1869. DR. TYNG'S CHAPEL HOLY TRINITY. THE DEPOT IS NOT YET OPENED

Home" was merged in the new venture, the first number of which appeared in November, 1870.

American literature at that time was at a low ebb. *Harper's* was the leading magazine and its great success was built on the fact that it was the acknowledged medium for the appearance of the work of the great English novelists of the day first appearing serially—Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Trollope, Charles Reade. No notable fiction was being produced in America. The day of Poe and Irving and Cooper and Hawthorne had passed and they had no successors. The new *Scribner's Monthly* was forced to turn to the foreign George Macdonald and Mrs. Oliphant for its first year's serials, but its conductors began at once to encourage American fiction writers to produce novels, and American artists to draw illustrations which were both good art and interesting embellishments. The day of "The Fair Penitent" and "The Bandit's Bride," engraved on steel was over. Bret Harte wrote his first novel, "Gabriel Conroy," for the new magazine; George W. Cable was discovered in New Orleans by Edward King, going through the Southern States gathering material for his "Great South" papers, discussing the agricultural and economic growth of the country south of Mason and Dixon's line since the war. King sent some of the young cotton clerk's work to Dr. Holland, and presently all the literary world was reading those exquisite stories of New Orleans which later became Cable's book, "Old Creole Days." "Fanny Hodgson" was another early *Scribner's Monthly* writer; the world has known her long as Frances Hodgson Burnett. Thomas Nelson Page began to send in his work to the magazine, and it was soon not only a success itself but as was said at the time, "it made a success of

Harper's too." Mr. Alden, editor of *Harper's,* wrote to a friend that *Scribner's Monthly* had had the effect on them of a fast horse driven alongside one's buggy—you just had to whip up.

Dr. Holland lived on the west side of Park Avenue near Thirty-eighth Street; Mr. Roswell Smith at 54 East 54th Street. There were young people in both families, much entertaining was done, and Dr. Holland's home became a Mecca for the literary lights of the time. There were other houses too which attracted them. On Saturday nights one went to the home of Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of *Harper's Bazar.* It was at the corner of Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street—a barren waste of a district it was too—and in that big, simply furnished parlor at Miss Booth's one met Frank R. Stockton and Mary Mapes Dodge, Stedman and Stoddard and Edgar Fawcett. Sometimes the hostess's cousin, Edwin Booth, came in—sad and gloomy he was then, given to standing by himself, with folded arms, in a corner, talking little.

The wife of Professor Botta had frequent "literary" receptions, as had "Aunt Fanny" Barrow, a writer of children's books, and Mr. Clapp of E. P. Dutton & Co., who lived in these days on Thirty-fourth Street just off Broadway.

Both Roswell Smith, at the business end of the office, and Dr. Holland at the literary end, were men of great squareness in dealing with authors and artists. They paid well, often more than was asked. When General Grant wrote his war articles for the *Century,* he was to have five hundred dollars each for the four—a good price at the time—but Mr. Smith sent him an extra check for $2,000 when the last article came in. He paid George Kennan for his epoch-making articles on the Siberian

prisons, much more than had been agreed on. And the founders of "The Century" (and "St. Nicholas" was added to the enterprise in 1873) were fortunate in some of their helpers; especially Richard Watson Gilder and Alexander W. Drake, who lifted high the banner of good American art and kept it high for the forty years that they were privileged to work together.

But that is another story and a later one.

New York City

WILLIAM F. KIRK

"Oi loike New York," said Pat O'Brien,
"Because so many frinds av moine
Have come here from the dear ould sod
To fale no more the tyrant's rod.
Sure 'tis a blissed town av rist—
Av all great towns Oi luv it bist!"
"Ya, dot iss so," said Adolph Schwenck.
"Ay tenk so, tu!" said Olaf Brenk.

"I likes New York," said Adolph Schwenck,
"I puts dot money in dot benk,
Und effer in dot, understandt,
Dan effer in dot Faderlandt.
Berlin iss great, und back I go,
But only for a visit, so!"
Said Olaf Brenk, "New York ban fine!"
"Faith, and it is!" said Pat O'Brien.

"Ay lak New York," said Olaf Brenk,
"It ban best town in vurld, Ay tenk!
Ef yu skol yomp around and try
Yu got gude chance for going high.
Stockholm ban fine, but Ay skol call
New York the yolliest town of all."
Said Adolph Schwenck, "Dem vords iss fine!"
"Faith and they are!" said Pat O'Brien.

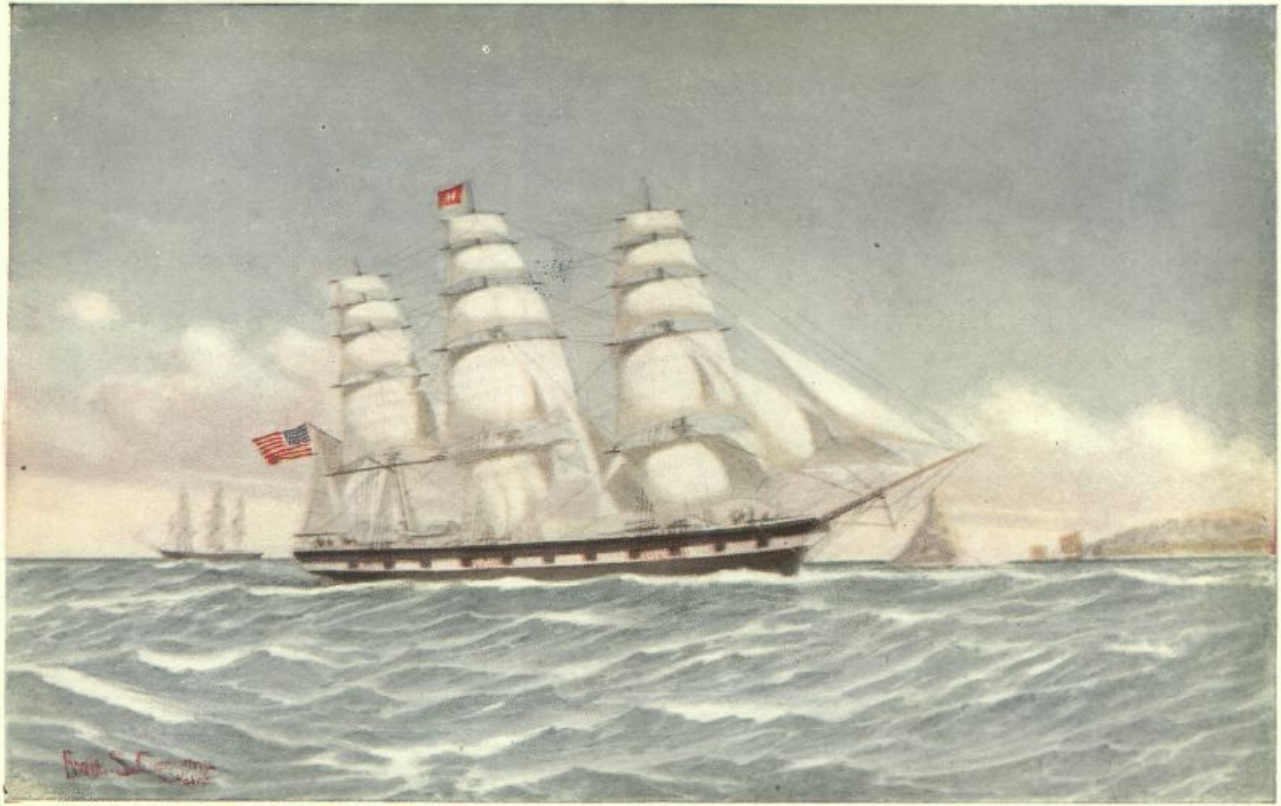
—*Selected.*

Some Famous American Naval Prints

HENRY COLLINS BROWN

In the pages of that delightful repository of antiquarian lore concerning New York of an older period—Valentine's Manual—one may see an old-time print or two of exceeding interest, not so much for what they are as for the tremendous developments which they foreshadowed. One is dated October 14, 1814; others a little later; and it required the passing of a full century before their full significance could be realized.

The first scene is laid in the palace of the Tuilleries. Napoleon has granted an audience to a young American inventor who is enlarging upon the merits of an idea which he claims would destroy the British fleets and lay the shores of Albion prostrate before the soldiers of the Empire. It is an important matter and the greatest strategist the world has ever known calls to his aid the most eminent body of scientists in his dominion, the French Academy. That august body deliberates at length and also experiments with the result that they report that power enough to propel a small toy might be developed, but to force a vessel across the Channel and discharge this strange missile called a "torpedo" with sufficient force to destroy an enemy ship, was not to be seriously considered. Napoleon therefore declined to entertain the matter further. Proceeding to England, the inventor prevailed upon Lord Chatham to witness a practical demonstration of his torpedo, and in front of the Prime Minister's house in the harbor of Deal, and in the presence of a large number of persons, he launched one of his torpedoes against the hull of a large derelict



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Houquah 1844

One of the really famous ships in the China trade. Commanded by the redoubtable Captain Nathaniel B. Palmer. She made the run from New York to Java Head in 72 days and to Hongkong in 84—distance 14,272 miles.

This ship was named in honor of Houquah, a well known merchant of Canton whose goods were invariably up to sample. He was much respected by American and English residents in China no less for his integrity than for his kindness and business ability.

She was 706 tons and was built in New York by Brown & Bell. She had a great reputation in her day.

Courtesy Mrs. A. A. Low.

provided for the purpose, and destroyed it completely. The present-day reports of instant destruction were equalled if not surpassed in this attempt. The vessel was blown into a thousand pieces and sank immediately.

The idea was rejected upon the ground that England being mistress of the seas could not afford to encourage the development of so terrible an engine of destruction, and no other nation had the means or the inclination at the time to make the necessary investment, as it could not be profitable. Such was the original invention of the torpedo, and the inventor's name, as our readers may have guessed, was none other than our hero—Robert Fulton.

His submarine was never tried; but his iron-clad "Fulton the First" was safely launched in the Harbor of New York right opposite the present Battery, and proved practical. A double page picture of this interesting event forms one of the three old prints in the *Manual* to which I have referred.

The absorbing interest with which all Naval prints pertaining to American history are now regarded, is largely the result of the present activity of the submarine and the deadly torpedo. And while the immortal skill of a Jeakes, a Tiebout, a Richards, or a Pocock failed to delineate this epochmaking incident of Fulton's, there is a very distinct and close connection between the two. And my references to these half-forgotten prints may not be amiss.

In the famous collection now possessed by the India House in New York, is a modest painting that will some day become famous as the subject of some future aquatint or other art production—the William P. Frye. It lacks the delicacy of coloring possessed by the etchings

of a century ago, but as the starting point of the never-to-be-forgotten ruthlessness of the German submarine it will some day take high rank among collectors. There is something pathetic in this peaceful looking merchantman when one recalls its tragic end. And its cruel fate will ever add an interest to the print which it would not otherwise possess.

Turning however to the Naval prints of long ago, we find here an entirely different atmosphere. There may be sights more calculated to stir the blood than the old time all hands-repel-boarders sea fight, but if such there be I have failed to find it. And in the mighty combat between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis* painted by Paton and engraved by Fittler, published in 1790, we have a spirited representation that satisfies every longing of the soul.

A very wonderful ensemble and one which sums up a whole chapter in Naval history is that curious and little known folio aquatint under the title of "Sprigs of Laurel." It was drawn and engraved by that well known artist, W. S. Strickland, with whose other work, both in New York and Philadelphia, we are quite familiar. In this remarkable grouping, however, Strickland has gathered together no less than nine distinct engagements, beginning with Perry's victory at Lake Erie and ending with the encounter between the Peacock and L'Epervier.

This fascinating aquatint is unknown to Stauffer and is of the greatest scarcity. It is accordingly of surpassing interest, and though Mr. John Kneass, of 125 Market Street, Philadelphia, announced its publication at the modest sum of $3.00 per copy it brought one of the highest prices paid at the late Halsey sale in whose collection it had reposed for many years. The vessels represented

are the Constitution and Guerriere, Wasp and Frolic, United States and Macedonian, Constitution and Java, Hornet blockading Bonne Citoyenne, sinking of the Peacock and L'Epervier. The battle of Lake Erie forms the chief vignette across the entire print; the other scenes somewhat smaller. It is surprisingly well drawn and the colors add much to its fascination.

The very scarce original impression of the folio aquatint from a drawing by Birch, showing the loss of the packet ship Albion, is an item that appeals with rare force to the collector. The engraving is by Tiebout, whose view of the Federal Hall in Wall Street has made him among the best known of early New York engravers. This, however, was published in Philadelphia, October 25th, 1823, by S. Kennedy at No. 58 Walnut Street. Stauffer has it recorded as No. 3200. The original colored impression was recently disposed of at a sale in New York and brought an attractive figure. Robert Havel, another New Yorker, also figures prominently in a spirited rendering of the combat between the Constitution and Java. The latter is in a set of four, and very scarce.

Tiebout afterwards entered the publishing business on his own account as we find a rather ambitious undertaking by him in the production of a line folio depicting the "Glorious and Brilliant Victory" obtained by Commodore O. H. Perry over the British Fleet on Lake Erie. It bears the date 1813 and was printed by Riley and Adams, No. 238 Water Street, New York. In the margin are printed eight Naval engagements. The entire plate is in colors and is now of greatest scarcity. Of the many numerous engravings of this interesting

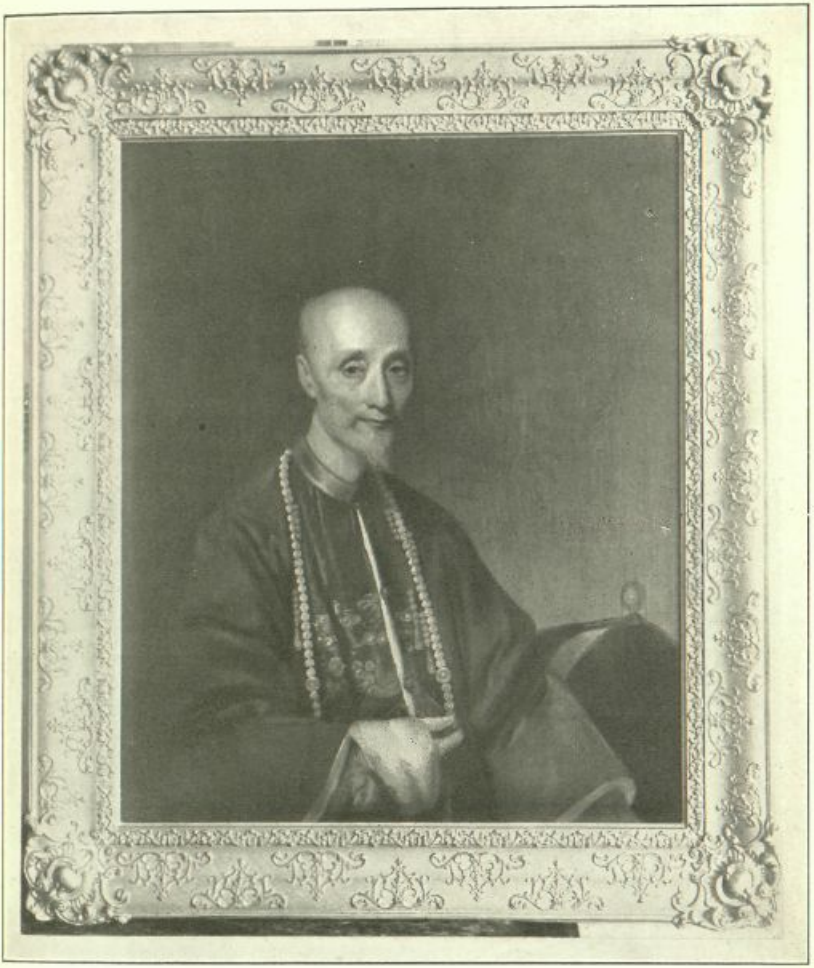
event this is one that is rarely met with. Its value is constantly enhancing.

Tiebout also published the same year an excellent plate of the Constitution and Guerriere from a painting by T. Birch. This is now very rare and its value is constantly increasing. Stauffer has recorded this as No. 3206. All these old Naval combats seem to have been great favorites with our early engravers, as we find several examples of the Chesapeake and Shannon; the Constitution and Guerriere; the Constitution and Java; the Endymion and President. We are thus fortunate in having examples of the best artists—J. T. Lee, Joseph Jeakes, Thomas Whitecombe, Anna Jeakes, Robert Dodd, J. C. Schetky, L. Haghe, Garny, Debucourt, Coqueret, Robert and D. Havell, Montardier Bangean, P. W. Tompkins and others.

One of the most complete collections of these particular prints is that possessed by Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, Jr., of New York. For many years Mr. Havemeyer has been an industrious collector of these fascinating subjects, and as several important collections have recently been dispersed his has naturally been enhanced thereby.

It is quite impossible to describe the charm of these old time aquatints or the extreme delicacy of their coloring. And their reproduction in black fails to convey an adequate idea of the fascination possessed by the colored originals. It would seem as though a revival of this lost art would meet with appreciation today. There is certainly nothing that quite supplies their place in the market today.

In these prints we have almost a complete history of the early days of the American Navy, and it is a record to stir the red blood in a man's veins. In view of what



HOUQUAH, A NOTED CHINESE MERCHANT OF HONGKONG CLOSELY IDENTIFIED WITH THE GREAT BUSINESS OF A. A. LOW & BRO. IN THE DAYS OF THE CLIPPER SHIP TEA TRADE 1830-40. COURTESY OF MRS. A. A. LOW

we have been obliged to read during the last year or so, it is refreshing to recall the days of clean fights, of manly combats and of that ancient chivalry which seems inseparable from fighters of the sea. The achievements of the Anglo-Saxon sailors have made many a brilliant page in naval history from the days of Drake to Farragut.

Let us hope that this glorious record will be kept unsullied in the stormy days that are to come. Let us hope that no matter what the provocation, the American ideal of manliness, of squareness, of self-respect will never be lowered. Let those who will, adopt the methods of the Barbary pirate and the Chinese junk; but let the Yankee sailor lad be always as he has been—a credit to the men who go down to the sea in ships and a glory to the service.

Half a Century Ago

ARTHUR WINTHROP EARLE

The Velocipede

In 1869 the craze was for velocipedes—the fore-runner of the bicycle. All over town there were academies and rinks for teaching and practicing the art of riding. Between Grace Church and Tenth Street there was a four-story building—afterward occupied by the Vienna Bakery—the top floor of which was used as a Velocipede Riding Academy, patronized by hundreds of young people who crowded it nightly and in the daytime too. Fancy riding was a feature in the rinks and also on the stage in variety shows.

The velocipede was a very crude affair compared with the modern bicycle. At first it was made with an iron band around the wheels and the saddle was perfectly rigid. Riding in the open was therefore practiced only by those who had the strength and daring to endure its strenuousness. The idea of riding fifty or sixty miles and coming home refreshed and still vigorous was out of the question, but on the smooth floors of the Riding Academies the sport went fast and furious and perhaps as many miles were covered within their walls in the same time as were accomplished later by the bicycle with its air cushion tires and its ballbearing apparatus.

Skating-Rinks

On Fifth Avenue between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Streets, where the Windsor Hotel afterward stood, there was an ice-skating rink in the winter time. The lots were below street grade and we went down steps to the pond. This was in the early seventies. The building on Third Avenue used later for the American Institute Fairs was also a skating-rink, one of the largest and best patronized in the city.

The Cocktail Route

As the days of prohibition approach, perhaps some Old New Yorkers will be interested to recall the "Cocktail Route" up Broadway as it was navigated forty or more years ago. The first "lighthouse" was Theodore Stewart's on John Street—the like of which never existed elsewhere; the next tack was laid to the Astor House

bar, then came Stewart's "uptown place" in Warren Street—the first place of its kind which had a circular bar where the inside as well as the outside was exposed to view. The next "lighthouse" was Dowd's, near Leonard Street. From there the course was laid to Ball's near Howard Street. Here the navigator could indulge himself to his heart's content in excellent fish cakes. Ball's was the first place to offer these delicacies as an appetizer. The next leg of the course was to the New York Hotel at Waverly Place, a fine old hostelry with an excellent bar, and then to the Morton House at the corner of Fourteenth Street. The next was a long stretch to the Hoffman House and thence to Phil. Milligan's at Thirty-first Street where the friends parted and took their several ways home in a more or less happy frame of mind. The man of affairs of the present day does not know anything of the zig-zag route his predecessors took to his home when business closed. The fastest and straightest line from office to home is the vogue now, and the "Cocktail Route" has gone the way of many another old New York custom.

Artists' Quarters

Some of the older artists will remember Martinelli's in Third Avenue which was frequented by artists forty years or more ago. This was before he opened his restaurant in one of the old mansions on the north side of Union Square near the Everett House. His place was in a cellar in Third Avenue fitted up to appeal to the Bohemian taste of his patrons. It was very comfortable and inexpensive and was patronized by members of the

National Academy of Design. There was a long table in the room and the seat at the head of the table was reserved at all times for the President of the Academy. When Martinelli moved to the more pretentious quarters in Union Square the artistic charm passed and his patrons from the Academy disappeared.

The St. Nicholas Hotel

This was the finest hotel in New York in the seventies. Its proprietor had been a cook on a North River sloop and he considered this fact a certificate of excellence. He was very proud of his cuisine and it was said of him that he would rather show his kitchen to visitors than the spacious and handsome parlors.

Voting in 1868

As an illustration of how they did things at the polls in these days it was not considered an unusual thing to see a body of purchased or coerced voters marched to the polls. On election day, at the time of which I speak, the owners of the large refineries in the eighth ward, nearly all of whom were prominent in the religious life of the community, formed their employees in line, placed the ballots in their hands, marched them off to the polls and saw them deposit the ballots in the ballot-box.

Passing of the Old Volunteer Fire Department

When the Volunteer Fire Department was disbanded the formal farewell to the "machine" was made by run-

THE CELEBRATED

AMERICAN IMPROVED VELOCIPEDE.

Patented January 26, 1869.



Many EXPERT RIDERS in New York have given it a trial, and pronounce it

The Strongest, Best Constructed, and Most Perfect Velocipede yet produced.

The art of riding is very easily acquired. It has been mastered, in many instances, in one day by parties who rode easy and gracefully.

ITS ADVANTAGES OVER OTHER VELOCIPEDES:

1st. The DRIVING WHEEL is from five to ten inches higher, and still the saddle is so low that the rider can touch the floor with both feet.

2d. We balance the machine on the BACK WHEEL instead of the front. In doing this the balance is more perfectly acquired, and the rider can not be thrown from his saddle. Experts pronounce this the true principle of balancing and riding a Velocipede.

3d. The saddle is placed back of the front wheel, thereby giving the rider greater power on the cranks to drive the Velocipede at great speed, or up steep grades.

4th. We apply the BREAK and LEG RESTS to the STANDARD, over front wheel, so that they operate on the wheel in any position.

5th. By inclining the STANDARD, over the front wheel, back at an angle of forty degrees, in turning we TIP THE WHEEL and turn a perfect circle without the WHEEL TOUCHING THE LEG. We also avoid the jar to the guiding arms in going over rough ground or pavement.

6th. You will notice, from cut, the easy and graceful position of the rider.

As all are ambitious to get as large a DRIVING WHEEL as they can use, we give the sizes below, in proportion to a man's height:

Men from 4 ft. 10 in. to 5 ft. 2 in. high, can use a 36 in. wheel and touch the floor with both feet. Men from 5 ft. 3 in. to 5 ft. 6 in. high can use a 41 in. wheel and touch the floor with both feet. Men from 5 ft. 7 in. to 5 ft. 9 in. high can use a 45 in. wheel and touch the floor with both feet. Men from 5 ft. 10 in. to 6 ft. can use a 48 in. wheel and touch the floor with both feet. As all will be desirous of getting the Velocipede that will run the easiest, go the fastest, and turn the shortest, we invite all to send for Circular giving full description.

TOMLINSON, DEMAREST, & CO., FINE CARRIAGE BUILDERS, 620 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

OUT OF THIS CAME THE BICYCLE, THE MOTOR CYCLE AND THE AUTOMOBILE

ning it out of the house, turning it around and running it back "tongue in." "Harry Howard Hose laid" in Christopher Street and it was here the above solemn farewell ceremony was witnessed.

Thackeray and the Bowery Boy

When visiting New York, Thackeray expressed a wish to meet a Bowery Boy. A friend took him to the Bowery and suggested that he get into conversation with one of the boys. Approaching one, Thackeray made an effort to begin a conversation by saying, "I want to go to the Bowery." The answer came swiftly back, "Well, sonny, you can go."

The Gap Between New York and Harlem

The change from the old New York to the newer city took place when the elevated roads were opened. Previously there had been a great gap between New York and Harlem. When people found that they could go to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street in less time than it took to go to Forty-second Street by stage or horse-car they flocked to the new districts by hundreds of thousands and "Old New York" as we knew it then fast disappeared in the great modern city of today.

Greenwich Village Proper

The application of the term Greenwich Village by the scribes of the present day to territory east of Sixth Ave-

nue is absolutely wrong. Greenwich Village was west of Sixth Avenue and southwest of Greenwich Avenue. My mother as a girl lived in the neighborhood of Jane Street, and when going to visit an aunt who lived on McDougal Street walked through open fields.

Washington Parade Ground

Washington Square was Washington Parade Ground prior to the time when it was cut through for teams and Lawrence Street widened and called South Fifth Avenue. The drills of the Seventh Regiment took place in the wide space on the outer edge of the Parade Ground. It was to provide a better drill ground that Tompkins Square was opened.

Longacre Square in Its Infancy

In the spring of 1862 my family moved to one of the newly completed brownstone houses on the east side of Seventh Avenue, between Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh streets. At that time there were no houses except squatters' shanties between Forty-eighth Street and Central Park.

My father kept his driving-horses at the livery stable opposite the site of the present Hotel Astor, which was then occupied by a row of houses that had been put up by the Astor family. Our usual drive in the afternoon was up through Central Park to 110th Street and Fifth Avenue, where Harlem Lane began, and thence out to Bloomington and King's Bridge. My father owned some lots on West 129th Street which were occupied by gardeners. The rental he received was his winter's supply of celery.

Carmansville to New York in 1867

In 1867 my brother lived at Carmansville. In going to and from his business he took the steamer "Tiger Lily" between Carmansville and 129th Street and East River, and from there the famous boats "Sylvan Dell," "Sylvan Stream," "Sylvan Grove" and "Sylvan Glen" to Peck Slip.

Frolics of the Old Fire Department

I remember the final parade of the old Volunteer Fire Department. Every Engine Company, Hook and Ladder and Hose had its own particular pet—we would say mascot now. One had a live bald eagle called "Uncle Abe." Hook and Ladder No. 8 had a black bear. In parading the apparatus was drawn by hand, the tow rope being extended from curb to curb by the front rank of men, and the men on the ends would "swipe" the handkerchiefs of the ladies and tie them on to the rope, so that by the time they reached the place of dismissal the rope was hung full of them.

Bill Poole

When Bill Poole was shot his last words were, "I die an American Citizen," and the American Wards—the eighth, ninth and fifteenth—suspended all business. On the Sunday afternoon he was buried the Sunday schools were almost entirely empty of pupils.

Chop Houses in the '60's

There was an English Chop House known as "The Studio" just above Dr. Muhlenberg's church that was so very English that I do not remember having seen an American paper or magazine there at any time. On Fourth Avenue near 20th Street there was a similar place but not quite so exclusive. Quiet controlled the Chop Houses of those days, so very different from the noise and bustle of the Chop Houses of to-day. And where are the good old Oyster Houses that used to be plentiful? What turtle soup we used to get at Fulton Market!

Pat Gilmore and His Band

Pat Gilmore was at the apex of his fame when he played at Brighton Beach. He was very proud of his band, and it was a big one. There were 100 pieces in it. There was only one other band to compare with it, and that was Col. Jim Fisk's Ninth Regiment Band, which also had 100 pieces. Grafula the famous leader of the Seventh Regiment Band would not have more than 48 pieces. He said that he could make more music or more noise with 48 pieces than Gilmore could with 100. Gilmore travelled all over the country giving concerts. He carried 100 uniforms with him, many of which were filled by local talent of the places where he played.



THE JAM AT FULTON FERRY TO BROOKLYN BEFORE THE BRIDGE WAS OPENED, 1883

Slave Burials in New York

W. L. Calver

Directly on the line of Tenth Avenue near its junction with 212th Street in the fields of Inwood about thirty rude stones may be seen projecting a few inches above the sod. These stones are partly enclosed by a semicircle of wild pear trees which have been permitted to grow and furnish shade for the cattle which represent Manhattan Island's last herd. The regularity with which these stones have been placed is not at first apparent, and a careless observer might easily pass them without notice; indeed, few residents of Inwood know of their existence; yet they mark human graves—and real slave graves at that. Within a stone's throw of this burial place is another where lie the masters of these poor blacks. It was a custom, more forcible than law—though laws there were, too—that the servant could not be consigned to consecrated ground. For further proof of this one need only stroll out the Hunt's Point Road to where that thoroughfare first reaches the Sound, and there where rest other ancient lords and masters of the soil in the "Hunt and Legget burial ground" may be seen the usual adjunct—a slave plot—just across the roadway.

By a singular coincidence these two reminders of slavery days in New York are most inappropriately situated. The fields of Inwood encircled by the surrounding heights are like a vast amphitheater in whose arena was fought one of the most disastrous battles in the struggle for American Independence. The human chattels interred subsequently in the blood-bought soil were not the property of Loyalists. There is quite a touch of irony in

the fact that in the Hunt's Point burial plot, which excluded the sable representatives of our race, rests Joseph Rodman Drake, one of freedom's best friends.

The Hunts and Leggets, for whom the little cemetery at Hunt's Point is named, were descended from the Jessups and Richardsons, the original patentees of the country thereabouts. To the present representatives of these old families one must go to obtain what little information of a positive character there is concerning the occupants of the slave plot at Hunt's Point.

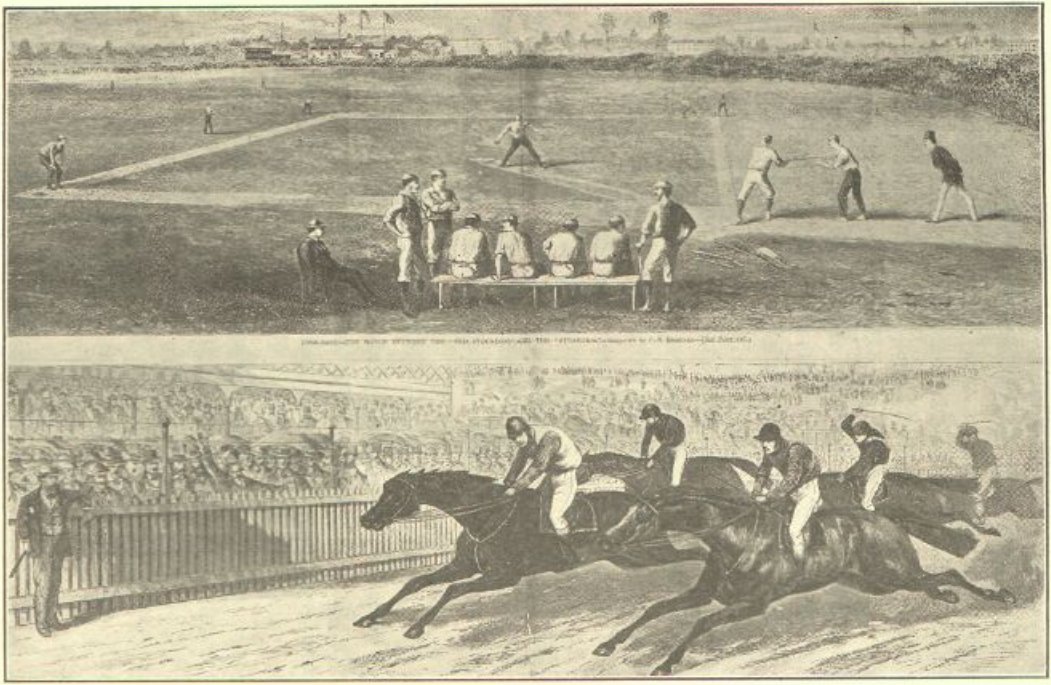
Mr. Henry D. Tiffany, who resides at "Foxhurst" at the junction of the Southern Boulevard and Westchester Avenue, is the son of Mary L. Fox, whose mother was Charlotte Legget, who was descended from John Richardson, the original patentee of Hunt's Point—or the planting neck of West Farms, as the point was known in Colonial times. Mr. Tiffany's mother, who died in 1897, had a clear recollection of the last black interred in the slave plot. This was an old negress named "Aunt Rose." She had formerly been a slave in the Legget family, but she and her children had been manumitted. Aunt Rose was something of a character in her way and a memory of her has consequently survived to the present time in Mr. Tiffany's family. She was buried in the slave plot some time away back in the forties.

Slavery in New York was the subject of much legislation in old times, and the laws in relation to the burial of slaves were strictly enforced. Some of these laws were peculiar. In 1684 the burial of slaves was first legislated upon. The private burial of a slave by his master was forbidden, and a citizen of Albany who interred his slave in a "private and suspicious manner" was fined 12 shillings. The object of this law was of course

to prevent the concealment of a murder, either by or at the instigation of his master.

Thirty-eight years later the Corporation of New York ordered that all Negro and Indian slaves dying within the city should be buried by daylight. The penalty for infraction of this law was ten shillings, to be paid by the masters or owners. Under the laws of 1731 not more than twelve slaves were to attend a funeral, under penalty of being publicly whipped, unless the master pay a fine of 12 shillings. No pall, gloves or favors were to be used. A slave who had held a pall, or wore gloves or favors, was to be publicly whipped. The object of these laws was to prevent conspiracy and sedition. The two things which New Yorkers dreaded most apparently were fires and slave insurrections. By an ordinance passed March 10th, 1712, all slaves, whether Negro or Indian, were forbidden to appear in the streets an hour after sunset. Statistics prove that from 1698 to the Revolution the slaves stood to freemen in the proportion of only one to seven.

The marriage of slaves was made legal in 1813. One or other of the parties might be free, but the children followed the condition of the mother. Those familiar with the dusky "hot corn" vender of the present time will be interested to know that by an ordinance passed 160 years ago, blacks were forbidden to sell boiled Indian corn on the streets of New York.



(Upper) Baseball at the old Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn, 1880
(Lower) Racing at Jerome Park, 1880



SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD BROOKLYN

H. C. Brown

THE Brooklyn of which I write is a different city from the one we know to-day, entirely different. The buildings have changed, the streets have changed, and the people have changed, and there are a great many more families in the village than when I was a boy playing among its vacant lots and selling water around the Union grounds at a cent a glass, and when the water got very warm, dropping the price to "as much as you could drink for a cent." The people do not seem to me to be so neighborly nor so approachable as the people I used to know on our block. On summer nights we all used to sit out on the front stoop and the young folks would start some popular song like "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By, Jennie," or "Juanita, Soft Over the Mountains," or some other favorite. And all the other stoops would presently join in the singing, which made it a very enjoyable and neighborly affair.

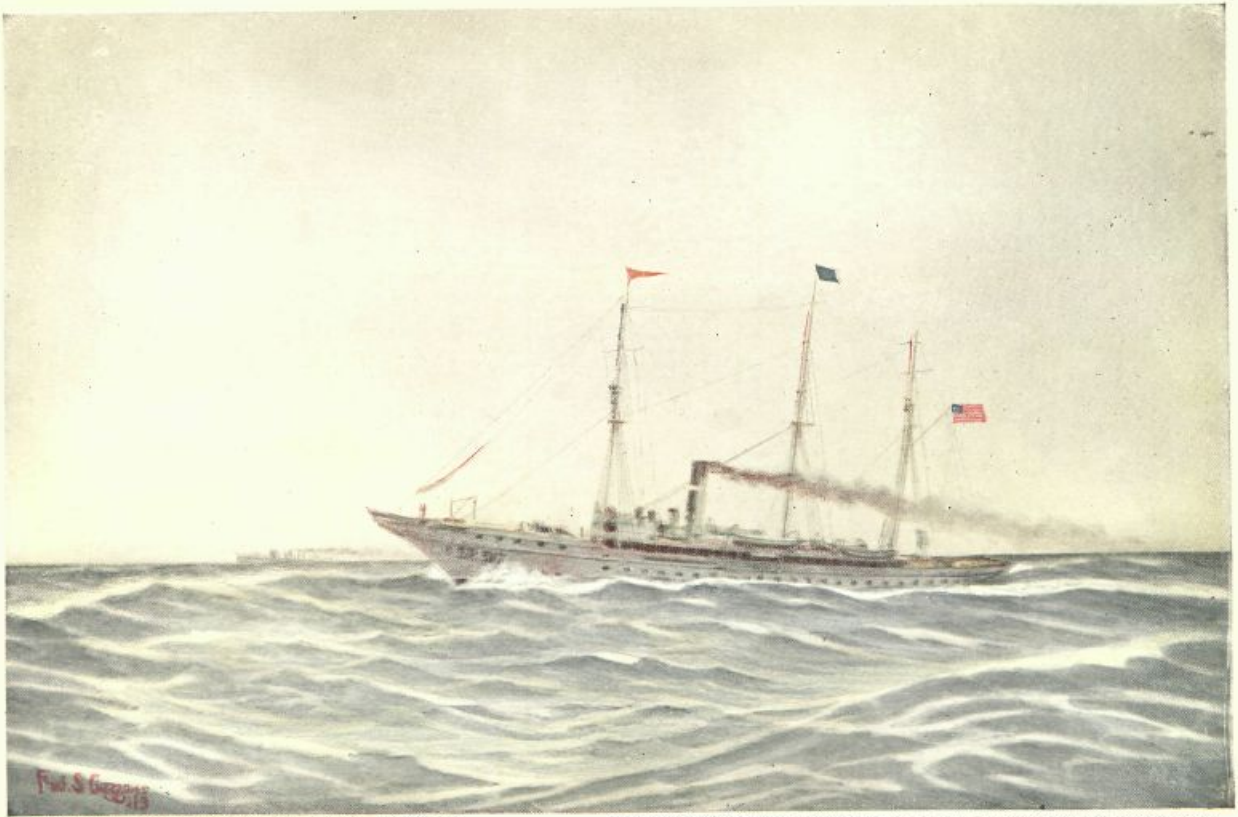
Opposite my home on Marcy Avenue, I looked out upon the smiling acres of the old Wyckoff farm in the 70's, and I consider myself among the few men who were fortunate enough to witness the harvesting of a

wheat crop on land in Brooklyn now covered with apartment houses in endless succession. In my day the city was seldom called by its real name, but was affectionately referred to as the "City of Churches" or the "City of Homes." I think that that appellation is still to a large extent true of Brooklyn to-day.

It has always been a remarkable city in more ways than one. A few years ago it gave Taft a majority of 27,000 when all the rest of the country turned him down, and the next year it gave Hearst 57,000 majority while the rest of the state did exactly the reverse. The civic independence of Brookyn passeth all understanding. The same city that gave us Seth Low also gave us John F. Hylan, and until Brooklyn makes up its mind, we shall not know whether a League of Nations is a good thing or a bad one.

There seem to be two very distinct Brooklyns: the one forever a butt of ridicule at the hands of newspaper paragraphers; the other a city of intellectual accomplishment, of a cultured society and a home-loving and God-fearing people. Marshall P. Wilder made a whole lot of money out of his single reference to the building of a subway between New York and Brooklyn, which he said was constructed so that a New York man could go to Brooklyn without being seen. Chauncey Depew used to describe Brooklyn as being always between pleasure and the grave, because it lay between New York and Greenwood Cemetery.

A writer in the *New York Sun* on one occasion raised the question as to whether a Brooklyn man ever blacked his boots, and another correspondent replied to the effect that he had recently rode in a Brooklyn street car and saw a man who had not only his boots blacked, but his



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U. S. S. Aloha, Flagship

COMMODORE ARTHUR CURTISS JAMES, OWNER

Patriotic Spirit of New York Yachtsmen in the Great World War.

The following letter to Commodore James which accompanied the return of the U. S. S. *Aloha*, shown opposite, gives a glimpse of a fascinating page in recent history.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE THIRD NAVAL DISTRICT
THIRD AVENUE AND TWENTY-NINTH STREET
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK. JULY 25, 1919

S. W. 158-5

My dear Sir.

It is my privilege and very pleasant duty to express to you on behalf of the Navy as well as Commandant of the Third Naval District, the deep appreciation of the loyal and generous spirit which prompted you to put your Yacht, ALOHA, at the disposal of the Navy at the nominal charter of one dollar per month.

This vessel was taken over on April 22nd, 1917, and designated as S. P. No. 317. After such changes as were required to fit her for the service intended, it was commissioned on June 5, 1917, and assigned to duty as flagship of Rear Admiral Cameron McR. Winslow, U. S. N., Inspector of Naval Districts, and upon this detail performed very valuable service. On the cessation of hostilities it was placed out of commission and returned to you on January 29, 1919.

The ready and generous response of the yacht owners, at a time when small vessels were so greatly needed, contributed in no small way to the successful manner in which the American Navy met the demands so suddenly made upon it on the declaration of war.

I remain,
Very sincerely,
J. F. GLENNON,
Rear Admiral U. S. N.

Arthur Curtiss James, Esq.,
99 John Street,
New York City.

In spite of the brief time at our disposal—Naval censorship preventing release till the Treaty was actually signed,—we have been enabled to present the *Aloha, Corsair* and *Noma* as part of the fighting forces of the United States Navy, and to quote brief extracts from the official records in Washington telling of submarine encounters; responses to S. O. S. signals and their valiant service as Convoys. It is all in striking contrast to their hitherto peaceful lives in summer harbors. Next year we shall include *Sultana, North Star, Kanawha, Vedette, Aphrodite, Christobel*, etc., till the list of New York yachts is complete.

eyes blacked as well. Another observing citizen said he noticed an old lady coming out of the subway at the City Hall who stood somewhat bewildered at the crowds at the Bridge entrance. One of the policemen approached her sympathetically and asked her if she did not want to go to Brooklyn and she replied, "No; I *have* to go." The cartoonists find it sufficient to draw a procession of baby carriages propelled by men along a border of rubber plants, in order to indicate Brooklyn. And so between the work of the dramatist who starts a play, "Why a Girl Leaves Home," and ends it with the next line, "Because She Lived in Brooklyn," to the artist whose work I have just described, the city does not begin to get the credit to which it is entitled.

One has only to recall Brooklyn's pre-eminent position in the field of educational work, her great and commanding influence in the religious world, her magnificent parkway and her many noble public improvements to appreciate her greatness and importance. I am told, and I believe it is true, that there exists nowhere in this world the equal in artistic beauty and magnificent conception to the Soldiers' Arch at the entrance to Prospect Park. The genius who created this magnificent memorial also astounded the world by the brilliance of his work at the great World's Fair in Chicago, where his fountain in the Court of Honor challenged the admiration of artists the world over. It is no small credit to this wonderful city that it was one of her native sons who created this imperishable work of art, and that Frederick MacMonnies played around the streets of Brooklyn Heights as a boy, grew up in the city, and found his talents acknowledged and recognized in the place of his birth before the world took him up.

So when one has under consideration such complex material, and so mysterious a body of men and women as constitute the great city of Brooklyn, he has a task of no mean dimensions. It is doubtless true that I am unable to refer to many two-story houses that have been supplanted by a fifty or sixty-story structure, as in the case of New York. Yet if New York's material progress is more manifest to the eye, so also is Brooklyn's spiritual progress to the soul.

I shall therefore content myself with a sketch of Brooklyn as I knew it in the 70's and 80's, and try to pass in brief review some of the salient features of the city as it then appeared to me and more particularly the "E. D.," and I will try to analyze the causes which, for some occult reason, imbued the W. D. with what seemed to me a sense of superiority.

Nothing I have ever encountered since these early days will equal the scorn and disdain with which a young lady from the Heights would remark to me upon learning of my residence, "Oh, you are from the E. D." Nothing more was ever added. But it was enough. There seemed to be nothing left for anybody to do who came from the E. D. but to dry up and blow away. There was no use of protesting against this attitude, for in that case, the young ladies would simply change it to "You're from Williamsburg," and of course everybody knew that that was the last word in contempt. Undoubtedly, the Heights in those days corresponded to the best knowledge we now have of heaven. As it was, therefore, impossible for a native son of the E. D. to aspire to residence on the Heights, so he did the next best thing and moved away. He has lived, however, to see the mighty fallen; and to observe unfortunately the once

proud and cultured precincts of Brooklyn Heights brought to the level of ordinary everyday boarding houses.

They tell me that in the Park slope some of the glories of the Heights have been preserved, but I belong to a past generation—to the generation that was accustomed to the forest of masts that clustered 'round the docks—below the heights—to the clipper ships that bore the house flags of Brooklyn merchants from Java Head to New York in a hundred days. When these galleons disappeared there also disappeared a distinct era in the life of Brooklyn—never to return.

Notwithstanding the superciliousness of society on the Heights, the young ladies and young gentlemen in the E. D. contrived to exist and amuse themselves after a fashion, even if it was perhaps a simpler fashion. In the circle in which I moved, one of our favorite dissipations were surprise parties. We met at each other's houses and from there marched in a body to the home of one of our mutual friends who was popularly supposed to be in entire ignorance of the intended festivities. Occasionally this surprise was a great success and our young friend was caught wholly unprepared. Sometimes she had her hair done up in curl papers just ready to go to bed, and other times she was helping mother wash up the dishes after a supper later than usual. But in the majority of instances, news of our coming leaked out in some way and the family was carefully prepared for our reception, and simulated with more or less success, unfeigned surprise at the appearance of the party.

The invitations were quite informal, the dignity of engraving not even being considered. You were cordially invited to meet at the residence of Miss So-and-so

to attend a surprise party, and there was always a postscript which read, "P. S.—Please furnish oranges," or apples, or cake, as the case might be. After a while this modest request was omitted and the invitations then read "Gents assessed 25c." This was considered quite an advance in the social scale and a very distinct improvement over the plebeian method of bringing your contribution in a paper bag. With the gradual growth of wealth and culture in the eastern district, however, this primitive method of entertainment gradually decreased until it ceased altogether, and thereafter the hostess provided all the refreshments and you were simply expected to honor them with the pleasure of your company. I have been to many gatherings in many parts of the world since those green and salad days, but I have yet to recall one which lingers in my memory with greater fragrance and with more lovable association than the various nights that I spent in the old E. D. the guest of a surprise party where I furnished oranges, or cake, or candy.

The next great popular form of entertainment was undoubtedly the Sunday parade on Bedford Avenue in the afternoon. It must be remembered that everybody who aspired to be anybody, belonged to one of our churches, and that all of these churches had Sunday school in the afternoon, which terminated at four o'clock. At that hour, by common consent, all the young people gravitated to the Avenue, and as there were about a dozen churches in the immediate neighborhood the stream of promenaders grew to quite respectable proportions. By common consent it was given up to the younger element, and I remember with what pleasure and excitement I would doff my hat to sundry and various young ladies whom I had met socially during the

week or previously. It was a moral certainty almost that if you were anxious to meet any particular young lady whom you had not seen recently, you could accomplish your purpose quite naturally on Bedford Avenue. The Avenue ended at the fountain, which marked the beginning of Fourth Street. Fourth Street, I understand, has since been added to Bedford Avenue, and no longer enjoys a separate existence.

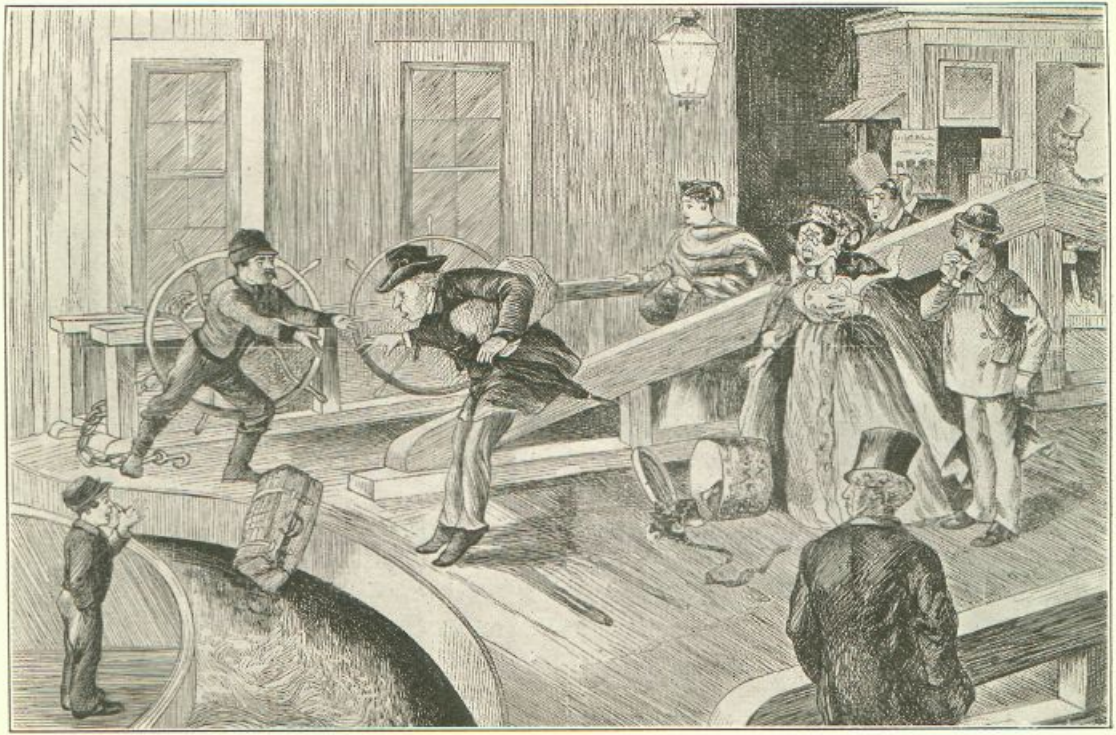
The residences on both sides of the Avenue were of a very substantial character, and were occupied by families quite equal, if not superior, from the point of means, to their more lordly neighbors on the Heights. There were many famous homes on the Avenue, that of Mrs. Knapp's being among the better known. Mrs. Knapp's interest in St. John's Church and in all musical affairs in the eastern district made her magnificent home the headquarters for many delightful receptions and entertainments of this character, and around this home centered much of the social life in the eastern district.

Upon one occasion, General Grant, then in the very height of his popularity, was a guest of Mrs. Knapp, and I remember that the event was chronicled as of the highest importance. Practically every man of eminence in the eastern district was invited to meet the General and in that neighborly way we had all the rest of us considered that the General was our guest as well as Mrs. Knapp's, but only Mrs. Knapp had the proper kind of house and one sufficiently large in which to do proper honor to so prominent a citizen as the great Union General.

Anniversary Day was a red letter day in the annals of the Eastern district. That was another little difference between the Eastern District and the Western. We al-

ways had our children's parade a week or two earlier than the western division. Exactly why this was so I do not remember; at all events, we children looked forward to this celebration with an interest that I cannot possibly describe. Nothing in my life that I can recall, before or since, ever equalled the anticipation with which I looked forward to the Anniversary parade. I belonged to Dr. Edward Eggleston's church on Lee Avenue, corner of Hewes Street, and I was a member of a small military organization which was attached to the Sunday School, and was known as the "Christian Endeavor Zouaves." We were gorgeously arrayed in red shirts and blue trousers, with a red stripe down the sides. We wore the regulation Grand Army cap, trimmed with gold braid, and carried a wooden gun. For months before the parade we were drilled in the manual of arms and on this day of days a space was cleared for us in front of the Fountain and there we went through our evolutions to the delight and amazement of our friends and relatives.

Exactly why we should have had a military organization attached to a church I have never been able to ascertain, especially to the Church of Christian Endeavor, which Dr. Eggleston always wished to have called the Church of Christ the Carpenter. My own theory was, however, that it was due to the fact that our Captain, A. G. Brown, who kept a shoe store on Fourth Street, was an ex-army officer of the Civil War and felt impelled to keep up the military spirit and to keep alive the patriotism inculcated by his strenuous experience with the Boys in Blue. The gallant Captain has long since gone to his last reward, but I always look back on his efforts with kindly recollection. He certainly cured me



An almost daily occurrence in the days of the Ferries to Brooklyn. The small boy stands on deck enjoying the old gentleman's discomfiture

of stoop shoulders and a tendency to smoke cigarettes and imparted to our particular set a truly military air, which was of vast benefit to us in promenading Bedford Avenue Sunday afternoons.

I cannot close these recollections of the Anniversary without trying in some way to express, however feeble, the anguish and the unmitigated grief which was the portion of every scholar when Anniversary Day turned out to be a stormy one. No doubt many of the girls and boys of that day have since then passed through many of life's disappointments and perhaps the cup of sorrow has been pressed to their lips more than once. I hope not, but the common experience is to the contrary, and yet I make bold to say that I doubt if ever any sorrow or any disappointment in a sense was keener or more deeply felt than a rainy morning on Anniversary Day. We were a tired, foot-sore and weary lot of children when the parade was over, but the ice cream and cake served out to us in our Sunday Schools was a rich reward for all our exertions. As we were all decked out in our most expensive finery, and looked very pretty, I think our parents felt fully recompensed for the trouble that they took as their share of the holiday.

Ambrose Channel

GEORGE F. SHRADY

When the weary transatlantic traveler hears the lynx-eyed lookout cry, "Ambrose Light abeam, sir!" he begins to realize that he is near his journey's end.

"Ambrose Light" marks the entrance to the great Channel leading from the trackless deep of the Atlantic Ocean to the harbor of New York City. While "Ambrose Light" and "Ambrose Channel" may suggest home to the incoming traveler, it is a question whether he could tell how this waterway and the sturdy little light-ship, bobbing about on the waves "outside," came by their names.

We are living in a busy age, amidst never-ending and kaleidoscopic changes, when the happenings of to-day may be forgotten by to-morrow.

Not a few of our better-informed citizens may recall however, that "Ambrose Channel" was named by Congress in honor of the late John Wolfe Ambrose of New York City, who devoted the last eighteen years of his life to securing Federal appropriations amounting to $8,000,000 for the improvement of New York harbor, so that vessels of the largest size and deepest draft might be accommodated at its wharves.

Mr. Ambrose was born January 10th, 1838, at New Castle, near the city of Limerick, Ireland. He came to the United States with his parents as a young child, and, although obliged to earn his living at an early age, he prepared himself for college by studying far into the nights, after days of strenuous toil and fatigue. He finally entered New York University, later

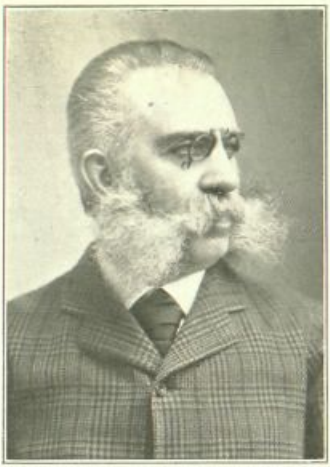
going to Princeton University, with a view to preparing himself for the ministry. He came of a family that had produced a long line of clergymen and physicians. On the completion of his college course in 1860, he changed his plans, taking up newspaper work as a member of the staff of the official organ of the Citizens Association, which in those early days was one of the first civic organizations devoted to municipal reform. Though so much of his subsequent life was spent in the engrossing activities of a business career, he always found time to cultivate literature. He was an admirable Greek scholar, and during the lifetime of Dr. Howard Crosby, who was his friend and former preceptor, they frequently read together some of the classics in that ancient tongue. His natural aptitude and education made him a lover of books, and his happiest hours were spent in the quiet of his library, where he had a valuable collection of rare editions of his favorite writers. In the same year that he left college he married Miss Katharine Weeden Jacobs, a daughter of George Washington Jacobs, of the well-known family of that name from Hingham, Mass. Her maternal ancestors were descended from Jonathan Weeden, a colonial settler of New York City.

Early in his business career Mr. Ambrose engaged in construction work on a large scale, and among his many accomplishments in this line were the building of the Second Avenue Elevated road, the Sixth Avenue Elevated road from Seventy-second Street to 158th Street, the laying of the first pneumatic tubes for the Western Union Telegraph Co., and the making of numerous uptown streets, particularly in the Harlem section. During the building of the Elevated roads his firm employed

as many as 7000 men at one time, establishing a record for rapidity of construction seldom, if ever, equaled. He was wont to observe with commendable satisfaction that he never had a strike on any work in which he was engaged. The few threatened strikes he had always been able to avert by a frank and equitable treatment of the points at issue.

His genius for accomplishing whatever he undertook, no matter how difficult, soon became universally known, and on several occasions he was urged to accept public office. Mayor Hugh J. Grant offered him the Street Cleaning Commissionership, and although he declined the position, he drafted, at the suggestion of the Woman's Health Protective Association, a bill for the reorganization of the Street Cleaning Department. It was so practical and complete in all its phases, that it at once met with popular favor. The late Colonel Waring was quick to recognize its merits and was the first to put into operation many of its features.

In 1880 he became interested in the development of Brooklyn waterfront properties. He was the organizer and president of the Brooklyn Wharf and Dry Dock Company, and the founder of the 39th Street South Brooklyn Ferry, and president of it until his death. Soon after the formation of these companies his attention was directed to the inadequate channels of the port of New York, especially along the Brooklyn shore. The long stretch from 28th Street to 65th Street, South Brooklyn, which to-day is a seething mass of shipping activity, representing investments of hundreds of millions of dollars, was an undeveloped, swampy section, the shore line, a succession of mud flats, with an average depth of 8 feet of water at high tide.



JOHN WOLFE AMBROSE IN WHOSE HONOR CONGRESS NAMED THE GREAT WATERWAY



THE LIGHTSHIP THAT MARKS THE ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT CHANNEL OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK

With prophetic vision, Mr. Ambrose recognized in advance of his fellows the danger of New York being handicapped through inability to supply port accommodations to ships which within a few years would surely be built.

When in 1881 he first went to Washington to ask appropriations for New York harbor, he bent all his energies to the education and conversion of successive river and harbor committees, so that they would fully understand the pressing needs of New York in this respect. He met with stubborn resistance, and at this distance of time it seems incredible that men elected to enact the nation's legislation should have shown such partisan bias. The statement was made by several Congressmen that New York got $4.50 out of $5.00 appropriated by the Federal government for river and harbor improvement. By investigation (representing incalculable labor on his part) the following year he was able to show that although 66 per cent. of the nation's foreign imports and 47 per cent. of the exports, or an average of 56 per cent. of the total commerce of the country, passed through the port of New York and 69 per cent. of the total revenues were furnished by New York, yet only one dollar out of every hundred dollars expended for river and harbor improvements in the five years ending 1896 had been allotted to New York.

With untiring zeal and persistent endeavor he obtained from 1881 to 1896 successive appropriations amounting to $1,478,000 for the Bay Ridge and Red Hook Channels, making them 1,000 feet wide and 40 feet deep, where formerly there had been 8 feet. To his indefatigable initial efforts is directly due the great development which in recent years has taken place on the Bay Ridge water

front, for without deep channels this shore would have been useless for commerce. When he had secured the necessary appropriations for upper New York Bay, he turned his attention to the ocean approaches to the harbor. In 1891 Sandy Hook Channel was dredged to a depth of 30 feet at low tide, ten feet less than the Brooklyn shore channel. He felt that to properly impress Congress with the necessity of granting permission for a real deep sea channel was a work of such magnitude that no effort should be spared. He therefore organized a large delegation composed of prominent and representative citizens from the Chamber of Commerce, the Produce and Maritime Exchanges, the Board of Marine Underwriters, and the Merchants' Association, of which he was a director and which he represented. On December 22, 1898, the delegation appeared before the River and Harbor Committee of the House of Representatives strongly and extensively advocating a channel 2,000 feet wide and 40 feet deep, Mr. Ambrose making the principal address of the occasion.

Notwithstanding the intrinsic merits of New York's claims in this matter, which meant larger vessels and reduced rates to producer and consumer, the Committee of the House of Representatives absolutely denied the plea of the petitioners, and cut the appropriation from the River and Harbor Bill. In his long fight for a deeper channel to the sea Mr. Ambrose had met with discouragements that would have daunted a less determined man. He never once thought, however, of relinquishing a project so dear to his heart. In the face of the crushing defeat with which the citizens' delegation had met, he went alone to the Committee on Commerce of the United States Senate (of which William P. Frye of

Maine was chairman), and by his masterly presentation of the subject secured the appropriation which gave New York a suitable approach to its magnificent harbor. On his return to New York the great shipping and commercial interests of our entire city acclaimed his splendid success, and tendered him the compliment of a public banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on April 26, 1899. With characteristic modesty, he declined this attention, insisting that the guest of honor should be Senator William P. Frye, to whose staunch support he gave much of the credit for his success. Fifteen hundred of the leading citizens of our city and nation were guests at the "Frye Banquet," and the late Theodore Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, introduced Mr. Ambrose as "a man who had worked successfully to make ours the finest harbor in the world, and whose crowning achievement was that he had procured for the port of New York an entrance channel 2,000 feet wide and 40 feet deep from the Narrows to the ocean!"

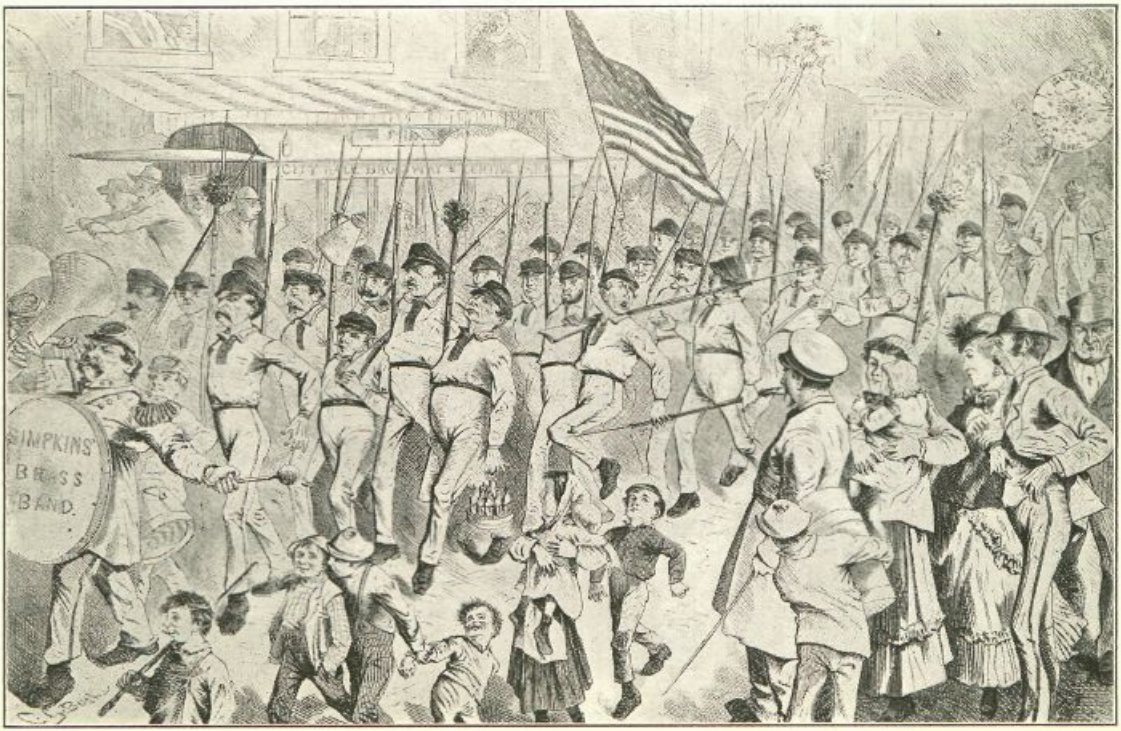
In less than three weeks after this, on May 15, 1899, Mr. Ambrose passed away without seeing the fruition of that for which he had labored so long and unselfishly. Those who had organized the Frye Banquet of which the late Gustav H. Schwab was chairman, desiring in some way to honor the memory of their friend and associate, presented to his family a finely executed bronze bust of Mr. Ambrose, by Andrew O'Conor, the sculptor. In the same year the legislature of New York State passed resolutions honoring his memory, setting forth in detail all that he had done to advance the interests of his well-beloved and adopted city, and in the session of 1901-1902 Congress passed the bill naming the Channel after him.

Mr. Ambrose was of commanding presence, standing over six feet in height, and very erect. He possessed a keen sense of humor, and was by nature genial and kindly. His giant intellect, coupled with his remarkable executive ability and constructive genius, conceived plans for public improvements so vast and comprehensive that he occupied a unique position among men in that he was far ahead of his time. He was one of our most public-spirited citizens, to whom New York owes an eternal debt of gratitude.

Old Target Companies and Firemen

W. S. LUDLOW

The Target Companies and Firemen are naturally associated together, as the Target Company was an outgrowth in the first instance of the Fire Companies, though later on they were formed by various bodies of men like employees of factories, or congenial spirits of some neighborhood. Though I lived in a distant Western city, yet as a small boy I was frequently in New York, and I especially have very vivid recollections of the firemen of the old volunteer days, their beautiful engines and hose carriages, without doubt the most beautiful objects on wheels that the world has ever seen. As we always stayed at some hotel on Broadway, there were daily sights of military companies, the passing of fire engines, or the marching by of Target Companies. Every summer morning various companies of these latter would march down Broadway on the way to Staten Island, some point down the Bay across to New Jersey or Brooklyn, then uptown, at the same time, there were



RETURN OF A TARGET COMPANY FROM
LION PARK 1879

other companies going to Jones' Woods and other points, to pass by with the blare of a full military band, or the inspiring music of drums and fifes.

These companies wore a uniform consisting of a fireman's red flannel shirt, dark trousers and glazed leather cap. Looking up Broadway from the hotel windows I could often see farther up the street various bright spots of brilliant red, sometimes blocks apart, showing where other companies were on their way downtown.

In 1849 Garibaldi, living on Staten Island, and seeing these Target Companies in their firemen's red shirts, got the idea of this uniform for future use, and so the New York Firemen's red flannel shirt became known abroad as the Garibaldi shirt.

An English lady, Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, daughter of the Duke of Rutland, visited this country during 1849 and '50, and in her book, *Travels in the United States*, published by Harper & Bros. in 1851, in describing New York, speaks of the military companies. As you may not have the book at hand, I will give you extracts from it, and then she says:

"There are a number of target companies, each known by some particular name—usually, I believe, that of a favorite leader who is locally popular among them. Others take their appellation from some celebrated historical character, and others from anything that happens to occur to them, it would seem.

"A few of them are 'The Washington Market CHOWDER Guard' (chowder is a famous dish in the United States), 'Bony Fusileers,' 'Pea-nut Guard,' 'Sweet's Epicurean Guard' (surely these must be confectioners), 'George R. Jackson & Company's Guard,' 'Nobody's Guard,' 'Oregon Blues,' 'Tenth Ward Light Guard,' 'Carpenter Guard,' 'First Ward Magnetizers,' 'Tompkins' Butcher Association Guard,' 'Mustache Fusileers,' 'Henry Rose Light Guard,' 'Atlantic Light Guard,' 'Junior Independence Guard,' and multitudes of others.

"The militia numbers about one hundred companies which comprise six thousand men. The Target Companies are said not to fall short of ten thousand men. I am informed that the

passion of arms is beginning to manifest itself very much here, and the youths are not happy until they are enrolled in some of those bands. It is said that thousands of the boldest spirits in the Mexican campaign, who were ever in the van, and at the post of danger, rushing to the cannon's mouth with fiery valor, and storming, with irresistible intrepidity, the strongholds of the enemy, were those who had figured in such 'Target Companies' as these.

"Generally a target, profusely decorated with flowers, is carried before the company, borne on the stalwart shoulders of a herculean specimen of the African race, to be shot at for a prize, or for glory, and the 'bubble reputation' alone. . . . There are so many of those enrolled bands, that they and the omnibuses share the honor of filling, and rousing the echoes of busy Broadway.

"I hear that some of the best and finest of their organizations are formed out of the fire companies, who thus take upon themselves a twofold responsibility, the protection of the property and lives of the citizens from a most formidable and merciless foe, and the rendering themselves capable of discharging the patriotic duty of crushing any enemy to their institutions that may threaten the country, either domestic or foreign. Nowhere, on the earth, I should think, are such numerous and splendid bodies of firemen; and in no place under the sun, or moon, I honestly think, have they such extensive, incessant and unlimited practice. And what men in the world ought to make such admirable warriors as firemen? At all times, but especially at the dead hour of midnight, forced to leave their homes at a moment's notice, to start from slumber, after, perhaps, a day of wearying toil and harassing vexations—to confront the direst extremes of cold and heat—to brave the 'pitiless pelting' of the storm—to face the raging element, that is their remorseless and tremendous antagonist—to dare almost every imaginable peril without the prospect of reward, or of promotion, or even of renown and glory—they should certainly make heroes, when fame and victory beckon them proudly onward.

"They are trained too, to strict discipline; taught to obey every word of command of their superiors, and to act together in concert, and it may be imagined they would prove gallant candidates for glory in the field. Often the lieutenants and captains of the Target Companies are artisans, laborers, clerks and mechanics. The companies elect their officers, and constantly without the least favor—I borrow the expression of an American writer—shown 'to class, or rank, or wealth.' The man who is most distinguished by these advantages, frequently shoulders his musket as a private; and yet he may most largely subscribe to the company's expenses for yearly 'excursions,' and other contingencies and needs."

In 1861 Charles Dickens was editor of "All the Year 'Round," and in the number of March 16, 1861, is an article entitled, "American Volunteer Firemen," and it is so much in his style that one might think it was written by him himself from information, perhaps, furnished. Here are some extracts from this article:

"Now rises to the immaculate blue sky that ever smiles on New York, a bray of brass, a clamp of cymbals, and the piercing supplication of fifes, and bomb tom cannonades the drum, with expostulating groan.

"Ha! there breaks through the black-panted crowd (even the seediest American wears evening dress) gleams of warm scarlet! It is the rifle company of one of the New York Volunteer Firemen Societies. Here they come, four abreast. 'Fours,' with no very severe military air of stiff order and mathematical regularity, but with light, gay, swinging step, jaunty, careless, rather defiant freemen, a little self-conscious of display, but braving it out in a manly game-cock way. They are trailing rifles now, the officers swinging round in the wheels with them, glittering sword in hand.

"They wear a rude sort of shako covered with oilskin, red flannel shirts, with black silk handkerchiefs, blowing gaily (as to the ends), tied round their throats in jaunty sailors' knots; they are all young men, some quite boys. It is evidently the manner with them to affect recklessness, so as not to appear to be drilled or drummed about to the detriment of their brave democratic freedom uniform. No, they would as soon wear flamingo-plush and bell-hanging shoulder-knots.

* * * * * * * *

"These street processions are incessant in New York, and contribute much to the gayness of the street. Whether firemen, or volunteers, or political torch-bearers, they are very arbitrary in their march. They allow no omnibus, or van, or barouche, to break their ranks; and I have often seen all the immense traffic of Broadway (a street that is a mixture of Cheapside and Regent-street) stand still, benumbed, while a band of men, enclosed in a square of rope, dragged by a shining brass gun or a bran new gleaming fire-engine.

"But, after all, it is at night-time that the fireman is really himself, and means something. He lays down the worn-out pen, and shuts up the red-lined ledger. He hurries home from Lime-street, slips on his red shirt and black dress-trousers, dons his solid japanned leather helmet bound with brass, and hurries to the guard-room, or the station, if he be on duty.

"A gleam of red, just a blush in the sky, eastward—William-street way—among the warehouses; and presently the telegraph begins to work. For, every fire station has its telegraph, and

every street has its line of wires, like metallic washing-lines. Jig-jag, tat-tat, goes the indicator: 'Fire in William-street, No. 3, Messrs. Hardcastle and Co.'

"Presently the enormous bell, slung for the purpose in a wooden shed in the City Park just at the end of Broadway, begins to swing and roll backward.

"In dash the volunteers in their red shirts and helmets—from oyster cellars and half-finished clam soup, from newly begun games of billiards, from the theatre, from Boucicault, from Booth, from the mad drollery of the Christy minstrels, from stiff quadrille parties, from gin-slings, from bar-rooms, from sulphurous pistol galleries, from studios, from dissecting rooms, from half-shuttered shops, from conversazioni and lectures—from everywhere—north, south, east, and west—breathless, hot, eager, daring, shouting, mad. Open fly the folding-doors, out glides the new engine—the special pride of the company—the engine whose excellence many lives have been lost to maintain; 'A reg'lar high-bred little stepper' as ever smith's hammer forged. It shines like a new set of cutlery, and is as light as a 'spider waggon' or a trotting-gig. It is not the great Juggernaut car of our Sun and Phœnix offices—the enormous house on wheels, made as if purposely cumbrous and eternal—but is a mere light musical snuff-box of steel rods and brass supports, with axes and coils of leather, brass-socketed tubing fastened beneath, and all ready for instant and alert use.

"Now, the supernumeraries—the haulers and draggers, who lend a hand at the ropes—pour in from the neighboring dram-shops or low dancing-rooms, where they remain waiting to earn some dimes by such casualties. A shout—a tiger!

"'Hei! hei!! hei!!! hei!!!!' (crescendo), and out at lightning speed dashes the engine, in the direction of the red gleam now widening and sending up the fanlike radiance of a volcano.

"Perhaps it is a steam fire-engine. These are entire successes, and will soon be universal among a people quick to grasp onward at all that is new, if it be but better than the old. Then the fires are lighted, and breathing out ardent smoke, and spitting out trails of fiery cinders; off it dashes.

"Now, a roar and crackle, as the quick-tongued flames leap out, read and eager, or lick the black blistered beams—now, hot belches of smoke from shivering windows—now, snaps and smashes of red-hot beams, as the floors fall in—now, down burning stairs, like frightened martyrs running from the stake, rush poor women and children in white trailing nightgowns—now, the mob, like a great exulting many-headed monster, shouts with delight and sympathy—now, race up the fire-engines, the men defying each other in rivalry, as they plant the ladders and fire-escapes. The fire-trumpets roar out stentorian orders—the red shirts fall into line—rock, rock, go the steel bars that force up the water—up leap the men with the hooks and axes—crash, crash, lop, chop, go the axes at the partitions, where the

fire smoulders. Now, spurt up in fluid arches the blue white jets of water, that hiss and splash, and blacken out the spasms of fire; and as every new engine dashes up, the thousands of upturned faces turn to some new shade of reflected crimson, and the half-broken beams give way at the thunder of their cheers."

Further on the writer describes a fire next to Barnum's Museum while he was attending a performance there. He leaves and goes out to witness the fire:

"In a few minutes I was in the street. The red shirts were swarming there. The black hose was coiling about all the neighboring streets. Everywhere water was dripping and puddling. The trim brass engines were shining in the flames, that broke in puffs from the house next to Barnum's—a tailor's, I think. Smack! splash! went the water, blacking out the red and yellow wherever it fell. New engines, strong as steel could make them, yet light as gigs, dashed up every minute. The police, in their blue frock-coats and low flat caps, were busy making room for the firemen in red shirts, and for the last arrival of engines; and, over all the shouting and bellowing of the fire-horns sounded the clamor of the tocsin bells of the neighbouring churches."

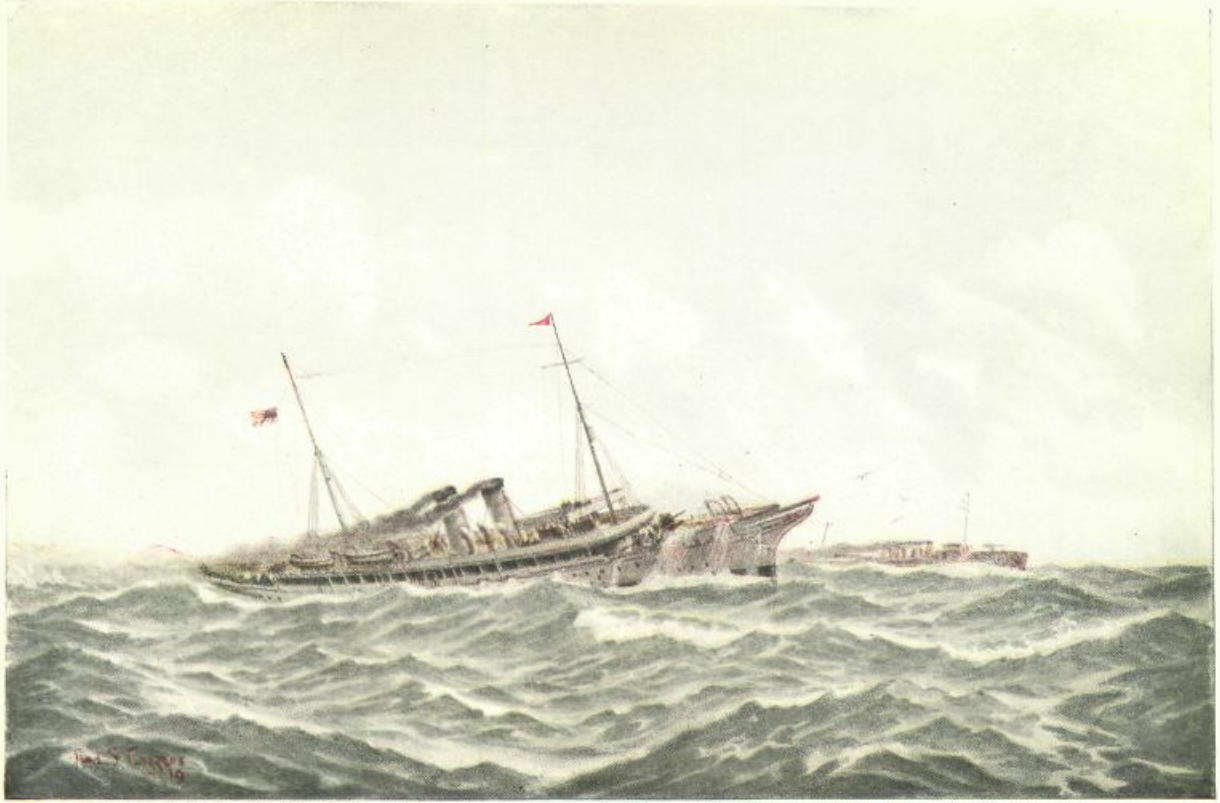
If Charles Dickens didn't write this, or revise it for some other writer, it is very much in his style—but in either case it is a very good description of the sights in New York in former days.

Theodore Roosevelt

Theodore Roosevelt was an Old New Yorker in the best sense of the word. His family for generations were New Yorkers, and they were not citizens only but citizens who, in each generation, took an active and important part in the affairs of the city and of the state. Going back to pre-revolutionary times, we find a predecessor among the City Fathers and later another an officer in the Continental Army. In the history of our city a Roosevelt has always figured in some important position of public service. The father of the ex-President was an Alderman, an Assemblyman, a Justice of the Supreme Court and represented New York in Congress.

Theodore, the strenuous, came quite naturally by his fervent patriotism and his burning earnestness of purpose. No other man could approach him in setting forth the virtue of pure Americanism, or as he graphically called it 100 per cent Americanism, and no one could listen to or even read his appeals without being stirred to a deep and lasting conviction of his duty. Theodore Roosevelt was a man who never swerved in the slightest degree either to the right side or to the left. His course was straight toward the goal and his step was unfaltering. No difficulty affrighted or even disturbed him, and he went forward with a strenuous confidence and courage against which nothing could prevail. To the public he was a man of rugged strength and sound wisdom with an inspiring personality which drew men instinctively around him, and in private he was a genial and kindly friend. New York was proud of her illustrious son and will cherish his memory as one of her most precious possessions.

It is gratifying to know that the Roosevelt traditions have been so splendidly continued and upheld by the four sons of the "Great American."



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PRINTED FOR VALENTINE'S MANUAL OF OLD NEW YORK. No 4. NEW SERIES

U. S. S. Noma, Flagship

LIEUT. VINCENT ASTOR, U. S. N., OWNER

A few extracts covering a small part of her distinguished service as part of the American Forces in European waters under Admiral Sims. From the official log in Washington. *Courtesy of the Navy Department.*

1917

June 4—Ordered to report to Admiral Gleaves, U. S. N. in French waters.

July 2—Midnight to midnight July 3. Steaming in company with U. S. KANAWHA; sighted periscope of submarine; fired rifle shots. Submarine submerged. At 9 p. m. S. O. S. from American merchant steamer ORLEANS stating she had been torpedoed.

July 4-31—Escort and Patrol duty.

Aug. 4—Escorting two Army transports.

Aug. 5-6-7—Escorting S. S. CITY OF SAVANNAH to sea.

Aug. 8—Received S. O. S. from British S. S. DUNRAVEN on fire; submarine on her port side; at 3:46 p. m. periscope appeared dead ahead; headed for submarine and opened fire. Submarine passed close on port bow; dropped two depth mines. H. M. S. ATTACK and H. M. S. CHRISTOPHER reached scene 4:15. Sent surgeon with medical aid to DUNRAVEN. Party returned with two seriously injured men. 7:00 p. m. CHRISTOPHER took DUNRAVEN in tow, NOMA escorting. Proceeded to Brest with wounded men.

Aug. 16—Sighted submarine; opened fire about 4,000 yards; submarine fired 3 shots at NOMA and submerged.

Aug. 21—Escorted American steamer CAROLYN en route Bordeaux.

Sept. 16-17—Protecting up to Raz de Sein, Convoy of 25 ships coming from Quiberon; then escorted paqueboat AFRIQUE. Sighted submarine; opened fire at 1,000 yards.

Sept. 27—Ordered to St. Nazaire to escort U. S. Storeships.

Sept. 28-30—Steaming with Convoy.

Oct. 4—Searching for U. S. S. REHOBOTH from which S. O. S. was received.

Oct. 17—Patrolling picked up Quiberon Convoy.

Oct. 23—Picked up Convoy of 5 American Transports.

Oct. 29-30-31—Patrol and escort duty.

Nov. 1-27—Escort and Patrol duty.

Nov. 28—Left formation; maneuvered to attack enemy. Fired red star. Dropped two depth charges. KANAWHA continued with Convoy. WAKIVA headed toward NOMA. At 7:12 sighted object moving through the water. Dropped 3 depth charges. Object moving toward NOMA'S stern. WAKIVA fired; NOMA continued circling. Dropped two depth charges; the usual column of water was thrown in the air, and the surface showed evidences of mud and oil. Submarine sufficiently injured to put her out of action.

Dec. 4—Escorted into port U. S. S. MOUNT VERNON.

Dec. 8-9—Joined French escort to New York Convoy.

Dec. 19—Piloted troopship HURON to St. Nazaire.

Dec. 23—Received and read to crew letter of commendation from Admiral Sims, for duty excellently performed Nov. 28 in escorting storeships.

Dec. 24-27—Escorted New York Convoy to Rosconvel.

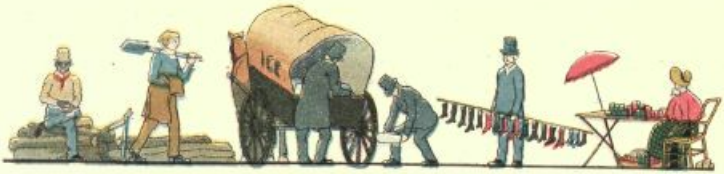
1918

Jan. 1-9—At Bordeaux and St. Nazaire.

Jan. 11-29—Convoy and Patrol duty.

Jan. 31—Entered French Navy Yard for overhaul.

As late as July, 1919, the *Noma* was still in service in Turkish waters. Her experience in full makes a splendid sea story and we regret our inability to give more than a suggestion of her exciting career.



GRAMERCY PARK

1831-1919

JOHN B. PINE

GRAMERCY Park can hardly boast antiquity as one of its charms, but it is interesting to know that its name dates back to the days of Dutch occupation, when the "little crooked knife" brook which meandered from Madison Square to the East River near 18th Street acquired the designation of "Crommessie," which has been modernized into "Gramercy." The name, which is variously spelled Krom Messie, Crummashie and Crommesshie, certainly can claim a respectable age, for it appears in a deed made in 1674 by Judith Stuyvesant, the widow of Governor Peter Stuyvesant, which refers to "a parcel of land lying beyond the fresh water (Collect Pond) nigh the Bowery beyond the neighborhood of Crommessie," and occurs in the Minutes of the Common Council of September 16, 1692, when it was "Ordered, that Alderman Kipp and Alderman John Merritt, Capt. Teunis de Key and Mr. Gerritt Douw do view the highways from the fresh water unto Crummashie hill."

On a map of old farms prepared for Valentine's Manual in 1853 by Cornelius De Witt, the farm which included what is now Gramercy Park is designated as

"Krom Messie," and the recurrence of the name "Crommesshie" in the Council Minutes of January 19, 1710-11, and in a deed to Cornelius Tiebout, dated September 20, 1748, shows that the name was in common usage in 1761, when James Duane acquired the farm by deed from Gerardus Stuyvesant, a grandson of the Governor, and named it "Gramercy Seat." In the Manual of 1856, Mr. Valentine says that "Crummashie Hill was an eminence near Governor Stuyvesant's Farm," adding the explanation that "Mr. DeWitt in his compilation of the old farms of New York has written the name Krom Messie and given a derivation of that name to the shape of the farm upon which it was situated, as being that of a shoe-maker's knife." That the name "Crommessie" was a combination of the Dutch words "Krom," meaning "crooked," and "mesje," meaning "little knife," seems probable; and the supposition that "Gramercy" is an Anglicized version of the original name is the most plausible explanation of its origin which has been offered, but it seems much more likely that as a local name it was suggested by the crooked turns of a brook rather than by the boundaries of a farm.

"Gramercy Seat"

Residence of New York's First Mayor, James Duane

The story of the men, who if they have not brought fame to our modest little Park have certainly enriched it with many associations, may well begin with James Duane, for he was as fine an example of the patriot of the Revolution as New York produced. A lawyer of prominence and of high social standing, having married the daughter of Colonel Robert Livingston, he was the

friend of John Jay and Alexander Hamilton, and, like them, an ardent advocate of civil and religious freedom. He seems to have enjoyed to an unusual degree the confidence of his fellow citizens and was chosen to represent them as a member of the Continental Congress, of the State Senate when it was first organized, and of the Constitutional Convention of 1788, and it was only the fact that he was serving in the Provincial Congress of 1776, called to frame a State Government, which prevented him from being a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was also active in municipal affairs and served for many years as a warden of Trinity Church and as a Governor of Kings College, of which he became a Trustee when its name was changed to Columbia. At the close of the Revolution he re-entered the city with Washington on November 25, 1783, to find his house in King, now Pine Street, practically destroyed, but his farm, "Gramercie Seat, in pretty good order, having been occupied by one of the British generals." At this time the mayoralty of the city was an appointive office, the selection resting with the Governor of the State, and the Common Council promptly petitioned the Governor to appoint Duane as the first Mayor of the City, "as no one," they say in their petition, "is better qualified, so none will be more acceptable to us and our constituents at large than Mr. Duane. Few have sacrificed more or deserved better from their country." Accordingly he was appointed Mayor of the City in 1784, and served for six years, during which he officially welcomed Congress when it assembled in New York in 1785 and 1789, and received Washington as the President of the new republic. On his retirement as Mayor he was appointed by Washington Judge of the United States District Court of New

York and served in that capacity with the ability and fidelity which distinguished his whole career. Gramercy Park has had two other Mayors and many distinguished residents since Duane's time, but he may well be remembered as being in a literal sense its first citizen.

Samuel B. Ruggles, Founder of Gramercy Park

Next in descent of ownership must be ranked Samuel B. Ruggles, who in 1831 purchased "Gramercy Seat," or a large part of it, from the heirs of James Duane, and the story of his purchase and of the use which he made of it cannot be told better than by quoting from the address of President King on "Progress of the City of New York During the Last Fifty Years," delivered before the Mechanics Institute on December 29, 1851:

"Another citizen who has devoted rare intelligence, precious years, and large sums of money to the advancement, embellishment, and solid progress of the City, is Samuel B. Ruggles. In 1831, he became possessed of a portion of the old Duane Farm. This farm had a front of about 400 feet on the Bowery road, and ran thence easterly almost to the river, with some upland, but much morass, overgrown with cat-tails, and through which wandered a stream known as the Crumme-Vly, or Winding Creek. The heirs, five in number, estimating the value of the property according to its frontage on the Bowery, divided the farm by that front, 400 feet, into five equal parcels, and thus constituted narrow strips of land half a mile, nearly, long, and 80 feet wide. One of these fifths having been acquired by Mr. Ruggles in the year 1831 he forthwith set himself at work to make it available. Between him and the actual City was the Bowery Hill, 20 feet above the level—behind him morass. It was clear that the latter was of little value without the former. After incredible difficulties, he succeeded in obtaining both the Bowery Hill and the morass, covering together more than fifty acres, and very soon tumbled the one into the other to the amount of some three millions of loads, at a cost of $180,000—and squaring the lines as he went along, and regulating the lots, he planted on the edge of the morass, in December, 1831, Gramercy Park, by gratuitously giving the whole of the 66 lots it comprises —now worth two hundred thousand dollars—and attaching to the grant a condition that ten dollars a lot should be annually paid

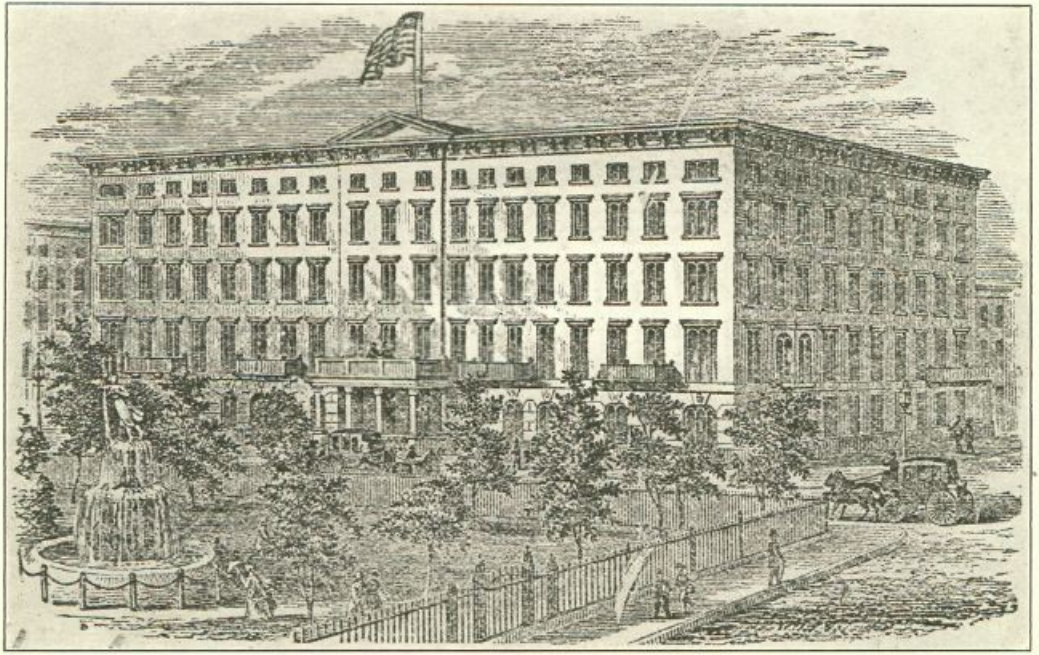
forever by the residents around the square, as a fund out of which to plant, preserve and adorn it. Disdaining, too, the personal vanity of entailing his own name upon this creation of his own energy and property, he preserved the name by which the old Duane estate was known, the Gramercy Seat—corrupted, probably, from the Crooked Creek, or Crumme-Vly, which meandered through its meadow.

"Next came, in 1833, Union Square, made up chiefly of those 'Children of Necessity' to which allusion has heretofore been made, fragmentary lots, which, after much trouble and labor on the part of Mr. Ruggles and others, and with the aid of the Legislature, were reduced to the sightly and admirable square, with its wide open area of streets around which we all now admire. The assessment for lands for this square was $110,000, and it was imposed upon lots as far as Gramercy Park, of which very many belonged to Mr. Ruggles who thus contributed largely in money as well as personal exertions to this embellishment of the City. In walking, upon one occasion, round this square with Rev. Dr. Hawks, Mr. Ruggles was expatiating upon the value, for all time, of such squares in a great city. 'Come what will,' said he, 'our open squares will remain forever imperishable. Buildings, towers, palaces, may moulder and crumble beneath the touch of time; but space—free, glorious, open space—will remain to bless the City forever.' 'And do you not perceive the reason?' was the prompt return of Dr. Hawks, 'Man makes buildings, but God makes space,' thus stamping as it were, the signet of the Almighty on the labors of Mr. R. to perpetuate to his fellow-citizens, for all time to come, Heavens boon of free air and open space. Mr. Ruggles also cut through his own property, two wide streets, parallel with and between the Third and Fourth Avenues, and being allowed by the Corporation to name them, he again avoided the temptation of personal feeling, and called the one Irving Place, after our admirable fellow-townsman, whose gentle and genial humor and fine literary taste and talents have illustrated our City and nation—the other he named, with the just pride of a New-England man, Lexington Avenue after that battlefield where the first blood was shed for independence."

The man, to whose foresight and liberality we owe the existence of Gramercy Park, was the son of Philo Ruggles, Surrogate and District Attorney of Dutchess County. He was born in New Milford, Conn., April 11, 1800, and was graduated from Yale in 1814. Subsequently he studied law, was elected to the Assembly in 1838, and took an active part in public affairs, particularly in the development of the Erie Canal. His report on the

Finances and Internal Improvements of the State of New York was an epoch-making document in promoting the commercial prosperity of the State. He was a commissioner of the Croton Aqueduct and represented the United States abroad at several monetary and other congresses. He also took a keen interest in public education, was Mr. Astor's chief advisor in founding the Astor Library, going abroad to purchase books for its collection and serving as one of its trustees. He was also a Trustee of Columbia College for many years; and was largely instrumental in broadening its scope and increasing its efficiency. Yale University recognized his attainments and civic spirit by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, but the Park which he has left us will best keep his memory green.

After the establishment and beautification of Union Square as a public park had been secured, he proceeded in 1831, as narrated by President King, to dedicate the two acres of trees and verdure which we know as Gramercy Park. It can only be surmised that this act may have been prompted in part by his familiarity with some of the many similar oases which add so greatly to the charm and attractiveness of many parts of London. In creating Gramercy Park, the only park on Manhattan Island which has cost the City nothing, and has always paid taxes indirectly, if not directly, Mr. Ruggles conferred a boon not only upon the residents of the Park but upon the multitudes who pass it daily, and whose toilsome way is cheered by the greenness of its sward or a glimpse of sky and sunshine through its branches. The laying out of Gramercy Park represents one of the earliest attempts in this country at "City Planning," and had this example been followed by other large real estate owners,



GRAMERCY PARK HOUSE EAST SIDE 1860-80, CURTIS JUDSON, PROPRIETOR. HERE THE NEIGHBORS GATHERED TO DISCUSS THE MANAGEMENT OF THE PARK. SAMUEL J. TILDEN, CYRUS W. FIELD AND OTHER NOTED RESIDENTS WERE AMONG THEM

New York would be a vastly more beautiful city than it is to-day. A bronze medallion portrait of Mr. Ruggles upon a marble pedestal has recently been erected in the Park, and his generosity and service in creating the Park are recorded upon a stone which lies in front of the westerly park gate and which bears the inscription: "Gramercy Park, founded by Samuel B. Ruggles, 1831, commemorated by this tablet imbedded in The Gramercy Farm by John Ruggles Strong, 1875."

The "Outline of the Title of Samuel B. Ruggles to his lands between 15th Street on the South, 28th Street on the North, the Bloomingdale Road and Old Post Road on the West, and the First Avenue on the East," of which a printed copy is preserved in the New York Historical Society, refers to a map made by Edwin Smith, Surveyor, comprising five parcels, one of which is "The Gramercy Farm, lying between 19th Street on the South, 23rd Street on the North, the Bloomingdale Road on the West and the Second Avenue on the East, containing about 22 acres." This document also quotes the tradition as to the "transport" by Judith Stuyvesant and mentions "another conveyance dated in the ninth year of his Sacred Majesty, King William the Third, Anno Domino, 1697," in which certain lands are described as being "in the Bowery ward near unto a certain place or rising hillock called Crommessie" and as being bounded "south by the lands of Antonio, the free negro." From the same source we learn that "The whole of the land forming 'the rising hillock of Crommessie' has recently been excavated to a depth of seventeen feet below the natural surface; but a vestige of Judge Duane's possession yet remains in the lower section of his well, walled up with brick, on

the lots purchased by Messrs. Davis and Brooks on the west side of the Park."

The purpose of Mr. Ruggles to establish the Park was carried into effect by a deed executed on the seventeenth of December, 1831, by which he and his wife, Mary R. Ruggles, conveyed to Charles Augustus Davis, merchant, Thomas L. Wells, counsellor-at-law, Robert D. Weeks, gentleman, Thomas R. Mercein, gentleman, and Philo T. Ruggles, counsellor-at-law, forty-two lots of land lying between Twentieth and Twenty-first Streets, having an area of 520 feet by 184 feet. The deed recites that "Samuel B. Ruggles proposes to devote and appropriate the said forty-two lots of land to the formation and establishment of an ornamental private Square or Park with carriageways and footwalks at the southeastern and northwestern end thereof for the use, benefit and enjoyment of the owners and occupants of sixty-six surrounding lots of land belonging to the said Samuel B. Ruggles and with a view to enhance the value thereof," and in order to effectuate these purposes conveys the property. "Upon Trust, nevertheless, for the uses, intents and purposes hereinafter expressed and declared." These purposes were to erect "an iron fence with a stone coping and ornamental gates," enclosing "an ornamental Park or Square," and "to lay out within such Park or Square ornamental grounds and walks, and plant and place therein trees, shrubbery, and appropriate decorations" . . . and to "preserve, maintain and keep the said Park or Square, and the said plantations and decorations in proper order and preservation" and also "at all times thereafter to permit, suffer and allow the owner and owners of any and every of the said sixty-six lots surrounding the said Park and to the families of such own-

ers and also to the respective tenants under such owner or owners and their families, to have ingress and egress to and from such Park or Square, to frequent, use and enjoy the same as a place of common resort and recreation under and subject always to such rules and regulations as the owners of two-thirds in number of the said lots . . . shall from time to time make, establish and prescribe." The deed also provides that when and as often as three of the Trustees shall die, or remove from the City, or resign, the surviving Trustees shall cause the title to be vested in themselves, and three other Trustees to be nominated by the owners of the major part in number of the lots surrounding the Park.

By the same instrument Mr. Ruggles imposed upon the sixty-six surrounding lots, which were afterwards reduced to sixty by the opening of Lexington Avenue and Irving Place, the restriction which has preserved the character of the Park as a residential neighborhood and excluded business in a covenant that neither he, nor his heirs or assigns, would at any time erect within forty feet of the front of any of the sixty lots any other buildings saving brick or stone dwelling houses of *at least* three stories in height; this being the first attempt to limit the height of buildings in New York. The same covenant also excluded the erection of buildings for business purposes or for any purpose dangerous or offensive to the neighboring inhabitants and empowered the Trustees and the owner of any of the adjacent lots to take legal proceedings to prevent its violation.

Subsequently, on December 24th, 1833, by a confirmatory deed, Mr. Ruggles and his wife granted to the owners of lots and all subsequent owners the right and privilege to frequent, use, and enjoy the said Park or Square

as an easement to their respective lots, the owners at that time being Charles Augustus Davis, Sidney Brooks, Robert D. Weeks, Seixas Nathan and Charles C. King.

During the first thirteen years after the Park was deeded to the Trustees slow progress was made toward realizing the ideals of its founder, but it appears to have been enclosed with a fence and graded when the first recorded meeting of the Trustees was held on November 15, 1844, at the residence of James W. Gerard, who lived at No. 16, which is still owned by his namesake. In the interval three of the original Trustees died or resigned, and Norman White, James W. Gerard, then a prominent real estate lawyer, and William Samuel Johnson, a grandson of the first president of Columbia College, had been chosen to replace them. Under the presidency of Charles Augustus Davis, one of that group of old New Yorkers whom Philip Hone has commemorated so delightfully in his Diary, the new trustees proceeded to develop "an ornamental Square or Park" by awarding a contract to one James Virtue, whose very name was a happy omen, to set out "one thousand healthy plants called Privit or Prim, being considered a quantity sufficient to surround the said Park inside its fence," an order which has been duplicated by their successors within the last few years with a promise which would have gratified the original gardener. They also ordered a hundred trees, including Horse Chestnuts, Willows, Lindens, Helianthus, Maples, Catalpas, Elms, Beech, Ash, Poplars, Sycamores, Walnuts and Mulberries, but of these a fine old Elm and a Willow tree appear to be the only survivors. At the same meeting a committee was appointed to prepare a plan for a fountain, and it is significant of the ambition of the first Trustees that the com-



Interesting Historical Event in Old Gramercy Park. Cyrus W. Field presenting his plan for connecting the new world with the old by telegraph. From the painting owned by the Chamber of Commerce. From the left sitting—Peter Cooper, Marshall O. Roberts, Moses Taylor. From the left standing—David Dudley Field, Chandler White, Samuel F. B. Morse (the artist in background), Cyrus W. Field, Wilson G. Hunt

mittee recommended in favor of "the plan of one of the fountains erected in front of St. Peter's Church in Rome, which are acknowledged to be the most beautiful in Europe." The cost was estimated at $5,300 "to be provided by the voluntary contributions of lot owners." Unhappily this enthusiastic effort of the Trustees met with a cold response, and when the plan was presented to the lot owners at a meeting held in April, 1846, the fountain instead of being erected in the Park was laid on the table. Two years later a fountain of more modest design was erected and it was apparently surmounted by a statue, for in 1866 the Treasurer was directed "to replace it with a new statue." The age of the nymph who has so long presided over the Park is thus determined, and it may be some consolation to the older residents, who had grown familiar with her presence and resented her displacement by the Booth statue, to learn that she still has a place of honor, even if somewhat less conspicuous, upon one of the fountains recently erected by the Trustees.

For many years the annual charge upon each lot was $10, and the amount was so inadequate as to lead to almost pathetic appeals to the lot owners on the part of the Trustees for contributions to maintain the Park, until about 1877, when the assessment was increased to $30. During these years meetings of the lot owners were frequently held in the Gramercy Park House, a hotel much resorted to by Southerners and Cubans, which occupied the easterly frontage of the Park from 1860 until about 1880, and which played an important part in the history of the Park while it was under the management of Curtis Judson, who was its proprietor for many years. Here were discussed many burning issues,

such as the question of allowing baseball playing in the Park, and, twenty years later, of allowing croquet and lawn tennis, and it is evidence that great minds can take an interest in small affairs when we find Samuel J. Tilden and Cyrus W. Field uniting with the other Trustees in an appeal to the lot owners to preserve the "ornamental" character of the Park and to exclude "games which will engender disputes and ill feeling." In this opinion they were supported by a large majority of the lot owners.

A much more real danger menaced the Park in 1890, when a bill was passed by the Legislature, permitting the construction of a cable road through the Park in spite of the strenuous opposition of the Trustees who expressed their gratitude to Governor David B. Hill for refusing to sign the bill by sending him an engrossed letter of thanks. The Park was again similarly threatened in 1912, when the Board of Aldermen adopted an ordinance for the condemnation of an easement under and through its grounds for the construction of a subway, and the Gramercy Park Association was organized for the defence of the Park, but this disaster was happily averted by a change in the route of the subway.

In 1902 the residents of the Park were aroused by the proposed building of the Irving Hotel, and a suit for an injunction was brought by Mrs. Gallatin, the owner of a lot fronting on the Park. Several meetings of the lot owners were held in the Quaker Meeting House at which the Hon. John Bigelow presided, at which the right of the lot owners to the exclusion of business structures from the Park was warmly discussed, and about a thousand dollars was subscribed toward the expense of prosecuting the suit for an injunction. The re-

sult turned upon the question whether a "hotel" was a "dwelling house," within the meaning of the term as used in the covenant in the Ruggles deed, which forbids the erection of any building in the Park except a "dwelling house." It was decided by the Courts that the building of a private family hotel, divided into apartments for residential purposes, was not a violation of the covenant, but the right of the owners to exclude business occupation was recognized, and this right was further assured by the "Zoning Ordinance" adopted by the City on July 25, 1916, which defines the property surrounding the Park as a "residential district."

The most serious attack upon the Park, however, occurred in 1903, when the City assessed it for purposes of taxation at $750,000 subsequently reduced to $500,000. The Trustees protested that the Park was a public benefit, and ought not to be taxed, and that the enhanced value of surrounding property supplied any loss from non-taxation, but the City authorities refused to remit the tax and the Trustees thereupon retained counsel to contest the claim of the City, and under the able advice of Mr. Henry B. Anderson proceeded to defend the rights of the lot owners in the Courts. A memorial to the Legislature was also prepared and printed, and a bill was introduced exempting the Park from taxation, but the attempt to secure relief from the Legislature met with no success. The Park was again assessed in 1904, and succeeding years, and proceedings were commenced to set aside the assessments, the tax being paid under protest.

After seven years of litigation the assessments were vacated, and the Park was declared to be exempt from taxation. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court

(139 App. Div. 83), before which the appeal was argued, held that the title to the Park was vested in the Trustees, that the lot owners had an easement in the Park, i.e., a right to use it as a park, and that the Tax Commissioners had included the full value of the park privileges in their assessment of the surrounding lots, with the result that the assessed value of such lots was several hundred dollars per front foot in excess of the value of other lots in the same part of the City, the total excess amounting to $660,000. The conclusion of the Appellate Division was that the City, having added to the market value of the surrounding lots a sum equal to the estimated value of the easements, which exceeded or equalled the value of the Park itself, it could not assess the value of the Park a second time against either the Trustees, who held the fee, nor by necessary consequence, against the owners of the land benefited by the easement.

This decision was affirmed by the Court of Appeals (200 N. Y. 519) and the City was compelled to refund the taxes which had been paid, pending the controversy. The sum so refunded amounted with interest to $105,067.48, which was distributed among the lot owners after deducting the expenses of the litigation, except the sum of about $12,000 which, by the consent of certain of the owners, the Trustees retained as an Endowment Fund for the maintenance of the Park. With the aid of the income afforded by this fund the Trustees have been and will be able to expend more upon the care of the Park; considerable improvement has already been effected, and its future maintenance has been more fully assured.

So much for the bare facts which comprise the history of Gramercy Park as an acre or two of ground



GRAMERCY PARK LOOKING NORTH. METROPOLITAN TOWER IN THE DISTANCE

surrounded by an iron fence, but any account of the Park which should omit its human history would be sadly inadequate, for while there are many historic sites on Manhattan Island identified with more stirring events there are few, if any, which have so continuous a history or which, in the transformation of the City, have so long preserved their original character. Here the spirit which led James Duane to abandon "Gramercy Seat" to serve with Washington found new expression when the Park was turned into an encampment during the Civil War for the militia then protecting the City in the Draft Riots, and still later when "Pershing House" was established in the residence of Mrs. Schieffelin as a canteen for our troops returning from France. Here have been decided questions of national and even international moment, and art and literature have found a congenial atmosphere, and here three generations have lived to enjoy the quiet seclusion of the Park.

Peter Cooper's Home

The first to appreciate the advantages which the Park offered as a place of residence was Peter Cooper, who purchased the lots at the corner of Lexington Avenue and 22nd Street, and completed the building of No. 9 Lexington Avenue in 1848, and here he lived until his death in 1883. The house was constructed on piles over a small stream, which was doubtless the historic "Cromessie" brook, and is supported on two central walls. The lintels are of cast iron, probably the first ones made, and were cast in Mr. Cooper's iron foundry. Originally the house had a high stoop but this was removed in 1884 and the present basement entrance, the first alteration of the kind, was constructed by Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt

with the help of Stanford White, then a rising young architect. Mr. Cooper had his private entrance to his stable on 22nd Street, and until he was an old man, invariably drove to business in his one horse shay, which is still preserved in Cooper Union. On Sundays he habitually walked to All Souls Church to hear the Rev. Dr. Bellows preach, and his granddaughter, who often accompanied him, recalls that in these walks they always found an old Irish woman in a poke bonnet and a plaid shawl, seated on the steps of 17 Gramercy Park, to whom Mr. Cooper invariably gave one of the numerous ten cent pieces with which he always provided himself for such appeals.

Mr. Cooper was certainly one of the most picturesque figures associated with the Park, and it is pleasant to recall the fact that the Trustees presented him with a key and to imagine his satisfaction in witnessing the beginning of its growth and, as saplings became trees, to picture his venerable figure seated under their shade. His career is a remarkable story of unaided ability coupled with persistence and inventive genius. His industry was indefatigable and his inventions covered the most extraordinary range, from a contrivance to "rock the cradle," which also kept off the flies and played a music box to amuse the baby, to a torpedo boat, which he designed in 1824 to blow up the Turks for their inhuman cruelties to the Greeks in their struggle for freedom. He also invented the first lawn-mower, a tide-water wheel, an endless chain three miles in length to convey coal from his mines to his furnaces, and finally a locomotive, the first which was operated on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which could draw a train of cars around short curves and over rough country. The de-

velopment of the manufacture of iron was his special interest and he established extensive works at Trenton and also at Ringwood. In 1854 he became the president of the North American Telegraph Company, when it controlled more than half of all the lines then in this country; and also the president of the New York, New Foundland and London Telegraph Company, thus becoming identified with one of the greatest triumphs of American enterprise, and the accomplishment of a result vital to modern civilization and epoch making in the history of the world, the laying of the Atlantic cable.

Where the Atlantic Cable Project Was Born

The leading spirit in this undertaking was Cyrus W. Field and in the library of his house which stood where No. 1 Lexington Avenue now stands was born the project of connecting Europe and America by telegraph, a project which at the time was generally regarded as utterly impracticable. Mr. Field and Mr. Cooper and a small group, including Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts and Wilson G. Hunt, however, had the imagination, the courage and the perseverance which such an enterprise demanded, and after overcoming innumerable difficulties and meeting repeated failures; once, when the cable was lost in mid-Atlantic, once when it parted after having conveyed the first messages; after eight years of effort, they finally achieved success. The story of the laying of the cable is a thrilling record of foresight, resourcefulness and determination, and as the birthplace of the Atlantic cable Gramercy Park enjoys a unique distinction.

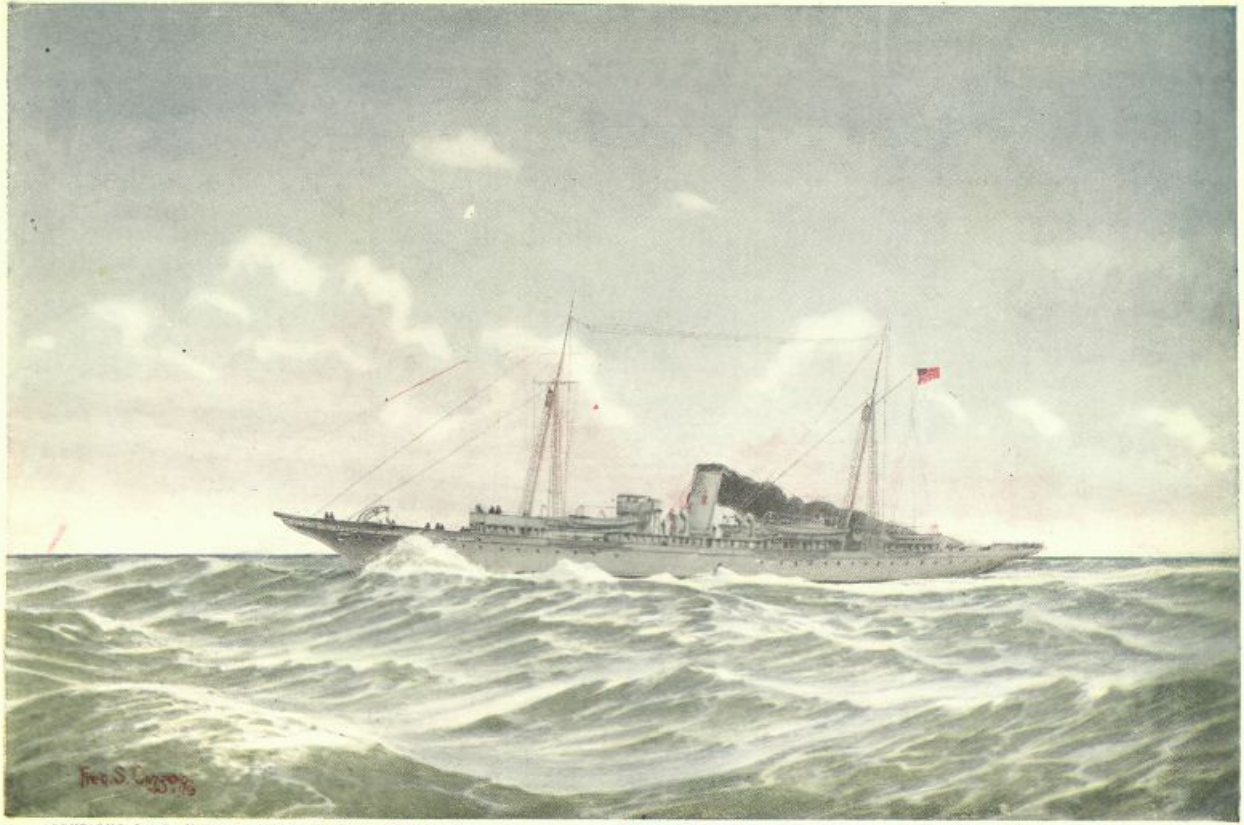
Mr. Cooper was a staunch supporter of all of Mr. Field's efforts and aided him largely by financial support

when a loss seemed more than probable, but with success came profits, and Mr. Cooper is quoted as saying that all the profits which he derived from the Atlantic Cable were devoted to the foundation of Cooper Institute. This institution, so named in spite of Mr. Cooper's modest protest, must be regarded as a great educational achievement, not only on account of its direct results in affording a technical education otherwise unobtainable to thousands of students, but as establishing a type of institution which has led to the foundation of countless others to the inestimable benefit of this country and others; and no man ever left a nobler monument or one which has proved more useful to his fellow men.

Cyrus W. Field's Residence

Gramercy Park celebrated the completion of the Atlantic Cable by a grand illumination and, as the chief promoter of the undertaking and as the man whose energy and persistence contributed most largely to its success, Cyrus W. Field attained world-wide distinction. The greatness of the accomplishment was recognized by Congress, which presented to Mr. Field a gold medal and the thanks of the nation; John Bright described him as the "Columbus of modern times, who, by his cable, has moored the new world alongside the old"; and at the Paris Exposition of 1867 he was awarded the grand medal, the highest prize which it could bestow. The New York Chamber of Congress elected Mr. Field an honorary member and presented him with a gold medal, and subsequently caused to be executed the painting of the projectors of the Atlantic Cable, which is here reproduced.

The house which he occupied subsequently became the residence of Henry W. Poor, and through the artistic



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U. S. S. Corsair

COMMODORE J. P. MORGAN, OWNER

A few extracts giving a glimpse of her activities as part of the United States Naval Forces in European waters under Admiral Sims in the great war, 1917-18. From the official records in Washington. *Courtesy Navy Department.*

1917

June 4—Ordered to report to Admiral Gleaves, U. S. N.
June 14—Sailed with First Expeditionary Force for France.
July 12—Operating against enemy submarines off French coast.
July 27—Ordered to relieve NOMA and join Convoy.
Aug. 1-14—Convoy duty; testing depth mines; escorting Army Transports; intercepting and locating Convoys.
Aug. 15—Under way to escort U. S. S. CELTIC.
Aug. 22—Escorted CAROLYN to Quiberon Bay.
Sept. 5—Joined Convoy and escorted U. S. Supply ships for St. Nazaire. Received on board 16 survivors of French fishing vessel SADI CARNOT.
Sept. 6—Transferred survivors to MONTANAN.
Oct. 2—Decoyed message—French vessel sunk by submarine, 21 men adrift; signalled, "We are going to search for survivors." Picked up 5 men of French fishing vessel ST. PIERRE. Survivors reported 5 large submarines, 100 metres long, mounting 2 guns each. Zigzagged for other survivors. Sighted enemy submarine which attacked French barkentine EUGENE LOUISE; followed wake and let go English depth charge—120 lbs. T. N. T. Picked up entire crew, 31 men, badly demoralized and unable to make intelligent replies.
Oct. 3—Sighted large submarine; fired 1 shot; let go 1 English, 2 French, 1 American depth charges; all functioned.
Oct. 17—Searching for submarine that torpedoed U. S. Army Transport ANTILLES. Picked up 50 survivors; Commanding officer Lieut.-Commander D. T. Ghent and Brig.-General W. S. McNair among them.
Oct. 28—Searching for submarine which torpedoed FINLAND. CORSAIR and SMITH escorted FINLAND to Brest.
Nov. 4—Shaped course for Penzance, England; Submarines active.
Nov. 21—Enemy submarines intercommunicating by radio as follows: 9:38 p. m. received a message from Brest; 10:54 and 10:56 p. m. enemy submarine called using P. F. B.—same call used at Brest. 10:59 CORSAIR answered go ahead. Sub sent: "3.H.5" and then his signals died out. 11:04 sub called and told CORSAIR to go ahead with message; 11:10 same sub called a British convoy. 11:15 sub called CORSAIR "Go ahead with message"; 11:16 CORSAIR called sub and sent a message, the groups of which were taken from several intercepted German messages. 11:17 sub acknowledged CORSAIR'S message; 11:25 sub called CORSAIR for a repetition. CORSAIR did not answer. 11:27 sub did same; 11:35 sub again saying "go ahead." CORSAIR did not answer. 11:39 again, but CORSAIR sent nothing. The subs continued to intercommunicate during the night.
Nov. 30—Joined French vessels escorting 7 American ships to Brest.

The complete log of the *Corsair* is intensely interesting and we regret lack of space to give more of its details.

skill of Stanford White was converted, as to its interior, into a veritable Italian palace, rich in foreign spoil of carvings, tapestries and furniture, which has been appreciatively described by the author of "The House Dignified," who incidentally gives us a picture of the Park too charming to be omitted. "The library," he says, "overlooks a city square where Magnolias blossom in the Spring, and flowers under arching trees bloom all the Summer through. To one who enters here, the quiet stretches of the square and the sky beyond seem suddenly and somehow to belong to libraries, so great is the sense of repose and refreshment they inspire."

David Dudley Field, the brother of Cyrus W. Field, who was also a resident of the Park, was the legal advisor of the Cable Company and one of the most prominent lawyers in New York. He will always be remembered by the Bar as the author of the Codes of Civil and Criminal Procedure which were adopted by this State and have greatly influenced the judicial procedure of many other states, and furnished the basis of the reforms established by the Judicature Acts of England and several of its colonies. As counsel for Jay Gould and James Fiske in the litigations of the Erie Railroad, and of William M. Tweed in the "Tweed Ring" scandal, and as the originator of the scheme for the Electoral Commission in 1876 which defeated the election of his neighbor, Samuel J. Tilden, to the presidency, Mr. Field gained notoriety at the expense of popularity.

Among the earliest settlers of the Park was James Harper, one of the founders of the firm of Harper & Brothers, which published its first book in 1817 and was for many years the leading publishing house in this country. He lived at No. 4 from 1847 until 1869, and was

the second in our succession of Mayors of the City, holding that office in 1844 and 1845. In his "Reminiscences of an Octogenarian" Charles Haswell writes that "Mayor Harper signalized his administration by active service in the improvement of Madison Square, and in improving the organization of the police department. His administration partook of the purity of that of his early predecessors in the office, but without the *savoir faire* and *pratiques* of some of the local politicians who succeeded him." It seems that in Mayor Harper's time the police were unorganized and wore no uniform, and that he succeeded with the vigorous support of his neighbor, James W. Gerard, in laying the foundation for the present police department and in putting the force in uniform. The traditional Mayor's lamps still stand in front of his former residence as emblems of his municipal dignity.

Mr. Gerard, already mentioned as a trustee of the Park, in addition to being an eminent lawyer and an authority on colonial history, was actively interested in the public schools of the City and the prevention of pauperism, and deserves to be remembered, especially as the originator of the plan for the establishment of the "House of Refuge for Juvenile Delinquents," which was incorporated in 1824, and was the first institution of its kind in the United States.

"The Great Citizen," Mayor Abram S. Hewitt

Our third Mayor, Abram S. Hewitt, when he married Miss Cooper in 1855, came to live at No. 9 Lexington Avenue and made it his home for nearly fifty years. His brilliant record as a student in Columbia College, from which he graduated in 1842, gave promise of the great career which was fully realized in a long life devoted

largely to public service. As a member of the firm of Cooper, Hewitt & Co., in which he was associated with his brother-in-law, Edward Cooper, at one time Mayor of this City, he had the direction of the Trenton Iron Works, which had been founded by Peter Cooper, and became a pioneer in the iron and steel business of the United States, managing its affairs with conspicuous ability, and furnishing one of the earliest and most successful demonstrations of the possibility of harmonizing the interests of capital and labor. He was an earnest advocate of technical education for wage-earners and took an active part in the establishment of Cooper Institute, which was throughout his life one of his most absorbing interests and the chief object of his liberality. He was an insatiable reader and profound student of history, and as a speaker was both eloquent and convincing. During his twelve years of service in Congress he was one of the most influential members of the House and displayed high qualities of statesmanship. His international reputation as a scientific student of iron and steel production was recognized by the Iron & Steel Institute of England, which presented him with the Bessemer Gold Medal in 1890. He became prominent in City politics in 1871, when, upon the downfall of Tweed, he was made Chairman of a committee of citizens to reorganize the Democratic party, which had Tilden as its advisor, but while he was a staunch Democrat, he refused to follow his party on the silver issue and fought against it with tongue and pen. When nominated as Mayor in 1886, he said:

"No pledges to any party or any set of men have been asked. Nor under any circumstances would I make any other pledge than that which I now fully give, that, if elected, I will discharge the duties according to law to the best of my strength and

ability, keeping in view the interest of the whole people without distinction of party and class, and in strict conformity to the legislation affecting the Civil Service and the just demands of the great mass of the people for the removal of abuses which impose taxation without corresponding benefits."

These pledges were fully redeemed during his two years of office, but his greatest service to the City was performed as a member of the Rapid Transit Commission which projected and secured the construction of the first underground railroad on Manhattan Island. To commemorate Mr. Hewitt's services in this connection, the Chamber of Commerce presented him with a gold medal and elected him an honorary member.

A philanthropist in the broadest and truest sense of the word, Mr. Hewitt was especially interested in education and rendered invaluable service as Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Institution; as a Trustee of Columbia University and Barnard College, of the American Museum of Natural History and other institutions, and it has been well said of him that:

"Great as were his intellectual qualifications, his heart, more than his brain, often controlled his conduct. Character was his standard of success. He was a worker for humanity, and has made the world better worth living in for those who come after him. He acquired breadth of vision and insight which penetrated beneath the popular opinions and policies of the hour, and advocated principles which are of universal application in all time. He adopted as his motto, 'Be just and fear not.' It was the keynote of his character and actions. The example of a long life of intense activity and usefulness is his legacy to posterity."

Advancing years only added to the earnestness of his purpose, the keenness of his intellect and the esteem in which he was held by his fellow men, and the whole city echoed the sentiment which Richard Watson Gilder so beautifully expressed in the lines to "The Great Citizen" which were read at his funeral:



TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE 1879. BOOTH'S THEATRE WHERE THE GREAT SHAKESPEREAN REVIVAL TOOK PLACE IN THE LATE '70'S. IN THE CELLAR OF THIS BUILDING EDWIN BOOTH CAST INTO THE FURNACE ALL THE PAPERS HE HAD BELONGING TO J. WILKES BOOTH

"Mourn for his death, but for his life rejoice,
Who was the city's heart, the city's voice.

Dauntless in youth, impetuous in age,
Weighty in speech, in civic counsel sage;

Talents and wealth to him were but a trust
To lift his hapless brother from the dust,—

This his chief aim to wake, in every man,
The soul to do what only courage can.

He saw the evil, as the wise must see,
But firm his faith in what the world shall be.

Following the truth, he led his fellow men,—
Through years and virtues the great citizen.

By being great, he made the city great,—
Serving the city, he upheld the state.

So shall the city win a purer fame
Led by the living splendor of his name."

Samuel J. Tilden

Contemporary with Mr. Hewitt was his neighbor, Samuel J. Tilden, who, as Governor of the State, and almost as President of the United States, has given the Park its greatest political distinction. During that most critical period in the history of the United States, when the election of Tilden or Hayes hung in the balance, when it was even a question whether there might not be another civil war, Samuel J. Tilden was living in the house now occupied by the National Arts Club on the southerly side of Twentieth Street, and the eyes of the nation were focused upon Gramercy Park. For years previously Tilden had been conspicuous as a political power. His public service in breaking up the Tweed Ring and in bringing many of its members to justice led to his election as Governor of the State and the reputation and confidence which he gained as a reform governor

led to his nomination for the presidency. The Park often echoed to the strains of political bands and witnessed the glare of torchlight processions of enthusiastic supporters, when the headquarters of the presidential campaign of 1876-1877 was at No. 15, but no political excitement ever disturbed the Sphinx-like calm which was Tilden's most striking characteristic. When the Electoral Commission rendered against him a decision which he believed, and which many, if not a majority of his countrymen believed, was based upon fraud, he nevertheless accepted it as conclusive and advised his countrymen to do the same. Recognizing, as he must have done, the injustice of this decision as it affected him personally, his action could only have been inspired by the highest patriotism, and he should be honored as one of the very few great men of the Republic who have surrendered their highest ambition for the good of their country. Such an experience would have embittered many men, especially one who had led such a solitary existence as Mr. Tilden, but it is another evidence of his inherent nobility of character that by his will he left practically all of his large estate to the people of the City of New York for the establishment of a public library, the form of gift which he believed would be of the greatest benefit to the greatest number. This bequest led to the consolidation of the Astor and Lenox libraries with the library proposed by Mr. Tilden, which has given New York City the Public Library, one of the City's most precious possessions.

Henry Watterson in his recently published "Looking Backward" describes Tilden as the nearest approach to an ideal statesman he had ever known, and gives a picture of him in his home:

"To his familiars Mr. Tilden was a dear old bachelor who lived in a fine old mansion in Gramercy Park. Though sixty

years of age he seemed in the prime of his manhood; a genial and overflowing scholar; a trained and earnest doctrinaire; a public-spirited, patriotic citizen, well known and highly esteemed, who had made fame and fortune at the bar and had always been interested in public affairs. He was a dreamer with a genius for business, a philosopher yet an organizer."

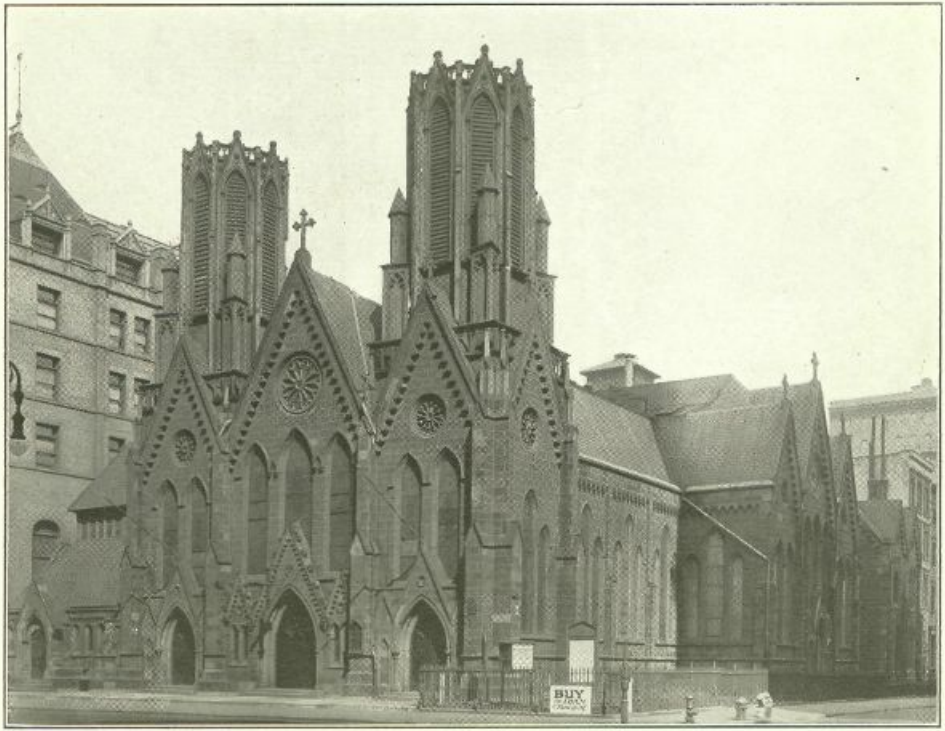
John Bigelow

Tilden was fortunate in having as his biographer, his friend and neighbor, John Bigelow, who knew him well, and appreciated all his fine qualities. Mr. Bigelow was one of Tilden's executors and was the last survivor of the group of men who made the Park famous during the last century. He lived at No. 21 for thirty years and died there in 1911, but many still recall his venerable figure and massive gray head, the very embodiment of the dignity of age, and recall the keen sympathy and quick intelligence with which to the very last he greeted his many visitors. Few, however, recall the important part which he played at a most critical period in the history of the nation, when in 1865 by appointment of President Lincoln, he represented the United States as Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of France. At this time the issue of the Civil War was uncertain and the sympathies of Napoleon and his government were so strongly on the side of the South that gun boats for the Southern Confederacy were built in the imperial shipyards and equipped from the government ordnance stores. Mr. Bigelow worked in season and out of season to make it impossible for these vessels to get to sea without an open breach between France and the United States, and his success was a diplomatic triumph of the utmost importance to his country. Previous to his going abroad Mr. Bigelow had been associated with his intimate friend, William Cullen Bryant, on the *Evening Post*, and while

abroad he devoted all of his literary skill and ingenuity to counteracting the propaganda actively conducted on behalf of the Southern Confederacy. He also aided the Government in disposing of its securities abroad, and like his great predecessor, Franklin, he was instrumental in securing financial aid from Holland, when the "cotton bonds" of the Confederacy were proving a seductive investment to the capitalists of other European countries. Returning to New York after having accomplished his onerous and difficult diplomatic task with success and distinction, and resuming his literary labors in the quiet seclusion of Gramercy Park, he wrote the "Life of Samuel J. Tilden" and finally "Retrospections of an Active Life." He was richly entitled to describe his life as "active," for when not engaged in national service he gave the greater part of his time to matters of public interest and importance and held numerous public positions, from that of a member of the Tilden Commission, which broke up the Canal Ring, to the Presidency of the New York Public Library. It was a tribute to his remarkable virility that he was elected President of the Century Club in his eighty-ninth year and he held that office until his death. At the memorial meeting which was held in his honor the appreciation of the club was happily expressed by one of the speakers who said:

"John Bigelow deserves, and will receive from all who knew him and from all who come to understand the work that he did, cordial gratitude and the largest possible measure of appreciation as a sturdy, courageous and able national representative, a skilled diplomat, a Christian gentleman, and a great citizen."

But the Park has an architectural as well as a biographical story, and if we inquire as to the up-building of the sixty-six lots which Mr. Ruggles laid out on his map



Calvary Church, 4th Ave. and 21st St., erected 1846. Several eminent episcopal clergymen have occupied the pulpit of this church, among them being Bishop Coxe and Bishop Henry Y. Satterlee. The present Rector is Rev. Theodore Sedgwick

it appears from the City Directories that it was not until about 1851 that they were nearly all built upon and occupied. Even then there were a number of vacant lots but the growth of population is indicated by the establishment of churches in the vicinity.

Calvary Church

The first church to be built near the Park was Calvary Church, at the northeast corner of Fourth Avenue and 21st Street which was erected in 1846, from the designs of James Renwick, and the rectory was built at the same time. The Church had previously occupied a site on Fourth Avenue near 30th Street, having been organized in 1836. The Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D. D., was the first rector of the Church in its new edifice and during his incumbency the Church increased greatly in numbers and strength. He was succeeded by the Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe, D. D., who resigned to accept the Bishopric of Western New York, and the Rev. Edward A. Washburn, D. D., of Philadelphia, was chosen as Rector. Upon his death, in 1881, the Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee, D. D., was called to the Rectorship, which he held until 1896, when he became Bishop of the Diocese of Washington. Dr. Satterlee was well described by Theodore Roosevelt as a "practical idealist; he preached realizable ideals, and then practised them. He not only helped in the reform movement for the City as a whole, but he was a power for good in his immediate neighborhood." During his rectorship of fifteen years he infused new life and activity into the Church, greatly increased the attendance, which included many of the Park residents, and established extensive missionary work on the East side. His personal charm and fine devotion to his calling made

him greatly beloved by his parishioners and a power in the Church at large. It is one of the distinctions of the Park that it has produced two Bishops and been the home of a third, for Bishop Greer was for several years one of its residents.

The Friends Meeting House

The land for the Friends Meeting House, with a frontage of 106 feet on the Park was purchased in 1855 for $24,000 and the edifice, which was completed in 1857, has a long record of social as well as religious usefulness to its credit. During the Civil War the members of the Society took an active interest in the cause of the negroes, or "Freedmen," as they were then called, and in supplying their needs, and the third floor of the building was used as a sewing room for making garments. In addition to its usual meetings the Society has conducted an Armenian mission and a school for men of the very poorest class, with an attendance of several hundred, who are provided with breakfast and given instruction and amusement. The "annual meeting" is the event of the year and in former days its occurrence was evidenced by the throng of gray bonnetted or gray coated figures which were seen in the Park, but of late years the picturesque and distinctive garb has almost entirely disappeared.

Dr. Bellows and All Souls Church

The Unitarian Church of All Souls was built in 1855, and architecturally is of exceptional interest as it was modeled by Wray Mould, an English architect, after the Basilica of San Giovanni erected in the Fourteenth Century at Monza, in Northern Italy, which it closely resembles both in design and color, and in the contrast of

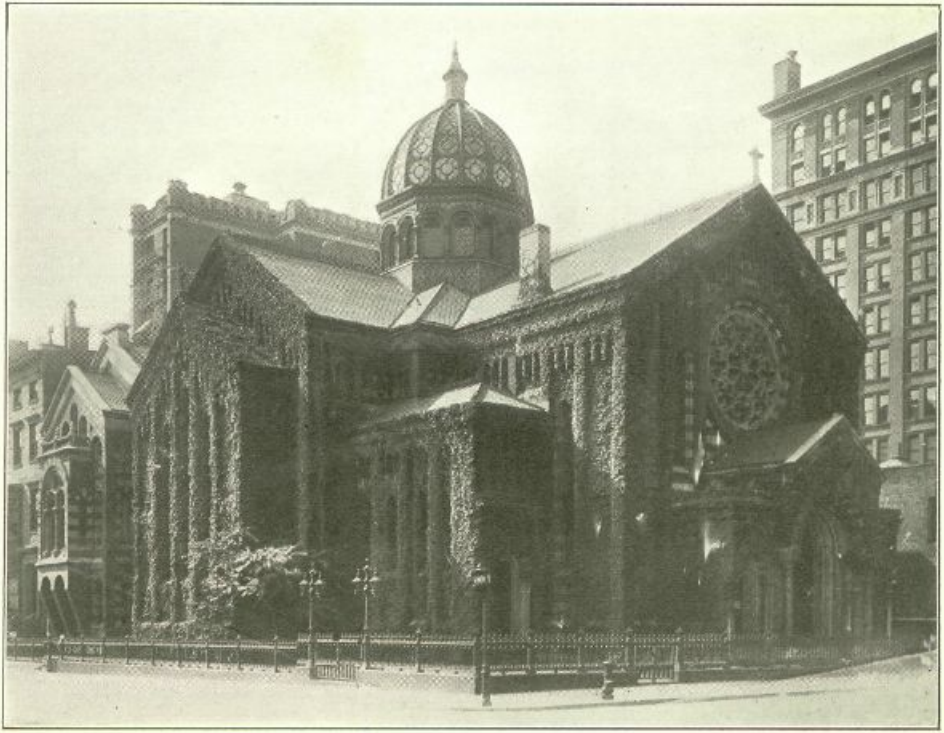
color afforded by the alternate layers of terra cotta and Caen stone. The first pastor of the church was the Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows, one of our great citizens. Eloquent in the pulpit, and on the platform, he was a powerful force in the nation during the Civil War, and as the president and one of the founders of the United States Sanitary Commission, he rendered a service of inestimable value. Through this great organization, which was the predecessor of the American Red Cross, and which Dr. Bellows extended over the entire country and administered with inspiring enthusiasm and consummate ability, over fifteen million dollars was contributed for the relief of our soldiers in food, medical supplies and comforts, and over five millions in money; and the great moral issues of the war were brought home to every Northern household. Through his work for the Commission he was closely associated with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton and was one of their most trusted and efficient supporters. He was also actively interested in City affairs and was one of the founders of the Union League Club, the Century Club, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Children's Aid Society. He was also the advisor of his neighbor and parishioner, Peter Cooper, in the founding of Cooper Institute, and as the founder and president of the National Conference of Liberal Churches he was a leading member of the Unitarian Church. As a memorial of Dr. Bellows, a full length bronze tablet, executed by Saint Gaudens has been placed in the south transept of the Church.

Among those who were associated with Dr. Bellows in his work for the Sanitary Commission were George Templeton Strong and Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler. Mr. Strong was the treasurer of the Commission. He was a

man of broad culture and an author of ability. A graduate of Columbia College, he became one of its trustees and was one of the founders of the School of Mines. He was also the President of the Philharmonic Society and at one time Controller of Trinity Church. Miss Schuyler, when a young woman, was one of Dr. Bellows' most ardent workers and devoted herself to the cause of the Union with the patriotic spirit of her distinguished ancestors, General Philip Schuyler and Alexander Hamilton. Throughout the Civil War she gave herself untiringly to further the efforts of the Commission to provide our troops with medical supplies and care, and displayed the ability which she showed in later years in organizing the Bellevue Training School for Nurses and the State Charities Aid Association, and in establishing State Care of the Insane. In recognition of Miss Schuyler's many and important public services Columbia University conferred upon her the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Gramercy Park and the Draft Riots, 1863

While Dr. Bellows and the Sanitary Commission were supplying the needs of our troops at the front the quiet of the Park was shattered by something very like the din of war, for during the Draft Riots of July, 1863, when negroes were strung up to lamp-posts and the negro Orphan Asylum was burned, Gramercy Park was in the midst of the turmoil. "From the Cooper Institute to Forty-sixth Street," says the "Memorial History of New York," "Third Avenue was black with human beings who hung over the eaves of the building, filled the doors and windows and packed the street from curb to curb." Chief of Police George W. Walling, in his "Recollec-



Unitarian Church of All Souls, 4th Ave. and 20th St., built 1855. The first pastor was Dr. Henry W. Bellows, one of our great citizens and a most efficient and trusted supporter of President Lincoln

tions" says: "At Third Avenue and Nineteenth Street, I learned for the first time, that riotry was in progress. I was told that the mob had attacked an enrolling office in Third Avenue, driven off the police and set fire to the building." Dr. Austin Flint recalls that he made the acquaintance of Dr. William T. Lusk, when the latter "was in command of a detachment in Gramercy Park during the draft riots of 1863"; and the Minutes of the Park Trustees show that two years later they applied to the Government, unsuccessfully, to be reimbursed for "the expenses incurred by the Trustees of the Park in consequence of its occupation by a military force during the July riots in 1863." Augustus Saint Gaudens at this time lived near the Park and in his autobiography he describes the riots, and comments that "Later on, as the storm lessened, it was strange to see two cannons posted in Twenty-first Street at the northeast corner of Gramercy Park, pointing due East in the direction of the rioters."

Happily the Park soon resumed its peaceful tenor, and its home life went on as before, perhaps even more actively than at present, for, though it is difficult to realize, it is none the less the fact, that in the early 60's Gramercy Park was only a little northward of and very near the social centre of the City, as that was represented by the Academy of Music, on Irving Place and Fourteenth Street, then the only opera house which the City possessed, and the scene of all large social functions. Here was given the ever famous ball to the Prince of Wales on his visit in 1860, and at least two generations of old New Yorkers associate with the Academy all their recollections of Italian Opera, Philharmonics, College Commencements and public receptions. No part of the city, it

may be safely asserted, has preserved its original character so consistently or retained its appearance with so little change. In 1883 one of the first co-operative apartment houses built in New York displaced several of the old dwellings at the east end of the Park and in later years this has been followed by three other apartment houses but there still remain most of the original houses built in compliance with the requirement of the trust deed that they should be of brick or stone and should be at least "three stories high."

"The Players"

The first of the numerous Clubs which have now centered about the Park was "The Players," founded in 1888 by Edwin Booth to promote "social intercourse between the representative members of the Dramatic profession, and of the kindred professions of Literature, Painting, Sculpture and Music, and the Patrons of the Arts." Mr. Booth presented No. 16 to the Club, after the house, remodeled and decorated by Stanford White with his consummate skill, had been adapted for use as a Club. The foremost actor of his time, Edwin Booth was one of the Park's most famous residents. Representing all that is best and most inspiring in dramatic art, and possessing the mysterious power which held his audiences under a spell, he added the generosity of a large and noble heart and it was characteristic of him that he dedicated the much loved home in which he spent his declining years to his fellow Players. The admirable statue of Booth which now forms the central feature of the Park is both a tribute to his genius and an expression of gratitude. The statue, which was executed by Edmond T. Quinn, and which represents Booth in his most

famous character as "Hamlet" with life-like fidelity, is generally recognized as a work of art of exceptional merit, and an account of the interesting ceremony which took place upon its unveiling will be found on another page.

The Tilden Mansion—National Arts Club

The next club to recognize the advantages of the Park as a site was the National Arts Club which acquired the Tilden Mansion, Nos. 14 and 15, with its garden extending to 19th Street, upon which has since been erected an apartment house for the use of members of the Club. During its occupancy, the Club has not only done much "to promote the mutual acquaintance of art lovers and art workers," but also to create a colony of artists around the Park and in its vicinity. In 1905, the Columbia University Club purchased the house No. 18 Gramercy Park at the corner of Irving Place, which had been built by Luther C. Clark in 1853, and upon its removal to larger quarters in 1917, the house was taken by the Army and Navy Club which now occupies it. A year or two later the Princeton Club rented the house on the northerly side of the Park at the corner of Lexington Avenue, formerly the home of Stanford White, and was followed by the United Service Club, made up of officers of all the allied armies, during the continuance of the war. The "Tech Club," composed of graduates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, occupies the old Gerard House, adjoining the Columbia Club. Another of the group is "De Hollandsche Club" (The Netherland Club) which purchased No. 4 in 1913 and aims to make it the center of the activities of the Hollanders in this city. The sight of the orange, white and blue flag which is

occasionally displayed on the Park flag pole should assure its members that their presence is welcome. The membership of the various clubs represents every phase of art and literature, and philanthropy has its special place in the hotel for the women workers of the New York City Mission and Tract Society, built by Mrs. John S. Kennedy at the westerly end of the Park. Nor is the Park without its place in literature, for Arthur B. Maurice in "New York in Fiction" tells us that No. 2 was the residence of "Mrs. Leroy" in Hopkinson Smith's "Caleb West," and that the most dramatic scene in the novel of Edgar Saltus, "The Truth about Tristram Varick" was laid in the old Field house. Had he been spared but a little longer, the Park would surely have found its poet laureate in Richard Watson Gilder, who for all too brief a stay, looked down from his library window upon its trees and lawns with a fond enjoyment which could not have failed to inspire his verse.

So many men and women, well known in their time, and representing much that was best in the life of the City, have been Park dwellers that it is impossible to do more than add a few names to those already mentioned, but among these should be included Clarkson N. Potter, a son of Bishop Alonzo Potter, who was an influential member of Congress for ten years and President of the American Bar Association; Henry H. Anderson a prominent lawyer and President for many years of the University Club; Robert G. Ingersoll, who nominated James G. Blaine at the Republican Convention of 1876 in a speech which brought him national fame as an orator; James A. Scrymser, who was the successor of Cyrus W. Field as the promoter of ocean cables, and established cable communications with Central and South America

and Mexico; and William Gaston Hamilton, a grandson of Alexander Hamilton, who as an engineer was associated with his neighbor, Mr. Scrymser, in his cable undertakings.

Nor should it be forgotten that at No. 10, as early as 1851, Miss Henrietta B. Haines established her famous school for girls which for many years was the fashionable source of education of the young womanhood of New York, and was supposed to add the highest finish to the charms of Nature. Let us hope that some of her pupils have left descendants among that army of babies, who have been sunned in their carriages or among the generations of boys and girls who have played and romped in the Park, and unconsciously revelled in its air and sunshine since Dr. Hawks reminded Mr. Ruggles that "Man makes buildings but God makes space."

Two historic names are so closely associated with the Park that they cannot be omitted, although they were not dwellers on the Park; Washington Irving, who lived for a time at the corner of Seventeenth Street and Irving Place, which identifies his name with the neighborhood; and Theodore Roosevelt, who was born and lived during his boyhood but one block distant, in Twentieth Street, at No. 28, which is to be preserved as a memorial of him. No great stretch of the imagination is needed to visualise the genial author of the Knickerbocker History and the youthful President of the United States in the long procession of old and young which the Park has welcomed within its gates.

As a park given to the prospective owners of the land surrounding it and held in trust for those who have made their homes around it, Gramercy Park is unique in this City, and perhaps in this country, and represents the only neighborhood, with possibly one exception, which

has remained comparatively unchanged for more than eighty years. In a city where the tide of progress has swept from the Battery, once the center of social life, almost to the Harlem so relentlessly that but few traces have been left of the family life of a former century, the Park is one of the City's land-marks. Walled in by skyscrapers and looked down upon by the Metropolitan tower, the Park preserves its quiet seclusion, and its trees and lawns bring new cheer to its residents and passers-by with every recurring spring; rising generations continue to discover in it a happy playground, and perhaps a few of the older generation recall the men and women whose lives are interwoven in its history.

Trustees of Gramercy Park

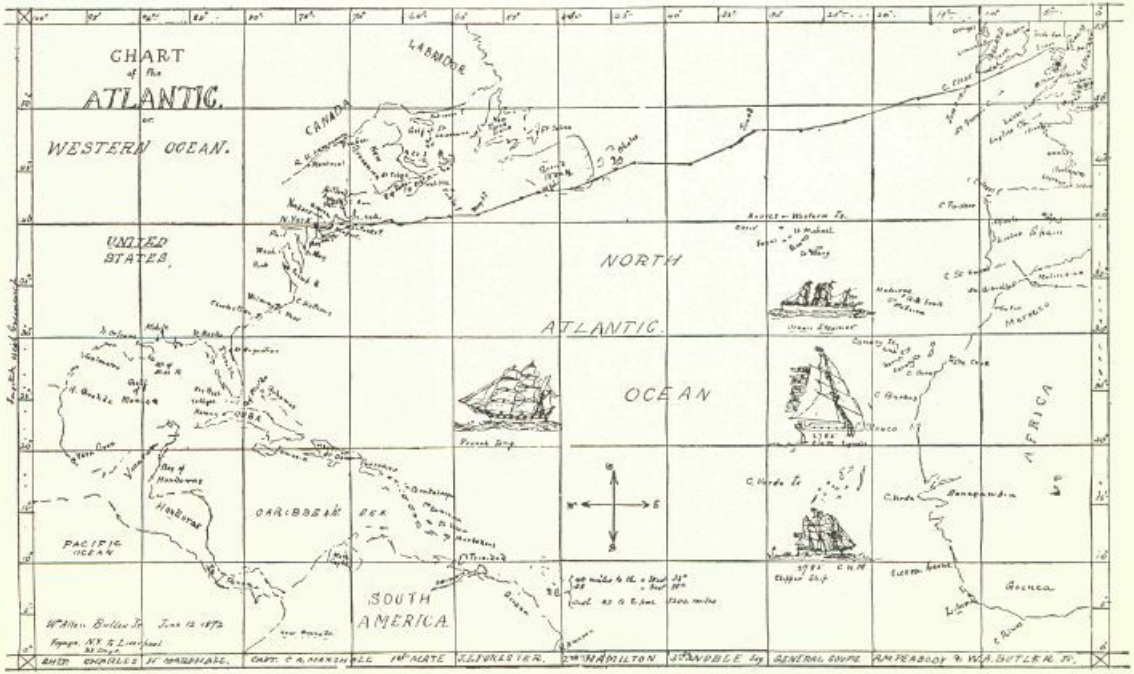
	Appointed or Elected	Died or Retired
Charles Augustus Davis	1831	Resigned 1866
Thomas L. Wells	1831	Resigned 1844
Robert D. Weeks	1831	Resigned 1854
Thomas R. Mercein	1831	Died 1844
Philo T. Ruggles	1831	Resigned 1844
Norman White	1844	Resigned 1854
James W. Gerard	1844	Died 1874
William Samuel Johnson	1844	Resigned 1854
Alexander M. Lawrence	1854	Resigned 1877
Eben B. Crocker	1854	Resigned 1866
Charles P. Kirkland	1854	Resigned 1877
Curtis Judson	1874	Resigned 1885
Samuel J. Tilden	1874	Died 1886
Robert T. Woodward	1874	Resigned 1877
Cyrus W. Field	1877	Died 1892
B. Wesley	1877	Resigned 1885
Jonas H. Lane	1877	Died 1908
George R. Reed	1885	Resigned 1894
William G. Hamilton	1885	Resigned 1903
Henry H. Anderson	1893	Died 1896
James W. Pinchot	1893	Died 1908
Stuyvesant Fish	1893	
Henry W. Poor	1903	Resigned 1908
John Hone	1903	Died 1915
George Zabriskie	1908	
John E. Cowden	1908	
Grace Bigelow	1916	
John B. Pine	1916	



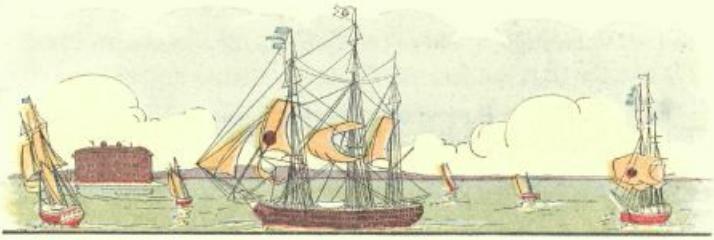
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Charles H. Marshall 1845



THIS CHART MADE BY MR. BUTLER DURING THE VOYAGE SHOWS THE DAILY RUN. THE LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE WERE TAKEN FROM THE SHIP'S LOG AND ARE CORRECT. "OUR DRIFT EASTWARD DURING THE DAYS OF FOG WITH THE GULF STREAM WAS VERY CONSIDERABLE"



A VOYAGE ON A CLIPPER-SHIP IN THE SEVENTIES

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER

I was invited in the Spring of 1872 to go on the famous yacht "America" to the thousandth anniversary of the Island of Iceland. My parents could not bring their minds to my being many months away with no possibility of hearing from me. So I refused an invitation, which, to a young man of nineteen, was a great sacrifice. Apparently the Icelanders only celebrate but once in a thousand years. So I had no hopes for a second invitation.

Shortly after, my mother's cousin, Captain Charlie Marshall, called to say that he was in command of an A1, wire-rigged Clipper Ship built by Wm. H. Webb, a famous ship builder of those days. This ship was named after my mother's father, Captain Charles H. Marshall, who had died in 1865. He was one of the founders and owners of the famous Black Ball Line of packets. Cousin Charlie invited me to go with him; and my mother, as a reward for declining the Iceland trip, out of consideration to her, gladly consented.

On May 20, 1872, we were towed down the harbor. The crew consisted of Captain Marshall, first and second mates, boatswain, cook, steward, and twenty-two

sailors before the mast, a motley crowd of many colors and nationalities. There was a doctor, his wife, and my cousin, Alexander M. Peabody, about my age.

Experiences commenced at once. Just after the tug had left at Sandy Hook, and the sails were being unfurled, a North River steam-boat came into collision with us. Whether the Captain of this boat was ignorant of the channel, or drunk, we couldn't tell, but he crowded us so that we were forced either to maintain our course or possibly go aground on a bar on our port side. Our Captain kept the course he was entitled to, and the steamboat collided on our starboard side, at the point where the fore-mast shrouds are attached to the ship, called the fore-chains. A sailor jumped into the chains with a rope fender, thereby hoping to lessen the shock. The impact, however, was so great that he lost his hold and fell between the colliding ships. I was in the shrouds just above him and dropping to the deck, ran aft and threw a life preserver, but he had been stunned by the blow and immediately sank from sight. Our ship was not damaged, but the steam-boat's rail was badly crushed, and she was otherwise injured. As the result of this tragedy, the sailors would not sing during the entire voyage. It was their seafaring way of showing respect to a dead comrade.

The voyage was uneventful for the first eight days, lovely weather, and I had the interesting experience of becoming acquainted with a noble ship. My cousin and myself were soon at home in the rigging. The main-top may be described as a platform about five feet wide and eight feet long. At the top of the mainmast, where the shrouds joined the mast, two coils of heavy rope were always coiled, and furnished an easy and safe hole to

lie in, and very comfortable withal. Hours have I read in that lofty nest. When we felt particularly venturesome we would go to the crosstrees, a story higher, and get a magnificent view. Once, but only once, was I brave enough,—rash enough, would be more correct,—to go to the top of the Royal Yard. A drop from that point would clear the deck and land one in the sea.

On the eighth day a dense ice fog came down upon us. We were on the grand banks of Newfoundland. The fog froze to the rigging. The sails were stiff and hard, and the sailors used wooden mallets to handle them. For four days the sailors took turns on blowing a tin horn, a feeble warning, compared with the sirens of to-day.

After four days of this misery and chill we struck perfect weather, with gentle breeze astern. A sight that greatly interested us was an enormous school of whales, between two and three hundred, blowing graceful spouts of water and apparently enjoying themselves highly. One, however, directly in our course, was asleep and we struck him. There was a great splash, much water was thrown on deck, the jar to the ship was considerable, blood discolored the waves, and the great fish disappeared. For days we had delightful weather. The sea life held for me and my chum an endless charm. We built a row boat, which was to be brought back for use on the Captain's farm in New Jersey, and we painted a red, white and blue stripe on each side. Alas! we did not know that on the return voyage that boat would be converted into a coffin for our dear Captain.

On June 8th, the 19th day out, when reeling along under all sail, a squall struck us. All three royals, the loftiest sails, were blown away before they could be furled. The squall blew these sails into ribbons and they made a

savage noise as the ribbons snapped like a hundred whips. Every man was on deck. The Captain shouted through his trumpet for volunteers to go aloft to take in the upper topsails. Two of these went with a noise like an explosion before the sailors could furl them. The sight of the volunteers going up the rigging with their knives in their mouths was great. Almost immediately the squall turned into a gale, the sea ran high. Fortunately it was astern. Under close reef we were making good time. The squall having struck us before the daily observation, the Captain put out a patent revolving log to estimate the run in miles, but some sea creature mistook it for food and chewed up the mechanism, and when it was taken in, it was a wreck. We therefore had no reckoning and no sun to take an observation. We were rapidly nearing Cape Clear. For two days and two nights we plunged along with the gale astern. Early in the morning, the third day, I rushed on deck half dressed, to answer the Captain's call for all hands on deck. We had passed Cape Clear, were apparently driving into a bay on the east coast of Ireland, about fifty miles northeast of the Cape, as we afterwards discovered, having completely lost our reckoning. The breakers were right ahead, but the Captain put that ship about. The masts fairly shook under the sudden strain. The excitement was great. Everyone pulled his best on the ropes and when the last one was belayed fast we saw the breakers astern. Our altered course brought us out into the Irish Sea. We passed Holly Head in the moonlight that night and reached Liverpool the next day. The voyage took twenty-three days. It was a unique and never to be forgotten experience, but I have always maintained that the Iceland voyage would have been less risky.

Celebration of the 507th Anniversary of the Birth of Joan of Arc

At a time when the soldiers of France and America were fighting side by side in a great cause it seems eminently appropriate that the birth of that saintly and inspiring warrior, Joan of Arc, should be celebrated as an event of appealing interest. Of all the nations that have warred in Europe and have garlanded their history with heroic deeds, it remains to be said of France and of France alone that her wars have been won, not so much by the skillful movements of her armies, but rather by a mysterious influence which takes possession of the spirits of the soldiers and of their commanders and makes them invincible. The gentle and pure-hearted Maid of Orleans led the disorganized and disheartened soldiers of France to the glorious victories which saved her country, and the same influence was evidenced in the marvellous victory of the Marne.

The celebration of the 507th anniversary of the birth of Joan of Arc took place January 6, 1919, and combined with it was the naming of the Joan of Arc Park which extends from 91st to 95th Street. The celebration was in the evening and a feature of special interest was the firing of a salute from the U. S. Cruisers *Pennsylvania* and *Utah* by direction of Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy. The *Pennsylvania* was anchored off 89th Street and the *Utah* off 95th Street. As the ceremonies began the *Pennsylvania* threw a ray of light northward at an angle of thirty degrees and the *Utah* likewise to the south, so that the two bars of light crossed over the statue of Joan of Arc. Later in the evening the rays were deflected so as to form a cross of light

directly over the statue. The effect was telling and expressed very beautifully our conception of the character of Joan of Arc.

A procession marched around the Park led by Miss Lillian Barrington as Joan of Arc on her white horse and followed by the band of the Pelham Bay Naval Camp, Captain Loyer, officers and men of the French cruiser *Marseillaise,* Sons of the American Revolution, Order of the Founders and Patriots of America, American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, City History Club, Jeanne of Arc Home, Children of the Joan of Arc School, and Boy Scouts of America.

At the statue messages were read from Mr. J. Sanford Saltus, former Honorary President of the Joan of Arc Statue Committee, the Louisiana Historical Society, and Governor Alfred E. Smith. Dr. George F. Kunz, President of the Joan of Arc Statue Committee, made the address of welcome and was followed by other speakers, among whom were Mr. Henry L. Hobart of the Church Club, Capt. Loyer of the *Marseillaise,* Mr. Henry Snyder Kissam of the Founders and Patriots of America, Dr. Edward Hagaman Hall of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, and Miss Charlton, principal of Joan of Arc Public School.



PENNSYLVANIA UTAH

SALUTING THE JOAN OF ARC STATUE ON JOAN OF ARC DAY,
JANUARY 6TH, 1919

How Great Grandmother Took Her Outing in 1810

(Original contribution to the Manual)

My home was in Maiden Lane. When the summer came I usually went to Jamaica to visit my relatives. Jamaica is twelve miles from Brooklyn and it took the whole afternoon to make the journey.

I took my clothing in a round band box with a muslin cover that closed up with strings top and bottom. This held all I needed for a month, for young people had not as many clothes then as now. My dress was of calico and I carried a small cotton shawl. I also had a thin muslin dress with cape to match. Sometimes those capes were lined with a colored silk, pink or blue.

I would walk down Maiden Lane to the East River where five or six rowboats were waiting to carry passengers to Brooklyn. These were rowed by one man or sometimes two. When we landed we took a stage to Jamaica. These were stage coaches, but were called stages. They were driven by Caleb Mills and Johnny Drawyer. They started at two o'clock and did not reach Jamaica until dusk. They stopped at a half-way house to rest and water the horses and to give the passengers a drink.

There was a famous school in Jamaica then for boys, kept by a Mr. Eigenbrodt, and many of the residents took the pupils into their families to board. The Hon. Rufus King had a country house in Jamaica. I remember that the Presbyterian Church which I attended stood directly in the middle of the road and the clergyman was old Parson Faitoute.

Sometimes I went to Flatbush to visit. I had one summer a white sprigged muslin dress with lilac ribbons round my waist, lilac kid shoes and lilac kid gloves to my elbow and a bag like my dress, drawn up with lilac ribbons to wear on my visit. I felt very fine, I assure you, and I can remember that my hostess made me come in out of the garden lest I should spoil my pretty shoes.

I also occasionally went to Newark for a summer visit, for Newark was only a country village then. I spent a winter there with my cousin and went to school, and while I was there Mr. Jacob Burnett moved out to Cincinnati, which was in the Territory of Ohio. He went out in a wagon. The journey took six weeks and he carried his provisions with him. He built the first house in Cincinnati. This long journey into the Far West made a great talk. Not long after this steamboats commenced running, but they were not at all such as we are used to now. They were very small affairs. To go to Newark I went from the foot of Cortlandt Street by the boat to Powles Hook, now Jersey City. At the Cortlandt Street wharf and at the Hook there were floating docks. They were considered a wonderful invention and half the town used to gather there to see the wonderful sight of the dock rising to meet the boat.

First Woman Suffrage Bill

Fifty years ago the Legislature of the Territory of Wyoming passed a bill granting equal civil rights to women—the first legislation of the kind adopted in America.

First White Men Land at Coney Island

On September 3rd, 1609 the first white men to set foot on the soil of New York landed at Coney Island. Hendrik Hudson who was just entering on his great discovery of the Hudson river despatched a boat's crew from the *Half Moon* for the purpose of getting a haul of fish which were so abundant in the waters of the bay. The crew landed on the lonely beach at Coney Island little dreaming of the stirring and exciting scenes which a later time would witness.

When New York Became New York

When the English took possession of New Amsterdam in 1664 the Dutch form of government was revoked and the name of the Province and the Burgh changed to New York in honor of the royal proprietor James, Duke of York who later became James II. This took place Sept. 8, 1664. The government of the municipality was placed in the hands of a mayor and five aldermen appointed by Governor Richard Nicolls who himself had been appointed first English governor of the colony. Thomas Willett was the first mayor and took his seat 1665.

The First White Child Born on Manhattan

The first white child born on Manhattan Island was Isaac du Trieux son of Philip and Susanna du Trieux. The date of his birth was April 21, 1642. Philip du Trieux was a Walloon hailing from the French section of the Netherlands and was one of the first company of colonists who came to Manhattan to settle. He became a respected burgher of the little settlement. After 1664 when the colony was ceded to the English many of the Dutch names took on an English form. The name of du Trieux became Truax and has come down to us in this form. It has been claimed that Isaac Bedlew was the first white child born in New Amsterdam but the records of the Reformed Dutch Church in New Amsterdam bear out the facts as given above. Isaac Bedlew's birth did not take place until the following year, namely 1643.

A Fire Incident 1796

This morning (Dec. 9, 1796) about one o'clock a most dreadful fire broke out near the centre of Murray's Wharf, Coffee-house slip, which notwithstanding all the exertions of all the engines, and a vast concourse of the citizens could not be got under, until it terminated at the Fly Market, consuming nearly fifty buildings, the property of a number of citizens, some of whom are reduced from affluence to indigence.

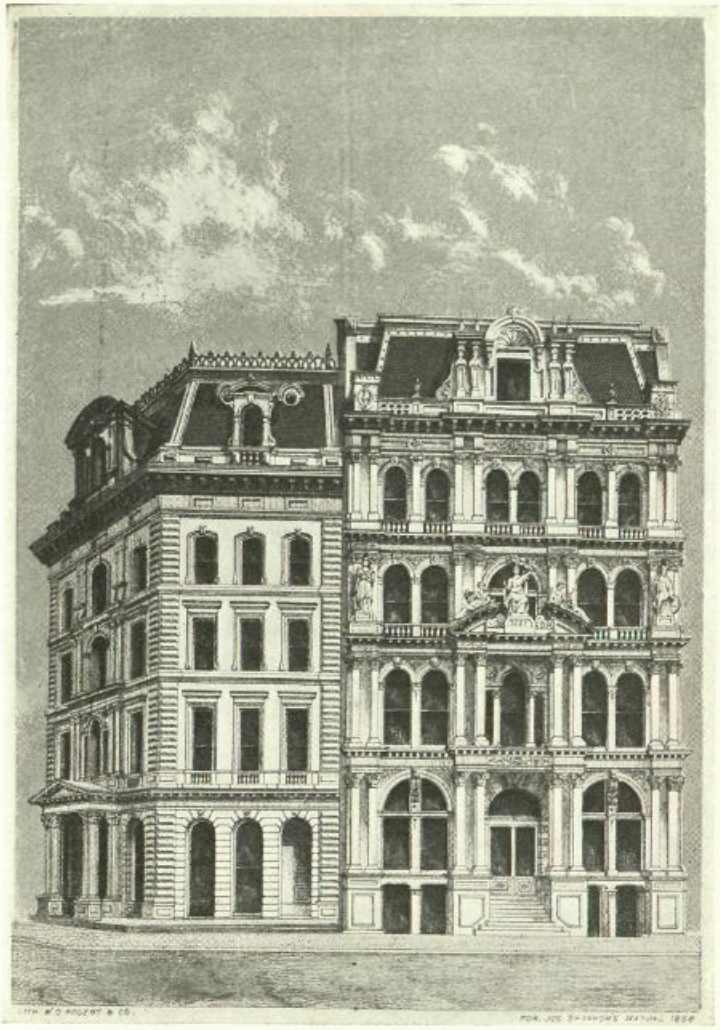
During this dreadful fire a gentleman belonging to the Company of the Bag-men, returning home with a bag filled with papers of considerable importance to the owners, in order to insure their safety met with two "sons of the sea" evidently disinterested in the horrors of the night standing idle at the corner of one of the streets. The gentleman, observing their want of duty to their fellow citizens in distress, expostulated with them on the impropriety of their absence, when one of them more impertinent than the other, retorted with, "Blast the fellow; What business is it to you—you've got your booty";

Table Customs of Long Ago

Steel knives were used exclusively. The head of the house cut the bread at the table, usually by holding it under his arm and carving off the big thick slices, and passing them around. Bones from the table were thrown on the crumb cloth for the dogs, who were watching for the crumbs that fell from the master's table. Coffee or tea was poured out into the saucer and light breezes blown over it from the puckered up mouth until it was cool enough to drink. The butter was in a large dish, usually a pound or two, and each person helped himself, plastering his portion on the edge of his plate. The plate was large enough to hold a buckwheat cake six or seven inches in diameter without hanging over the edges.

A New York Dresser at Palm Beach

I get up and put on llama gray wool socks, brown leather brogued shoes with heavy soles of rubber, a gray flannel shirt with cricket collar of the same stuff attached, a deep red sailor's knot scarf and a loose jacket and bag trousers of woolly gray flannel and I am dressed and ready for my first meal of the day and an hour of motor-boating. Later in the morning there is no humidity with the heat and I find linen is the nicest thing to wear. A white silk shirt with a slightly starched linen collar, a plain dark brown silk sailor's knot scarf and polished buck shoes tipped at heel and toe with varnished brown leather—and I am ready. I wear no hat—I never wear one here.



THE HERALD OFFICE, CORNER BROADWAY AND ANN STREET, 1870. HUDNUT'S PHARMACY AND ITS FAMOUS THERMOMETER WERE ON THE RIGHT

Some Associations of Old Ann Street, 1720-1920

FIRST PAPER

AARON MENDOZA

Ann Street is one of those strange, irregularly laid-out thoroughfares commencing at both Broadway and Park Row, and then running in an easterly direction, crossing Nassau and William Streets, and terminating at Gold Street. It is a narrow, cavernous street, only three blocks in length, strongly remindful of the streets of old Boston or London, and almost retains the aspect of sixty years ago from Nassau to Gold Streets. Theatre Alley divides the north side between Park Row and Nassau Street, being called "The Mews" in 1797, securing its present name in 1807. It was used as an approach to the old Park Theater.

About 1720, the street was laid out and formally named "Ann Street," although frequently quoted as being originally called "White Street," probably for Mrs. Anna White, who, however, did not become a property owner on the street until years later than James Lyne's survey of 1728, which shows the name of Ann Street first mentioned. It has also been stated that the Beekman family used their influence with the authorities to have the thoroughfare named for Ann, daughter of Gov. Gerardus C. Beekman, but as she was born March 15, 1739, that theory is also disposed of. Ann Vieltje, a Dutch burgher's wife, is also given credit for being the person for whom the street was named, and I am inclined to give credence to this fact. Farm owners, when cutting paths through their property, generally called them by their wives' first names; perhaps this led to the name "Ann Street." Strange though it may seem, there is no credit-

able information extant as to where the name "Ann Street" had its origin.

Originally, all that tract called Ann Street was embraced in Cornelius Van Tienhoven's farm. A lane ran through the entire farm from Fulton Street, thence through Gold Street to where it intersects Ann Street, where there stood a great tree; from there it turned westward into Broadway. It had not been carefully laid out, and was mainly to afford access to the "Commons," being mainly a track through the underbrush and woodland. This Van Tienhoven's Lane was the original Ann Street of 1642. The street between William and Gold on account of its still being a very narrow block, leads me to believe it has the same identical width as the original Lane, and it is the narrowest block in the city with the sole exception of Thames Street. The city authorities have never widened it, confining their improvement to the blocks between Broadway and William Street. After the death of Van Tienhoven, the farm was sold to one Jan Smedes, who in turn disposed of the part embracing the area within the present Maiden Lane, Ann Street, Broadway, and a line on the east between William and Gold Streets, to four shoemakers—Coenrad Ten Eyck, John Harpendinck, Carsten Luersen and Jacob Abrahamson, who wished to establish tan-pits in that portion near Maiden Lane. This tract was called the celebrated "Shoemakers' Pasture." In 1696 most of the land was divided into town lots and sold for $100 each.

A part of the street on the northerly side was also in the Beekman tract, as well as in David Provoost's farm, in the very early days. Then the "Commons" extended to the present Nassau Street (formerly Kip Street at this point); that block on Ann Street between Broadway and

Nassau Street not being cut through until about the year 1769. The "Commons" occupied a square lying generally between Broadway and Nassau Street on the east and west, and Ann and Chambers Streets on the north and south, sometimes called by the Dutch "The Vlackte" or "Flat." It was used to celebrate the public events, and public bonfires were lighted five times a year.

The "Vineyard" or "Governor's Garden" also included a part of Ann Street, belonging to Governor Dongan and conveyed to him by John Knight in 1685. This tract included the block bounded by the present Park Row, Beekman, Nassau and Ann Streets. It was laid out as a garden, being for half a century a pleasure ground. Not until 1773 was any of the land disposed of. In that year, a triangular plot of ground—49 feet on Park Row and 81 feet on Ann Street (now No. 1 Park Row)—was purchased by Andrew Hopper for $1,640, where he kept a store for many years. In 1796 this property was valued at $4,000.

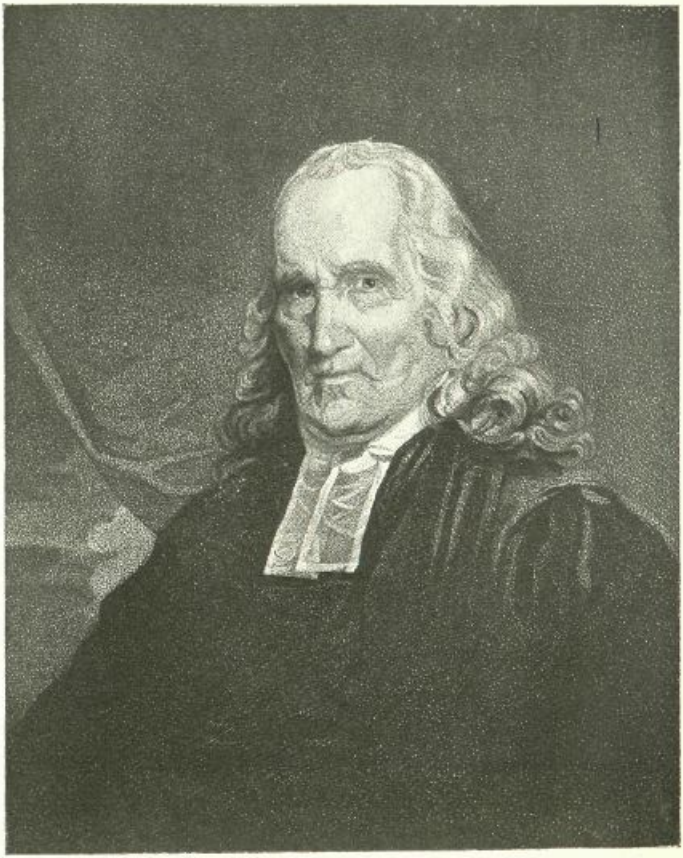
The southeast corner of Broadway and Ann Street was always a famous spot. The block bounded by Broadway, Nassau, Fulton and Ann Streets in the early eighteenth century (before 1712) was a public gathering place known as Spring Garden. A large Public House was situated directly at the Ann Street corner, known as Spring Garden House, being occupied in 1739 by Thos. Scurlock, known as a "vintner" or wine-maker. It was a well-known landmark. Scurlock died in 1747, and the establishment was run by his widow Eve for a number of years. It was advertised for sale in 1759, being described as "in Broadway at the corner of Spring Garden, now in use as a Tavern, Sign of the King of Prussia, and next door to Dr. Johnson's," President of Kings, now

Columbia, College. In 1760 the proprietor was John Elkin, whose advertisement offered "breakfast from 7 to 9, tea in the afternoon from 3 to 6, the best of green tea and hot French rolls, pies and tarts drawn from 7 to 9, mead and cakes." It remained a tavern until the early part of 1770, when it passed into the hands of Henry Bicker.

About this period, the "Sons of Liberty," that celebrated political organization of revolutionary times, had vacated Montagnie's, and were seeking a meeting-place. They had determined to support an establishment of their own, and, approaching Bicker, persuaded him to sell. Upon purchasing this property they christened it "Hampden Hall," "consecrated to the cause of Liberty," and on the 19th day of March, 1770, they assembled here for the first time. It became their headquarters, and was the scene of many disputes which characterized that era of our history. Near this building stood the famous "Liberty Pole," and it is said that the first blood of the Revolution was shed here, when the British soldiery attempted to cut the pole down, that incident provoking a serious clash of arms.

On this corner the sign pointing the "Road to Boston" was in plain view; on the Park Row corner was a sign-post showing the "Road to Albany."

In 1719 there was a large rope-walk of Dugdale and Searles which was on Broadway from Ann to Chambers Streets. It was also in this year that Jacobus Kip was elected Alderman and Andries Maerschalck was elected his assistant from the North Ward, this district including Ann Street. They served jointly until 1727. The population of the Ward at this time was about 1,000 persons, and the entire city numbered but 7,000 inhabitants.



Rev. Joseph Pilmore, lay preacher, from John Wesley's school, Kingswood, England, first Rector of Christ Church in Ann Street, 1793

In 1729 Ann Street boasted three dwellings, and steadily grew, for in 1742 there were seven houses, in 1744 eight houses and in 1776 at the commencement of the historic struggle, twenty houses were built, almost all being on the south side of the street. These houses were used for residential purposes, but a few years afterward business enterprise began to invade the street, and though it might have retained a residential aspect, it was predestined to become a mart of commerce. In those days also the houses were given street numbers, not the lots, so that if only three buildings were erected on a block, there were only three street numbers. This condition of affairs was corrected about the year 1820. The street was not all built up until about 1850.

No. 2 Ann Street was a mecca for organizations or societies who met in this building in the middle of the eighteenth century. Chief among them was St. John's Masonic Lodge No. 1 (chartered December 27, 1757). In 1799 they met at 90 William Street.

The first mention of Ann Street in the New York City directories is the notice that "The Society of Peruke Makers and Hair Dressers met at Mr. Ketchum's, 22 Ann Street in 1785." This is printed in the first directory of the city, published in 1786 by Longworth.

One of the most important events that Ann Street can boast of is that of having Washington Irving (1783-1859) as its young schoolboy and resident. Young Irving in 1786 attended the school of Mrs. Ann Kilmaster at 13 Ann Street (between William and Gold Streets), where he continued for upwards of two years without, it is said, making much progress. After William Irving, father of Washington Irving, died on October 25, 1807, his mother continued to reside at the northwest corner of William

and (40) Ann Street. Washington Irving also resided there with his mother, sisters and brothers. In this house, which was torn down a few years since, was written "Salamagundi" (1807) and "Knickerbocker's History of New York" (1809). In the spring of 1811 he took up a residence with Henry Brevoort at Mrs. Ryckman's on Broadway near Bowling Green. It is quite coincidental that when Irving died in 1859 the last rites at Tarrytown should be performed at Christ Church. He was an Episcopalian and no doubt frequently attended services at Christ Church in Ann Street, near his home.

Jonathan Pearsee kept a tavern on Nassau Street, corner of (No. 16) Ann Street about 1780. On May 12, 1784, he received from the city the sum of £182-13-0 for "victualling British prisoners." His widow resided at 16 Ann Street in 1816.

Christ Church in Ann Street

There is a certain dignity attached to this street, a higher regard for its earlier history and traditions, when we are informed that it possessed the second Episcopal Church in the city. A reverence for the Almighty was never more ardently or fervently displayed than in the year 1793, when one William Post with 172 other fellow-worshippers of Trinity became dissatisfied with the conduct of things. They endeavored to persuade the church to establish a Sunday evening lecture, presenting a petition thereof in furtherance of their desires. Failing to convince the vestry that their petition should be granted, the signers decided to establish a church of their own, and shortly thereafter at No. 49 Ann Street, on the north side, a few doors east of Nassau Street, the first (and last) "Church in Ann Street" came into ex-

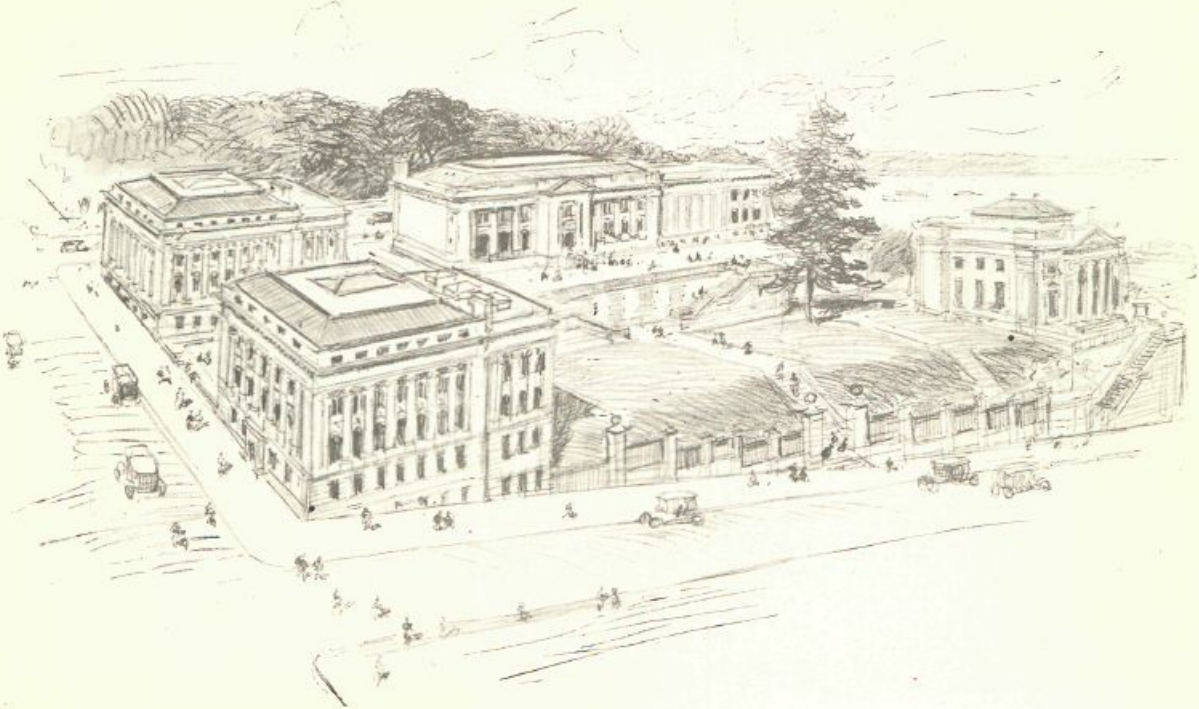
istence. Articles of incorporation were filed in the County Clerk's office in April, 1793. An edifice of stone was erected fronting 60 feet on Ann Street and extending back 80 feet, making a total area of 4,800 square feet, no inconsiderable building one hundred and twenty-six years since. The land had been conveyed to the church by George Warner, one of its earliest benefactors.

The first minister called to the pulpit, and whom the parishioners wanted as assistant at Trinity, was the Rev. Jos. Pilmore. He was born at Tadmouth, England, on October 31, 1739. At John Wesley's school in Kingswood, England, he undertook the work of an itinerant or lay preacher. Seeking broader fields, however, in 1769 he came to America for the purpose of establishing Methodism, and preached from the steps of the State House in Philadelphia, this being the first Methodist meeting in that city, where he also established the first church. After the Revolutionary War, however, he sought for orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, being ordained deacon by Bishop Seabury, November 27, 1785, and priest a few days later. In 1793 he came to New York, where he became identified with the John Street Methodist Church, and from here he was called to Christ Church, remaining ten years. It was here, during the yellow fever epidemic in 1798, he "stood like a son of thunder, preaching every Saturday," defying, as it were, the terrible consequences the catching of that dread disease would entail. He resigned the charge on account of his wife's delicate health, succeeding Dr. Magaw at St. Paul's in Philadelphia. When he died there, July 24, 1825, one-half of his fortune was bequeathed to the Protestant Episcopal Church. During his rectorship, Christ Church made great progress, and

at his leaving numbered 300 in communion. Through his efforts, too, the parish was admitted into union with the Convention in 1802, although through a misunderstanding between the officers of the parish and the ecclesiastical authorities of the diocese it had not been so favored until then.

Rev. Thos. Lyell was Pilmore's successor, who for 18 years conducted affairs with a great measure of success, but in March, 1823, a majority of the worshippers clamored for a removal to more spacious quarters, with the result that a new church was established at 81 Anthony (now Worth) Street, near Broadway. A number of the parishioners, however, objected, as they had thirty years before, and remained true to the old church, where, obtaining permission of Trinity, they organized "Christ Church in Ann Street," with Rev. John Sellon as rector, who also purchased the building, and had an assemblage of 120 members. It did not last long, however, for at the end of two years in 1825 he resigned and the congregation was scattered. This was the final chapter to a church which had started so valiantly thirty-two years before, but this was not to end the use of the building as a house of worship.

The Catholics were in need of an edifice, and the Rev. Felix Varela, a Cuban who had been assistant at St. Peter's in Barclay Street, purchased the building partly with his own funds and means lent to him by a Spanish merchant. The Church was solemnly dedicated July 15, 1827, where Varela displayed an ardent devotion to his duties. He had received his education at the Royal College of San Carlos at Havana, and afterward became a deputy from the island to the Cortes, but when the Constitution was overthrown, he was proscribed, came to



A notable group of buildings at Broadway, 155th and 156th Streets

THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA

THE MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, HEYE FOUNDATION

THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

THE NUMISMATIC SOCIETY

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF HOPE

Philadelphia, and started a periodical called "El Habanero." In 1825 he removed to New York, and having mastered the English language thoroughly was placed at St. Peter's, when Bishop DuBois assumed control of the diocese. From there he was ordained in the Ann Street Church, living at 45 Ann Street in close proximity to his church. Here the Catholics remained, prospering and spreading their gospel through the neighborhood, until the 12th of August, 1835. On that date a disastrous conflagration started at 115 Fulton Street, and before the flames could be effectively checked had burned both sides of Fulton and Ann Streets for nearly a block, destroying the house of worship. The Catholics then constructed another church on James Street, continuing the name "Christ Church." Another building was erected at No. 49 Ann Street, but this was again consumed by fire July 30, 1847.

Meanwhile the members of the church, who had removed uptown to Anthony Street, consecrated and completed their church, formerly a theater, on June 29, 1849. It was here they had a great measure of success, remaining until 1854. From here they removed to West 18th Street, occupying St. Ann's Church. In 1859 a church was secured from the Baptists at the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and 35th Street, where they remained for thirty years. A tablet was erected here to the memory of Dr. Lyell. At this juncture a new building was erected at 2061 Broadway (71st Street) where the church still remains. Among the prominent rectors were F. C. Ewer, Hugh M. Thompson and William McVickar.

In 1795 the Society for Promoting the Manumission of Slaves, of which Matthew Clarkson was President,

instituted a new school for the education of negro children at 60 Ann Street under the direction of Cornelius Davis.

In the early 1800's, the street was a mecca for a short while of seafaring men. They swarmed here, after their ships touched port, and no doubt visited the various taverns, and after spending their stipends withdrew. This condition of affairs existed for a short while only, and the men of the sea frequented other parts of town, nearer the water-fronts.

In 1803 Andrew Hopper had an attractive residence where the St. Paul building now stands, amid spacious grounds on the block which extends from Ann to Fulton streets on Broadway. He afterward had a dry goods store on this block occupying a building in conjunction with John Scoles, the engraver and bookseller, about the year 1805. Their house number was 222 Broadway, which was the corner of Ann Street. A few years later Jotham Smith also had a large dry goods store on this corner, where a majority of the ladies of town did their purchasing. Smith afterward removed to the Astor House site.

Ann Street in 1805 became the home of Jonas Humbert's distinguished cracker and cake bakery, having removed to No. 33 Ann Street from the Bowery. Here he remained for a number of years, baking those justly celebrated cakes and crackers, which were prized by the people of over one hundred years ago.

In 1830 Ann Street was improved and widened from Broadway to Nassau Street, and on March 26, 1832, it was widened from Nassau to William Streets at a cost of $22,697. These improvements provoked much praise, particularly from the editors of the *New York Mirror*,

who had the following notice in their issue of Saturday, Sept. 14, 1833: "Improvements of the city—Ann Street is quite revolutionized. No one who has not seen it for two years would know it, it is so much improved. It is now worthy of being in the neighborhood of our august presence—before it was not—and its friends and owners perceiving the indecorum of having shabby houses, and an insignificant street in our vicinity, with becoming spirit, for which they deserve the public thanks, resolved on a change. These remarks, be it known, however, do not apply to every part of Ann Street, for there are certain little wooden houses just opposite to us, that we are very anxious to see prostrated, for indeed they are no ornament at present but afford a first-class site for the erection of buildings suitable for this part of the town in general, and its proximity to us in particular." The *New York Mirror* was published at the northwest corner of Ann and Nassau Streets in the new Franklin Building.

In 1867 the authorities again talked of widening the street; a resolution being passed authorizing the work, but there was some disagreement, and another resolution was adopted rescinding the original one.

In the 1850's Ann Street was a gathering place for many sharpers and gamblers, who came from all over the country to fleece the unwary countryman. A small band of Chinamen operated a number of gambling houses where "fake" games were run night and day. These were scattered over the block from Park Row to Nassau Street, particularly being at numbers 1, 11, 13 and 15. Some of these places flourished until recent years.

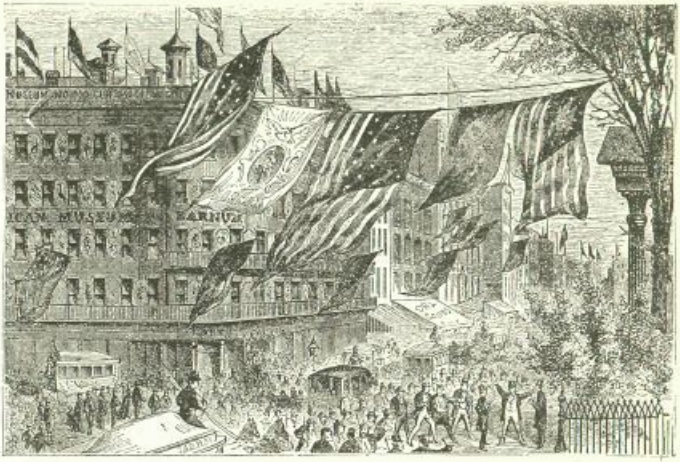
The street was a "hang-out" in this period for the volunteer fireladdies, who also took a turn at the cards

and "the wheel." The famous "Honey-Bee" fire-engine and Company were quartered at 61 Ann Street, as well as Southwark Engine Co. No. 38 and Humane Hose Co. No. 20, both at 28 Ann Street. Many races were held between the rival fire companies; wagers being laid frequently on the merits of each company, and Ann Street, Broadway and the adjacent thoroughfares resounded with their good-natured banterings. These days are gone forever, never to return.

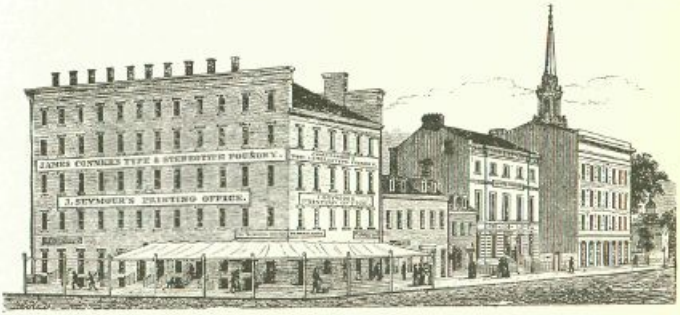
In the late 1840's, the corner of Park Row and Ann Street was a "standing post" or day station for policemen of the Second Ward, used one-half hour after sunrise until sunset.

Barnum's Museum

Who can realize, that at the southeast corner of Broadway and Ann Street, where the St. Paul building (built 1897) rears its 307 feet of masonry skyward, once stood the celebrated Barnum's Museum, where the famous showman got that auspicious start in "humbugging" the public. Before Barnum became proprietor it had gone through various ownerships. John Pintard, son of the celebrated New York merchant, was really the originator of the Museum which afterward bore Barnum's name. The city authorities granted him the use of a room in the City Hall to be used for an "American Museum under the patronage of the Tammany Society or Columbian Order." Pintard was Secretary and Gardner Baker, Keeper. The last-named became sole owner in 1808. It was purchased by Dr. Scudder in 1810, who removed to 21 Chatham Street (now Park Row), where it remained until 1816. The following year the Museum took quarters in the westerly end of the New York Institute



BARNUM'S VICTORY OVER ST. PAUL'S VESTRYMEN. AN EARLY INCIDENT IN THE PICTURESQUE CAREER OF THE GREAT SHOWMAN



FOUNDRY IN ANN STREET WHERE THE FIRST STEREOTYPE PLATES FOR A FOLIO BIBLE WERE MADE

building on Chambers Street, subsequently removing (1830) to Ann Street and Broadway, where a new, handsome building was erected. The upper portion of the building was occupied by the Museum. The ground or store floor was occupied by "Schuyler's Exchange Lottery" in 1831. Dr. Scudder was highly successful with the venture until his death in 1832. His heirs attempted to manage the undertaking, and Mrs. Scudder gave 400 tickets to the school children of the city, as prizes, to induce their elders to attend. It steadily lost patronage, however, and in a few years the heirs determined to sacrifice their holdings, pricing them at $15,000. Barnum, who had been a newspaperman at a meagre stipend, and, as he said, with "a family to support," determined to enter the field of purchasers.

The Museum building was owned by Francis W. Olmstead. Barnum communicated with him, suggesting that he be appointed as the manager, which plan however was not successful. Barnum then arranged with Mr. Heath, one of the administrators of Scudder's estate, to purchase the Museum for $12,000, and when he had arranged the sale, was thunderstruck upon being informed it had been sold to an incorporated concern called "Peale's Museum," who intended to load the stock on the public. The scheme being a stock-jobbing affair to bait the gullible public, was ridiculed in the newspapers of the day by Barnum, who described the stock as "dead as a herring." His campaign was successfully engineered, so much so that "Peale's Museum, Inc.," failed to pay the balance due on their contract to the estate, and on December 27, 1841, P. T. Barnum became the full-fledged proprietor of the American Museum. He had arranged to pay off the purchase price in yearly install-

ments, but through perseverance and hard work, the contract was settled long before its allotted time. The venture was a decided success, almost from its inception. There was a band playing from the front gallery. special monstrosities and novelties were introduced from all parts of the globe, "Tom Thumb," the lilliputian, made the establishment popular, and as time went on, the genial proprietor became financially independent.

To show his sagacity and ability to make the most of a situation, the following incident is related: Barnum had an altercation with a vestryman of St. Paul's Church, because flags strung across Broadway were tied to a tree in the churchyard, they having been put up without permission. On Washington's birthday, a member of the church wished to haul the flags down, calling on Mr. Barnum to do so, and, upon the latter refusing, attempted to perform that task himself. Barnum, perceiving this, appealed to the patriotism of a large crowd which had gathered, and the churchman retired, worsted. The people then began to stream into the Museum, and they so filled the building that a way had to be devised to admit the waiting throngs. Barnum had an employee build an exit on the Ann Street side with a large sign reading "This way to the egress." There the people flocked, thinking it was a new wonder to be exhibited, eventually finding themselves on the street. This was an ingenious scheme, and a clever way out of the difficulty.

There was a small theater attached to the Museum, which opened on June 17, 1850, with "The Drunkard." Here appeared Alexina Fisher, Kate and Ellen Bateman, and many other performers of note. The last engagement played was that of John B. Studley in the legitimate drama. It was also about this time that Bar-

num acquired additional fame by introducing to the public that famous singer, Jenny Lind. In 1854 Barnum published a volume of reminiscences, dated from The American Museum, November 30, 1854, and dedicated to the "Universal Yankee Nation." All these years affairs were prospering, wealth was rolling in, and Barnum felt secure against all misfortune, but on November 25, 1864, a fire, started by an incendiary, did serious damage. This was extinguished, however, without much loss, but on July 13, 1865, about noon, a second and most disastrous conflagration broke out, luckily when there were but few people in the building, and the Museum was a complete loss to the owner. The press of the day characterized the escaping of the various exhibits as quite an unique and humorous scene. It is said that steam fire-engines were first used here. The fire was so hot that it scorched St. Paul's across the street. Thus ended Barnum's Museum at the corner of Ann Street and Broadway, the venture finally removing further uptown, the persevering owner starting anew after the fire. James Gordon Bennett then purchased the site for the Herald Building.

Printers and Booksellers

It is a well-established fact that Ann Street has been a mart for members of the printing craft from the time that George Borkinbine and William Copp, at numbers 20 and 21 Ann Street respectively, started their modest printeries in 1789. No thoroughfare enjoyed a better reputation for the popular literature of the early 40's, printed in cheap editions, which had a large following, and in consequence a wide circulation. It was the home of newspaper printers, being dubbed the Paternoster Row of America. Here were printed the large blanket sheets

as they were humorously and derisively called. W. E. Dean at No. 2 Ann Street was one of the well-known publishers of the early 1830's in close proximity to "Jim" Connor's Type Foundry in the new Franklin Building, northwest corner of Ann and (107) Nassau Streets. Connor first saw the light of day in Hyde Park, Dutchess County, N. Y., on April 22, 1798. Before the age of 21 he entered the printing office of Noah's National Advocate, and, becoming expert at the trade, he was then employed by one Watts. Eventually he started on his own account, producing the first stereotype plates for a folio Bible, which was sold to Silas Andrews, the noted Hartford publisher, for $5,000. He became decidedly popular, and was elected New York County Clerk in 1844, holding office for six years. He passed away in May, 1861. Afterward the firm name was Connor & Cooke.

In the same building was published the *New York Mirror,* an extremely popular literary publication, with contributors such as Bryant, Cooper, Halleck, Irving, Poe, and numerous other Knickerbocker writers of the period. The editors of the publication were Geo. P. Morris, Theo. S. Fay and Nathaniel P. Willis. The first number was issued on August 2, 1823 (printed by Geo. P. Scott & Co.), under the title *New York Mirror and Ladies' Gazette.* It became decidedly popular, almost immediately establishing itself as a literary institution, due to its columns embracing the best talent of the country. On December 31, 1842, it was compelled to suspend publication due to financial reasons, being revived, however, on April 8, 1843, under the title, *New Mirror,* but lasted only for three years, ceasing publication September 28, 1844. The *Evening Mirror* was then created under the editorship of Hiram Fuller, and ran successfully un-



BURNING OF BARNUM'S MUSEUM, JULY 13, 1865

IT IS DOUBTFUL IF ANY BUILDING IN NEW YORK AT THAT TIME WAS BETTER KNOWN THAN BARNUM'S MUSEUM. AND WHEN IT BURNED DOWN IT FURNISHED A FITTING END TO THE LONG LIST OF SENSATIONS WHICH IT HAD ALREADY CREATED. A DEAD WHALE LAY IN THE STREETS FOR TWO DAYS AFTER THE FIRE, AND A MARBLE STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA PERCHED BLITHELY AMONG THE BLACKENED RUINS FOR A WEEK

til the commencement of the Rebellion. Fuller eventually left the country, going to London.

General Jonas Winchester, at No. 30 Ann Street, in the late 1830's, made a specialty of popular editions, being the first to introduce in English to the American public the works of Eugene Sue. He issued periodicals called *Every Youth's Gazette, Books for the People, Golden Rule* and *The New World.* This latter paper was issued every Saturday, edited by Park Benjamin and Rufus W. Griswold.

Burgess, Stringer & Townsend (afterward Stringer & Townsend) occupied a corner of the Museum Building at Broadway and Ann Street, known as 222 Broadway. They issued a large number of volumes, chief among which was an early edition of Cooper's novels.

Down the block at No. 18, Garrett & Co. in 1855 embarked on a publishing enterprise, issuing many volumes of popular fiction, games, etc. They were succeeded by Garrett, Dick & Fitzgerald in 1856, and in 1858 the firm of Dick & Fitzgerald came into existence, taking over the lines established by their predecessors. Wm. H. Dick was the most enterprising member of the firm, and it was mainly through his efforts that the firm prospered. When he passed away, his son, H. B. Dick, continued in the business so successfully laid down by his father, and the name Dick and Fitzgerald became a power in the book-trade for a generation, this business continuing until 1917, the year H. B. Dick died. The building was then sold to the National Park Bank by the estate, who removed the old structure to make way for a modern addition to their Broadway edifice. The old firm is still continued by a number of the faithful employees.

At No. 32, and afterward at No. 43, was located Harry Long & Bro., publishers. Harry was a dashing fellow, belonging to an uptown Hose Company, while his brother gained notoriety through his marriage with Miss Woodcock, one of the actresses of Mitchell's Olympic Theater.

Jared W. Bell also had his publishing house at No. 17 Ann Street, long the home of booksellers, publishers and printers. and he was the printer of that celebrated collection of Poems by the "Mad Poet of Broadway," Macdonald Clarke, in 1836. I have thought this event of sufficient importance to append herewith a short sketch of this unfortunate character, whom fame never smiled upon, although his writings were widely read and discussed among literary circles of the period. Macdonald Clarke was born in New London, Conn., June 18, 1798, and came to New York in 1819. While here, he fell in love with a handsome actress by the name of Brundage, who performed in numerous productions on Chatham Street (now Park Row) and the present site of the Park Row Building. The night she was to play the part of Ophelia in Hamlet, Clarke eloped with her, and they were married. He could not support his bride properly, however, and this fact preyed upon his mind to such an extent that it made him melancholy. They were subsequently divorced. It seems coincidental that Clarke should marry an actress about to play the part of Ophelia to the melancholy Dane, and the culmination of his romance provoked the same disorder of mind that Hamlet fell heir to. It was through this stress of mind and his peculiar antics incident thereto, that he was dubbed "The Mad Poet of Broadway." He died March 5, 1842, aged 44, being buried at Greenwood. Among his works are "Review of the Eve of Eternity and Other Poems"

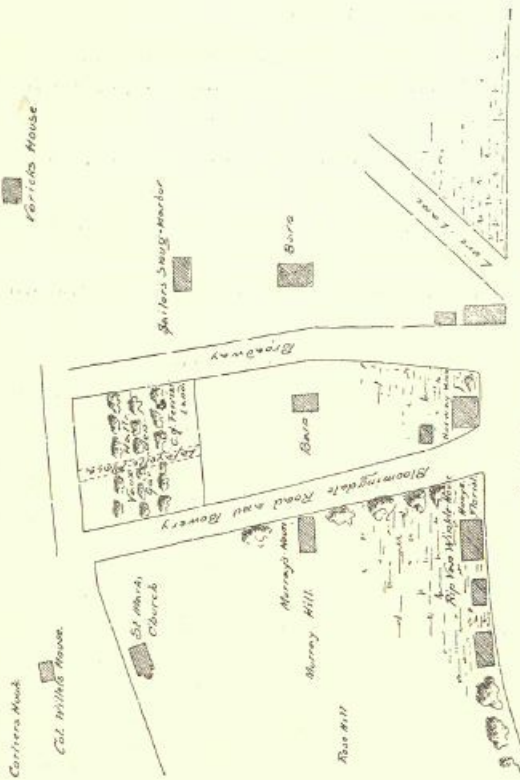
(1820), "Elixir of Moonshine: A Collection of Prose and Poetry by the Mad Poet" (1822), "The Gossip" (1825), "Sketches" (1826), "Afara, or the Belles of Broadway," two series (1836), "Poems" (1836), "A Cross and A Coronet" (1841).

Akarman & Brady had a publishing house between Broadway and Nassau Street, issuing a periodical, *The True American.*

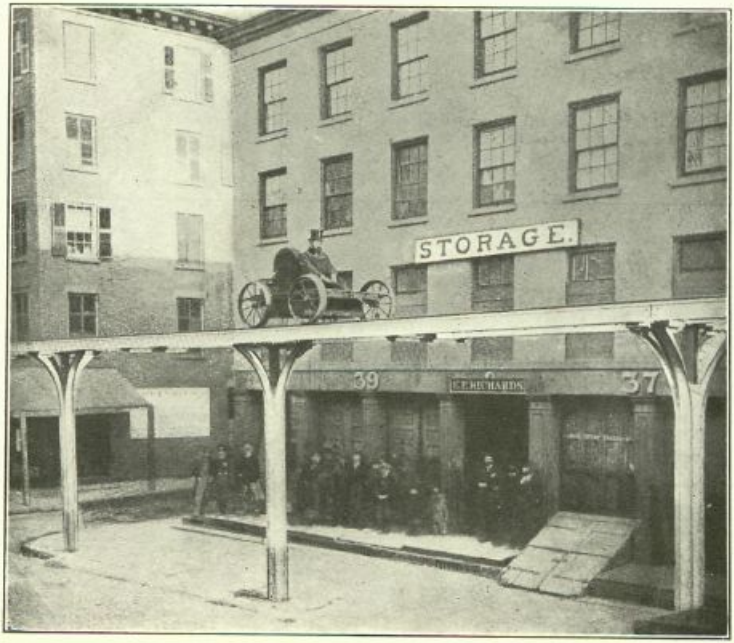
The street was the birthplace of a great many newspapers which enjoyed a wide circulation during the 40's. *The Morning Star* was a popular sheet of those days, subsequently purchased by Casper C. Childs, and converted into *The True National Democrat* in the interest of Van Buren's candidacy.

Williams Bros. published *The Privateer.* To its office was attached a publishing house which, it is said, first introduced Dumas to the American public.

Frank Bonard, in this eventful period, issued *The Evening Tatler* at 27 Ann Street, a two-cent sheet, edited by John M. Moore, a gifted author who wrote *Tom Stapleton.* This newspaper was afterward disposed of by Bonard, who entered a new undertaking, *The Sunday Times.* A great majority of the Sunday newspapers originated on Ann Street, and Thos. Jenks Smith, editor of the *Sunday Morning News* which was at 1¾ also 17 Ann Street, was claimed as the premier, although strenuously disputed by John Tryon. Smith's paper came into being through the issuing of a comical story relative to the owner of a much-frequented road-side tavern, "Here She Goes and There She Goes." The paper was eventually purchased by Warren Draper, treasurer of the Chatham Theater, who in turn transferred it to Con-



INTERESTING CONTEMPORARY SKETCH OF BROADWAY, ABOUT 1820, WHERE IT JOINS UNION SQUARE



ILLUSTRATING THAT AN ELEVATED CAR WOULD NOT FALL OFF THE TRACK
GREENWICH STREET, 1869

gressman Whitney and Fred. West, one of the founders of *The Sunday Atlas.*

Among other printers of note in the 40's and 50's might be mentioned Wm. Burnett (17 Ann Street), W. F. Burgess (22 Ann Street), Carroll & Co. (63 Ann Street), W. E. Dean (12 Ann Street), D. Fanshawe (35 Ann Street), Geo. Y. Johnson, Robt. Martin (40 Ann Street), Osborn & Buckingham (29 Ann Street), J. C. Riker (15 Ann Street), Benj. Trevett (28 Ann Street), John F. Trow (49 Ann Street), Ward & Co. (30 Ann Street), J. Wilson (49 Ann Street).

Yet the newspaper publishers, or editors, who probably made the street more notable on that account, were James Gordon Bennett and Horace Greeley. The former being a predecessor, will be treated of initially in this article. He was Scotch by birth, born at Banffshire in 1795, reaching America in 1819, where he was employed a short time afterward as reporter and assistant editor of a few newspapers, which in those times was quite possible. About 1830 he became associate editor of the *Courier and Enquirer,* and in 1833 was chief editor of *The Pennsylvanian* in Philadelphia. By far the most important event in his life, and that which influenced to a great extent American affairs, was the founding of the *New York Herald.* The first number of this newspaper, which was called *The Morning Herald,* was issued from the basement of 20 Wall Street on May 6, 1835, and in size measured 10¼ by 14½ inches. Ralph Glover, who was a physician at No. 2 Ann Street, was one of the advertisers in the first issue. On the 31st it appeared as *The Herald.* From the commencement of publication, Mr. Bennett conducted his sheet independent of party, and it was entirely different from the papers of the time.

In 1836 the price of the paper was advanced to two cents, Bennett predicting that the *Herald* would eventually prove the best in the country. The paper eventually removed to the southwest corner of Ann and Nassau Streets (No. 21 Ann Street), also having offices at No. 34 Ann Street.

These offices were outgrown, however, and in 1865 the site of Barnum's Museum was purchased for a quarter of a million dollars. An edifice of five stories was erected, humorously characterized as the "iron-fronted newspaper office." Here the paper thrived, running with great success, until the death of Mr. Bennett on June 1, 1872. When the newspaper offices were removed to Broadway and Ann Streets, the Bennett building was erected, which was the pioneer of the large iron office structures. In 1875 it was bright and new, being the talk of the town and only six stories in height. The building was eventually enlarged and entirely remodeled by a Mr. Pettit, who paid much more for the improvements than he had to Mr. Bennett. The newspaper was continued by James Gordon Bennett, Jr. (born May 10, 1841, died 1918), the publication removing from Ann Street and Broadway to the present quarters in 1896. Chief among his exploits was that of sending Henry M. Stanley to Africa to find Livingstone.

Although Horace Greeley, in this dissertation, is treated of as following the immortal Bennett, it is not because of the secondary importance which is attached to his name, but mainly for the reason of his coming just a little later on the scene. He was born of poor parents at Amherst, N. H., studying the printing art at E. Poultney, Vt., being employed there from 1826 to 1830. In 1831 he came to New York, having, as the story goes, only $10 in his



COURTESY NEW YORK SUN.

LITHOGRAPHED FOR VALENTINE'S MANUAL OF OLD NEW YORK
NUMBER FOUR

HOW THE CITY HALL PARK WOULD LOOK TODAY IF THE POSTOFFICE BRIDGE STATION AND COURT HOUSE WERE REMOVED. THE LIBERTY POLE COULD BE ERECTED ALMOST ON ITS OLD SITE

pocket, securing employment as a journeyman printer. In 1833 he became identified with Francis Story, another newspaperman, issuing the *Morning Post,* the first penny paper, but it was an unsuccessful enterprise, lasting but two months. The firm of Greeley & Co. being organized, published the *New Yorker,* it lasting seven years, not favoring any political party but being entirely neutral. It was then suspended as the venture was unsuccessful. In 1838 the firm published a few things from 29 Ann Street. On May 2, 1840, Greeley became associated with Thos. McElrath, issuing *The Log Cabin* from 30 Ann Street, it having been a campaign issue in 1839. It enjoyed an extensive circulation, running over eighty thousand. This gave him a nation-wide reputation as a fearless writer and an able politician.

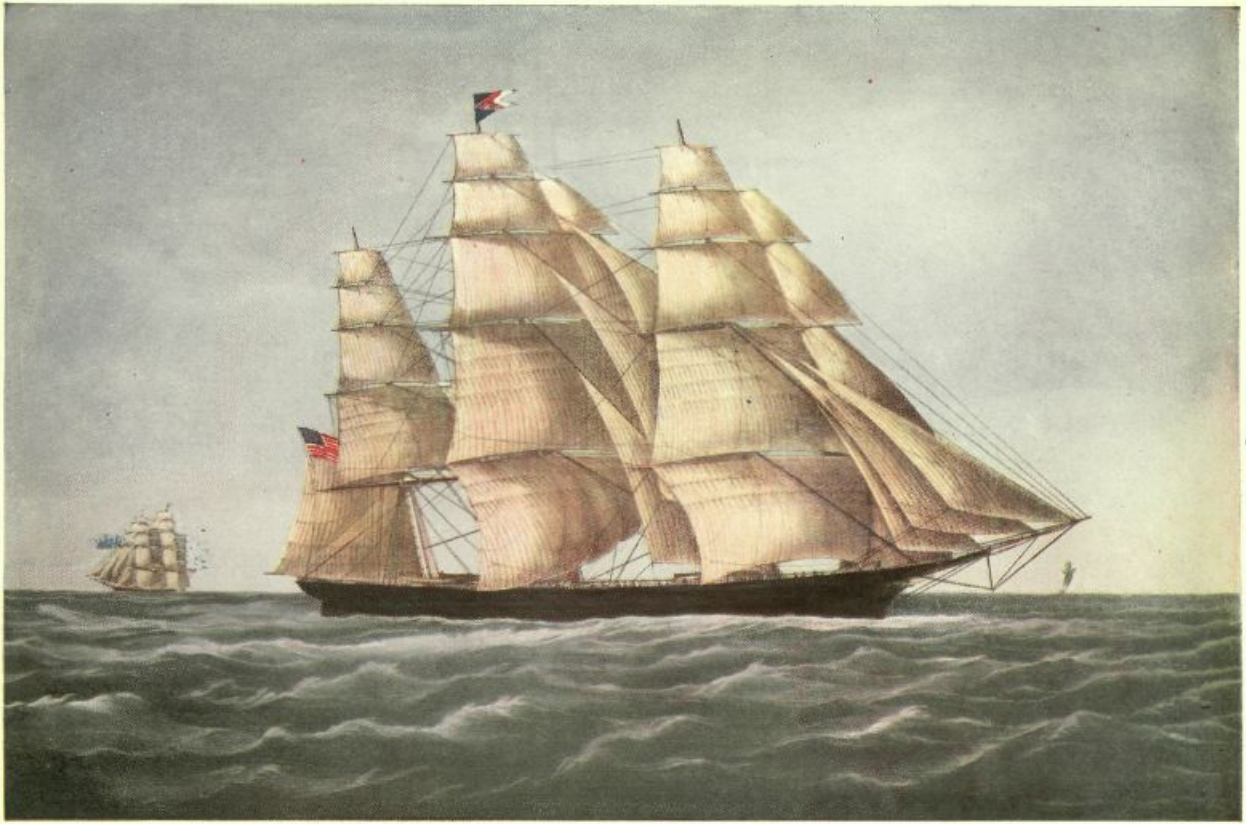
The firm of Greeley & Co. also issued from the same address *The Politicians Register* in 1840, the third of that series of almanacs, which afterward became *The Tribune Almanac.* On April 10, 1841, the first number of *The New York Tribune* was issued from 30 Ann Street, with the motto, "I desire you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out—I ask nothing more"; quoted from Harrison. Since then it has enjoyed a distinguished reputation. On February 5, 1845, the building in which the paper was issued burned, and eventually the site on Nassau Street, corner of Spruce, was secured. In 1848 Greeley was elected to Congress; and he again sought political honors, becoming a candidate for President in 1872 on the "Liberal" ticket, but was defeated by Grant. His eventful career came to a close on November 29, 1872. He had a peculiar style of handwriting, and it is said that a worker in the printing rooms came to him one day, being unable to decipher

the unusual style of penmanship. Greeley, however, was nonplussed, for he could not read the manuscript himself and vexatiously tore up the article, throwing it in the waste-basket. He wrote a decidedly interesting volume entitled *"Recollections of a Busy Life."*

It is impossible to give a complete list of all the newspapers and periodicals issued in Ann Street, but a few are here given which were published between 1840 and 1850, a majority of which are not before mentioned in this article:

No. 1	Ann	St.	New Yorker	41	"	"	Sunday Despatch
1½	"	"	Nat'l. Trades Union	41	"	"	The Age
				45	"	"	Literary Gazette
1¾	"	"	The Planet	61	"	"	Cosmopolite
17	"	"	Weekly Messenger	61	"	"	Weekly Universe
17	"	"	Evening Star & Clay Pioneer	4	"	"	New Mirror
				28	"	"	Am. Tract Soc'y.
17	"	"	**Paul Pry**	28	"	"	Sunday School Visitor
19	"	"	**The Organ**				
19½	"	"	The New Era	28	"	"	Journal of Chr. Educ.
21	"	"	Age of Reason				
25	"	"	Spirit of '76	30	"	"	The Republic
27	"	"	Am. Mechanic	30	"	"	Saturday Emporium
27	"	"	The Buccaneer				
27	"	"	Sunday Times	30	"	"	Am. Labourer
29	"	"	Weekly Register & Cath. Diary	30	"	"	Evening Signal
				30	"	"	New Yorker
31	"	"	Sunday Morning Visitor	30	"	"	The Evergreen
				34	"	"	Jeffersonian
31	"	"	Sunday Mercury	34	"	"	The Transcript
31	"	"	The Libertine	36	"	"	Courier des Etats Unis
31	"	"	Nichols Weekly Arena				
				36	"	"	La France Litteraire
35	"	"	The Morning News				
				44	"	"	Gazette of the Union
39	"	"	Legal Observer				

The street being the home of printers, would naturally be a mecca for their brothers-in-trade, the booksellers, although many of the printers mentioned previously were printer, publisher and bookseller combined, yet there were a few individuals who followed exclusively the profession of bookselling alone. Among these were John Anderson, Jr., Theo. Berendsohn, Jeremiah Farrell, Wm. Jackson, Robt. H. Johnson, Stearns & Co., Sabin's Print and Book Shop, G. B. Teubner, and Thos. E. Keane at



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Flying Cloud 1850

One of the record breakers in the old California packet days with a voyage of 89 days in 1851, New York to the Golden Gate, to her credit. Built by Donald McKay for Grinnell Minturn & Co. she was one of the crack flyers in the rush to the gold fields.

The time for the ordinary ship was seldom less than 300 and frequently 400 days for the same distance.

No. 28 Ann Street. The latter was quite a character, Irish by birth, and a thorough business man, clever enough to overcome his shortcomings in book-lore by driving a sharp bargain now and again through ingenious methods. Keane prospered here for a while, but excessive bibulous indulgence eventually led to his downfall. Jackson & Hovendon succeeded him, but they lasted only a short while, Jackson finally specializing in law books on the north side of the street, near Park Row. The only bookseller left on Ann Street is Mendoza's, at No. 17. which has been the home of booksellers for a generation. Capt. Greenwood of the Revolutionary Army once lived here, his library being on the second floor, where the old fireplaces are still visible. The Greenwood family owned the building until recent years. It was here in 1899 that a rare bookworm was discovered, feasting on a volume of Jefferson's Works, and the newspapers of the day gave great prominence to the fact. Speaker Reed, when he wished to relieve his mind of Government business, generally forsook official duties at Washington, coming straight to this book-shop, hunting for rare treasures. He was "discovered" there in 1911 by a New York reporter, poring over an old tome, at the time he was wanted in Washington on an important affair of state and the wires of the country were endeavoring to trace his whereabouts.

Talbot Watts, who was said to be related to Wm. E. Burton, the celebrated actor, kept a book and print shop on Ann Street, calling it "The Old Curiosity Shop." His wife was a popular actress, better known as Mrs. John Sefton, from a former marriage with the famous "Jimmy Twicher."

Curious Items

FROM BRADFORD'S NEW YORK GAZETTE, 1737

N. York, February 28, 6 O'Clock, P. M.—Just now we received the melancholy account, That this Morning the Wife of *Capt. Hermanus Rutgers* of this city, being in perfect Health, eat her Breakfast as usual, and about nine or ten o'Clock was taken with a Fit, and dyed about Four in the Afternoon, without speaking a word, to the great Surprise of her sorrowful Husband, Family and Friends.—*N. Y. Gazette,* March 1, 1737.

Last week a man who goes by the names of *Patrick Butler, John Lovell, Luce,* and several other Names, was taken up here for passing counterfeit Pistoles and Dollars, he is a Tinker and in his Budgett was found Tools and some Mettle for making such false Money. Being tryed he was convicted, and pursuant to his Sentence, on *Thursday* last he stood in the Pillory, on Friday he was whipt throu the Town and banished out of the County. Some time ago he stole a Horse and a Mare in *Connecticut,* they pursued him to *Westchester* in this Province, and carried him back, where according to their Law, they Whipt him, then he came back to *Westchester,* and their marries a Wife, and has another in *New England.* He meets with a poor Widdow in *New York,* who had a suit of her Husbands Cloaths to sell, he pretends to buy them, and asked leave to put them on to try if they did not fit him, & then ran away with them. Many other Thefts and Cheats, it's said, he has committed.—*N. Y. Gazette,* March 8, 1737.

All Sorts of Garden Seeds, lately Imported from *England,* by the Governor's Gardiner, Enquire of the said Gardiner in the Fort, where you may be Supply'd with the said Seeds at a Reasonable Rate.—*N. Y. Gazette,* March 8, 1737.

Publick notice is hereby given, That *Nicholas Bayard* of the City of New York has erected a Refining House for Refining all sorts of Sugar and Sugar Candy, and has procured from Europe an experienced Artist in that Mystery, At which Refining House all Persons in City and Country may be supplyed by Whole-sale and Re-tale with both double and single Refined Loaf-Sugar, as also Powder and Shop Sugar, and Sugar-Candy, at Reasonable Rates.—*N. Y. Gazette,* August 17, 1730.

A Scheme by striking *Twenty Thousand Pounds* (Paper Money) to encourage the raising of *Hemp,* and the Manufacturing of *Iron* in the Province of *New York,* with some observations, shewing the Necessity and Advantages therefore. *Sold by the Printer hereof. Price 6d.*—*N. Y. Gazette,* March 29, 1737.

A Fire Engine that will deliver two Hogsheads of Water in a Minute in a continual stream, is to be sold by *William Lindsay* the Maker thereof. Enquire at Fighting Cocks, next door to the Exchange Coffee-House, New York.—*N. Y. Gazette,* March 29, 1737.

Moses Slaughter, Stay Maker from London, has brought with him a Parcel of extraordinary good and Fashionable Stays of his own making of several Sizes and Prices. The Work of them he will warrant to be good, and for shape, inferiour to none that are made.

He lodges at present at the House of *William Bradford* next Door but one to the treasurer's near the *Fly Market,* where he is ready to suit those that want, with extraordinary good Stays. Or he is ready to wait upon any Ladys or Gentlewomen that please to send for him to their Houses. If any desire to be informed of the Work he has done let them enquire of Mrs. *Elliston* in the Broad street, or of Mrs. *Nichols* in the *Broadway,* who have had his work.—*N. Y. Gazette,* Oct. 3, 1737.

Last week one of the Prize Vessels lately brought into this Port and condemned; being refitted and very richly loden for Boston, had the misfortune to be cast away in going through *Hellgate,* and it is thought the Ship and Cargo will be intirely lost.—*N. Y. Weekly Post Boy,* Oct. 29, 1744.

We have had pretty much blustering, windy Weather, the Week past which we apprehend has detained both the Eastern and Western Post Riders, as neither of them are come in this Morning;—and on Saturday last a *Newark* Shallop was drove ashore on *Oyster Island,* in our Bay, and continued there all Day yesterday, very much exposed to the Fury of the Wind, but we can't tell whether she is damaged or not.—*N. Y. Weekly Post Boy,* Dec. 11, 1752.

Last Week arrived here a Company of Comedians from Philadelphia, who, we hear, have taken a convenient Room for their Purpose in one of the Buildings lately belonging to the Honl. *Rip Van Dam,* Esq., deceased, in *Nassau street;* where they intend to perform as long as the Sason lasts, provided they meet with suitable Encouragement: For the time of their Beginning, see the Advertisements.—*N. Y. Weekly Post Boy,* March 5, 1750.

Wednesday Evening last, departed this Life, Mr. Thomas Tarpey, a Native of *Ireland,* aged upwards of 100 years, formerly a considerable Merchant in this City; but for many years in the latter Part of his Life, liv'd retir'd: He was always accounted a very upright honest Man.—*N. Y. Weekly Post Boy,* April 23, 1750.

By his Excellency's Permission
At the Theatre in *Nassau Street*
On Monday the 5th Day of *March* next, will be presented
The Historical Tragedy of King Richard III
Wrote originally by *Shakespeare*, and alter'd by *Colly Cibber*, Esq;
In this Play is contain'd The Death of K. *Henry VI* the artful Acquisition of the Crown by K. *Richard;* the Murder of the Princess in the Tower; the Landing of the Earl of *Richmond*, and the Battle of *Bosworth Field.*

Tickets will be ready to be Deliver'd by Thursday next, and to be had of the Printer hereof; Pitt, 5s; *Gallery*, 3s.

To begin precisely at Half an Hour after 6 o'clock, and no Person to be admitted behind the scenes.—N. Y. Weekly Post Boy, March 5, 1750.

One day last Week a young Man who is a considerable Trader on *Long Island*, found since to be Lunatick, came early in the Morning to the House of two of the most eminent Merchants in this City, with whom he had Dealings, and causing them to be call'd up out of Bed, earnestly requested them to go with him over the Ferry; where he said he had Matters of the utmost Importance to impart to them; and they with much Importunity were prevailed to go;—He had no sooner got them alone near the Ferry, but instantly he held forth to them; assuring them that he had brought them over there, out of a particular Regard he bore them; That the City of *New York* would certainly be destroy'd in three Days Time, and therefore beg'd, as they lov'd their Souls, not to return again, but go with him, and turn Quaker; out of which Religion there was no Salvation; with Abundance more such like Stuff: The Gentlemen kindly thank'd him for his Good Will, but at that Time, had too much Regard to their Fellow Citizens, to leave them to perish alone; and so returned back the same Day they went out.—*N. Y. Weekly Post Boy,* March 19, 1750.

Yesterday we had a very refreshing Rain, attended with a pretty deal of Thunder, one Clapp whereof Struck the Steeple of the Lutheran Church in this City, tore some of the Shingles off of it, as also a Strip down the Roof, and set it on Fire; but what with the rain and timely Help, it did no other Damage.—*N. Y. Weekly Post Boy,* Aug. 6, 1750.

This is to inform all Peruke Makers, That there's lately arrived in Town from London, a Person who has brought a large Assortment of Hair, all prepared to sell; he assures them that they are as good and fresh as Hair can be, and that they may depend upon it, they have had particular Care taken of them in the manufacturing; they need not fear of their wearing well; Likewise a Parcel of Cauls to be disposed of. The above goods



BROADWAY FROM MAIDEN LANE, LOOKING NORTH ABOUT 1880
COLLECTION OF MR. ROBERT GOELET

are to be seen at Mrs. M. Mullen's in the Square, and will be sold very reasonable, the Person designing to leave this Place soon.—*N. Y. Weekly Post Boy*, Aug. 27, 1750.

Thursday Evening last, The Tragedy of Cato, was play'd at the Theatre in this City, before a numerous Audience, the greater part of whom were of Opinion, that it was pretty well perform'd: As it was the fullest Assembly that has appeared in that House, it may serve to prove that the Taste of this Place is not so much vitiated, or lost to a Sense of Liberty, but that they can prefer a Representation of Virtue to those of a loose Character.—*N. Y. Weekly Post Boy*, Sept. 24, 1750.

Putting Out a Fire 1794

About the year 1794 the fire-engines were of a very inferior quality; we had no water, except from wooden-handle pumps. By a law of the Corporation every owner of a dwelling was obliged to procure a fire bucket for every fire place in the house or back kitchen; these buckets held three gallons, made of sole leather; they were hung in the passage near the front door. When the bell rang for fire, the watchman, firemen and boys while running to the fire, sung out, "Throw out your buckets." They were picked up by men, women, and boys running to the fire. Two lines were formed, from the fire to the nearest pump; when the pump gave out, the lines were carried to the nearest river; one line passed down the empty, the other passed up the full buckets; if a person tried to break through the lines he was compelled to fall in, or get nearly drowned by buckets of water thrown over him. The buckets were marked by the name and number of the owner. Every morning after a fire the Corporation carmen went to the streets near the fire, picked up the buckets, and dumped them in the lobby of the old City Hall, which then stood where now stands the Custom-house; people then sent their children or servants to bring home the buckets, when they were hung up in the front entry to await the next fire. De Voe's Market Book.

The Myriad Marvels of Manhattan

There be who love to sneer and mock
 At this, the town of me and you;
Who say they never get a shock,
 Who find no thing unique and new.

They err. The strange, the new shall lurk
 Within this town while it endures.
Why, just last night a soda clerk
 Asked only once of me "What's yours?"

The Convention of the American Federation of Arts at the Metropolitan Museum

Viewed in perspective and as an accomplished fact, the Tenth Annual Convention of the American Federation of Arts may be regarded as an unqualified success: as to attendance, as to choice of subjects taken up, as to importance of speakers, and as to interest aroused.

The entire first day, May 15, was devoted to the subject of War Memorials. Charles Moore, Chairman of the National Commission of Fine Arts, distinguished between war memorials of ideal significance purely and those that are to be used as structures for public purposes. This point formed the storm center of discussion throughout the day. Edwin H. Blashfield spoke from the standpoint of color as a factor in memorials; Frederick Law Olmsted considered the park as a memorial; Harold S. Buttenheim favored the memorial community building; and Cass Gilbert advocated renaming landmarks of nature so that these may serve as everlasting monuments to the heroic deeds of the great war. In a paper by Morris Gray, President of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, read by Edward Robinson, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the ideal value of the memorial was stanchly upheld. Senator Root was likewise in favor of the ideal memorial; he maintained that art alone can carry on in times of peace that spirit of high idealism which called us into the war. An interesting feature of the discussion was the suggestion of Dr. George F. Kunz in regard to a memorial coinage. This later formed the subject of a resolution of the Federation containing a recommendation to Congress to the effect that the issue of coinage for 1920 or some succeeding year be designed as a memorial to the

ideals for which America entered the war. Another resolution bearing on the subject of war memorials was that containing the recommendation of the American Federation of Arts to Congress that in the event that a national cemetery for American soldiers should be established, the National Commission of Fine Arts be given supervision as to both design and execution in regard to this cemetery as a whole, and to all landscape, architectural, and sculptural features in detail.

The morning session on Friday, May 16, was devoted to the plans and purposes of the American Federation of Arts, especially with regard to the development of its work in connection with reconstruction. Robert W. de Forest, President of the Federation, declared that it was the intention of the Federation to inaugurate a nation-wide campaign to make the advantages of traveling collections, as well as other opportunities which achieve the same end, available in small communities that have no museums. Mr. de Forest favored the establishment of small museums in connection with public libraries in all parts of the country. He likewise indicated various public services of the Federation, such as placing of art on the free list in the tariff, the placing of control over designs for honor medals in their hands, etc.

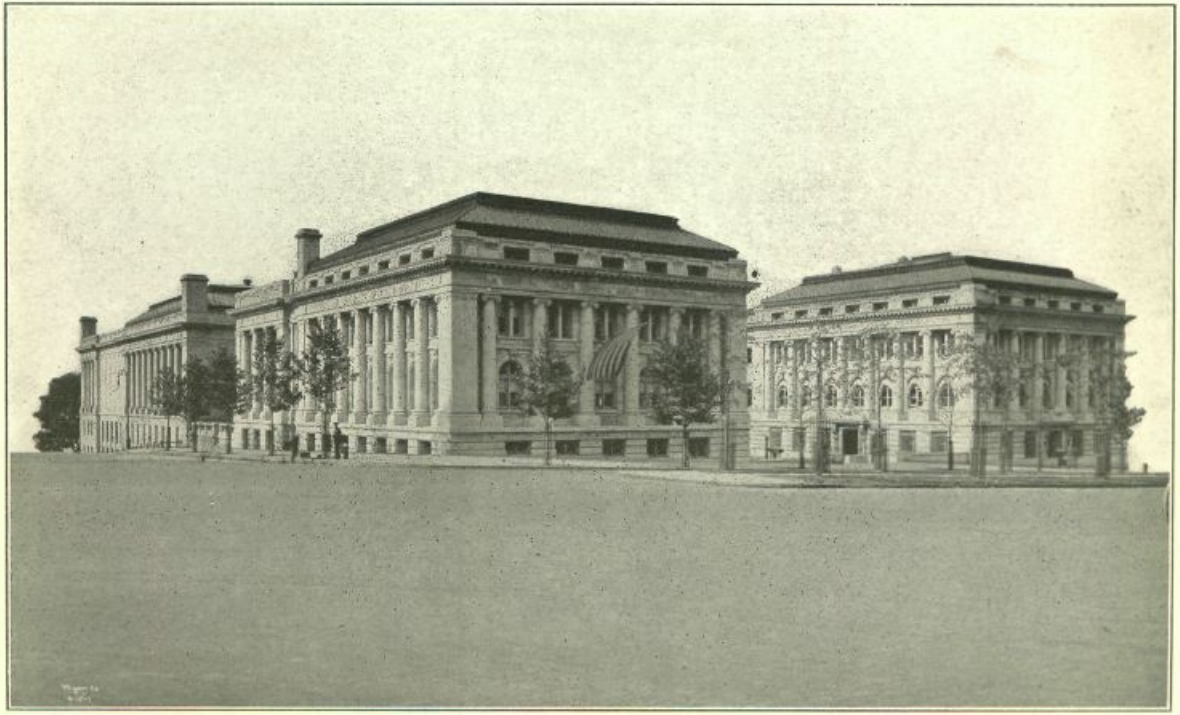
The attendance, larger than ever before, indicated a greater interest in the work of the Federation.

"Reveries of a Bachelor" and Lower Fifth Avenue

ALBERT ULMANN

Ever since 1827 when the old Potter's Field was converted into the Washington Parade Ground a unique and distinctly interesting character has attached to the neighborhood.

Readers of Henry James will readily recall Dr. Soper who prescribed for the select members of the community that were afflicted with real or imaginary ailments. The Doctor had for a number of years lived in a pretentious red brick house with granite copings and an enormous fan-light over the door, standing in a street that was within five minutes' walk of City Hall. This neighborhood, from the social point of view, saw its best days about 1820. After this the tide of fashion began to set steadily northwards. Naturally, the Doctor followed the tide. In 1835, he built himself a handsome, modern, wide-fronted house with a balcony before the drawing room windows and a flight of white marble steps ascending to a portal which was also faced with white marble. The location was the north side of Washington Square, which, as our author remarks, was the ideal of quiet and of general retirement. "This structure," he continues, "and many of its neighbors, which it exactly resembled, were supposed, forty years ago, to embody the last results of architectural science, and they remain to this day very solid and honorable dwellings. In front of them was the Square, containing a considerable quantity of inexpensive vegetation, enclosed by a wooden paling, which increased its rural appearance; and round the corner was the more august precinct of Fifth Avenue, taking its origin at this point with a spacious and confident air which already marked it for high destinies. I know not



MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, HEYE FOUNDATION
THE SPLENDID NEW ADDITION TO NEW YORK'S PUBLIC MUSEUMS, BROADWAY AT 155TH STREET,
ADJOINING THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY (RIGHT)

if it is owing to the tenderness of early associations, but this portion of New York appears to many persons the most delectable. It has a kind of established repose which is not of frequent occurrence in other quarters of the long, shrill city; it has a riper, richer, more honorable look than any of the upper ramifications of the great longitudinal thoroughfare—the look of having had something of a social history. It was here, as you might have been informed on good authority, that you had come into a world which appeared to offer a variety of interests; it was here that your grandmother lived, in venerable solitude, and dispensed a hospitality which commended itself alike to the infant imagination and the infant palate; it was here that you took your first walks abroad, following the nursery maid with unequal step, and sniffing up the strange odor of the ailanthus trees, which at that time formed the principal umbrage of the Square, enough to dislike it as it deserved; it was here finally that your first school, kept by a broad-bosomed, broad-based old lady with a ferule, who was always having tea in a blue cup, with a saucer that didn't match, enlarged the circle both of your observations and your sensations."

Those—and there is now a goodly and growing number—who count themselves admirers of Edgar Allan Poe and who resent the indifference and lack of appreciation of his contemporaries, know that in 1845, while the man of mystery and of misery was living in Amity, now West Third Street, the "Raven" was published in the *Evening Mirror*. And so the immortal poem will be linked with the name and the fame and the Washington Square abode of Poe for evermore.

Likewise the friends of Bayard Taylor are aware that at the age of 22, he tempted fortune by editing and pub-

lishing a country newspaper and having recognized the futility of the enterprise, that he came to New York, found employment in the office of *The Tribune* and taught a class in Miss Lucy Green's School for Young Ladies at Number 1 Fifth Avenue, receiving the munificent sum of four dollars a week, which he considered good pay.

Again, the many staunch and loyal admirers of Bunner love to think of "The Midge" and the Washington Square atmosphere that so beautifully and realistically characterizes one of the most charming and touching stories ever written.

All these traditions, memories, bits of romance and literary associations are fairly well known, but it is safe to say that few people are acquainted with the fact that "The Reveries of a Bachelor," that classic favorite of at least two generations, was written, in part, in the neighborhood of Washington Square.

The accompanying letter is, without doubt, one of the most interesting contributions to the literary history of the city. The letter came in answer to an inquiry regarding a paragraph in *The New York Sun* intimating that the "Reveries" had been written in the locality mentioned.

The text is as follows:—

MR. ULMANN,
Dear Sir:

During year 1849 to 1851 (when "Reveries" was brewing) I was for most of winter and fall months a lodger at Mrs. Ludlow's boarding house, Fifth Av. (present site of Brevoort House) so doubtless wrote there some of the pages of "Reveries": how much could not say. The "Sun" paragraph I have not seen—so cannot speak for its correctness.

Yours truly,

Nov. 24, 1906. DONALD G. MITCHELL.

The date, it will be noticed, is 1906. At that time, Ik Marvel, as he chose to call himself when he wrote the "Reveries" was 84. He died two years later at his country home, Edgewood, Connecticut.

William Hamlin Childs' Case

The case of William Hamlin Childs, head of the Fusion Committee that supported Mayor Mitchell, has become one of great importance as an instance—perhaps the only one in our history—in which an attempt has been made to drive out public spirited men from matters of municipal government, and we record it here as an item to interest future New Yorkers as well as ourselves. Mr. Childs was indicted on the single technical offense of paying out for speakers a certain sum "without mentioning their names," an offense—if offense it may be called —committed by subordinates and for which Mr. Childs was held responsible as Chairman of the Executive Committee. In a statement to the press, Mr. Childs says:

The present phase of this matter before the courts is to test the strict legality of the proceedings of a partisan District Attorney and to determine whether, as matter of law and irrespective of the two facts, the charges made by him constitute any offense against the statutes. In all this I am, of course, in the hands of my counsel and must be guided by their judgment.

After the election in November, 1917, and during the winter of 1918, the District Attorney's office gave out misleading and distorted statements of the terrible disclosures the Grand Jury was going to uncover in its exhaustive examination of the Fusion records.

Now, what are the facts? The Grand Jury found that the records of the committee were kept with most unusual care and exactness; that no money was improperly received or improperly expended; that a total of $1,080,000 was expended in a strenuous effort to continue the best administration New York ever had (the failure of which efforts many of its opponents now sadly regret).

Upon the advice of the District Attorney, the Grand Jury brought in three indictments, based upon a single doubtful technical point, viz.: That in making the final report of expenditures two items—$5,000, paid to Mr. Sulzer, and $6,500 paid to Mr. Appelbaum—were reported as paid out for "speakers and meetings," without mentioning their names.

As Chairman of the Executive Committee, it was claimed that I was generally responsible for the actions of subordinates, and I was indicted for this technical offense.

I am quite alive to the importance of protecting elections with all proper safeguards, but it must be borne in mind that in respect to this so-called failure to comply with the strict terms of the statute I not only did not do it, but did not even know that it was done, until this report was willingly shown to the District Attorney, and his conscience was so badly shocked that he published it.

Note these facts:

I was not an officer of the committee filing this report. I was not even a member of this committee. I not only did not sign the report, but I have never even seen it. Neither Sulzer, Appelbaum nor Newcomb had any knowledge of its form, and I never had any conversation with either of them about it. There was no motive in concealing the names of Sulzer and Appelbaum twenty days after the election. I gave only one instruction about the report, and that was that it should receive the approval of our counsel before filing. That was done, and our counsel still contends the report was filed properly.

The Democratic reports, which were at the same time in the close possession of the District Attorney, are full not only of gross technical errors, but show clearly illegal contributions by corporations, and, upon the same reasoning that has been applied against me, by individuals concealed under the name "John Doe." But the Democratic District Attorney has failed to call anyone to account. The significance of that circumstance, and the attitude he has assumed in my case, is so apparent as to require no explanation.

I mean to fight this thing out to its conclusion, not only in my own interest, which, of course, I am bound to do, but in the interests of public-spirited men of affairs whom it is sought to drive out from participation in matters of municipal government.

I am sustained by the consciousness that I have done no wrong, by the assurance that those who know me know that I would not wittingly violate any law, and who, with myself, do not believe that in this matter I have violated any law, and with the hope that those who do not know me will appreciate the real purpose of the vicious attacks made upon me in certain newspapers.



THE FIFTH AVENUE SKATING POND 1863, NOW THE SITE OF THE HOTEL PLAZA. FROM THE LEFT: SILAS D. BENSON, E. B. COOK, H. C. MECKLEM, O. G. BRADY, E. MILLER, WM. WARD, JAMES MEAD, E. C. BURR, JOHN CREIGHTON, J. S. HISCOX, A. J. DUPIGNAC (ON BICYCLE), CHAS. W. JENKINS, JOS. EGBERT, ROBERT EDWARDS, DR. J. A. DIXON, EDWIN EGBERT, ANDREW MACMILLAN, J. BILGER, HUGH MITCHELL, DR. RAILTON

Skating in Old New York

By Irving Brokaw

Winner, American Figure Skating Championship, 1906—Author, *The Art of Skating*, Arden Press, London, 1909

Illustrations from the Author's Collection of Rare Prints of Old New York

When I read of the winter sports the inhabitants of New York enjoyed fifty or sixty years ago, I sometimes wish I had been of the former generation. The idea of a skating club privileged to have a hundred days of outdoor skating in one season, and that on ponds located in the heart of the city, makes our skaters of to-day envious indeed. When one speaks to a skating club of to-day of such an officer as a meteorologist, charged with the duty of forecasting the weather and notifying the members when they might expect skating, he meets with good-natured banter. Yet this office was filled by one of the most distinguished citizens of our city fifty years ago and for a club whose rendezvous was the vicinity of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street!

It is not too much to say that the American skaters of fifty to sixty years ago, many of whom either learned or developed their art in New York, really taught the world to skate; their skill was the wonder of their day in every Occidental country where ice forms; the figures which they originated or developed are standard movements in the skating programs of the world. Their athletic prowess is one of the cherished chapters in the history of clean, wholesome American sport. With regret we have to admit that our skaters of to-day do not rank with the skaters of other countries as the skaters of Old New York ranked with the best foreign skaters of their day. And the only consolation is that it was the Americans who taught the

rest of the world the art of skating—even if they themselves soon thereafter forgot the art.

Benjamin West, the distinguished American painter, himself a frequent skater in New York, although a Philadelphian by residence, made one of the sport sensations of his day when he appeared on the ice of The Serpentine, in Hyde Park, London, in 1772, on skates and executed figures which Great Britain had never seen before and in a graceful and artistic manner never before believed possible by his observers. It is said that much of his social and artistic success in England was the result of his skillful skating and the friends which it brought him. This was perhaps the first of that long and brilliant list of conquests which American representatives have achieved through their leadership in athletics. To be conspicuously skillful in any difficult branch of athletics is almost sure entrée to the society of the best people anywhere; when the world ceases to recognize clean living and trained muscles, which true sport invariably requires, the race will be headed for extinction.

While the skating of Benjamin West in London is the first historical mention of unusual American skating, the early history of New York, back even to the days of its settlement by the Dutch, finds mention and illustration that the settlers from Holland brought their skates with them and used them.

Wooley, in his "Two Years Journal in New York," published in 1679, makes reference to the skating of those days in the following terms: "The City of New York in my time was as large as some Market Towns with us, all built the London way; the Garrison side of a high situation and a pleasant prospect, the island it stands on all level and champain. The diversion, especially in the

winter season, used by the Dutch is Aurigation, i. e., riding about in Waggons, which is allowed by physicians to be very healthful exercise by Land. And upon the Ice it is Admirable to see Men and Women as it were flying upon Skates from place to place with markets upon their Heads and Backs."

Another interesting bit of history associated with skating in old New York is the record found in the "Bibliothetica Americana" of William Gowan, published in 1860. Here he says: "The Kolck or Collect, a sheet of fresh water which covered the ground now occupied by the halls of justice in Center Street, and all that neighborhood, connected in ancient times with Lespinard's Pond and meadows, lying between North Moore and Greene Streets near the east end of what is now Canal Street. This was the skating-ground of the last century when the gallants of the hour displayed, as a quaint wit expressed it: "their graceful caracoles and pirouettes and ever and anon skimming at pleasure from one collection of water to another under the bridge which connected upper and lower Broadway. There William the Fourth, late King of England, might be seen when a 'middy,' attached to the flagship of Rear Admiral Digby, attended by superior officers, trying his tacks on the slippery ice, in the winter of 1781-2." Tradition has it that a stratagem had been planned by certain of Washington's men, to capture the royal scion of the House of Hanover and thereby secure a valuable prize, while the youngster was enjoying himself in his healthful exercise. The plot failed. That it was seriously planned is attested by the reports from the New York papers of that day, one of which says: "The boy, William Henry Guelph, lately arrived at New York, will perhaps soon be in our power.

In that event we shall not visit the sins of the father on the child, but will send him back to his mother."

The first book on skating appeared in London in 1809 and was printed in Latin; a compliment to the sort of persons who were then interested or assumed to be interested in the sport! In 1849 the Philadelphia Skating Club was organized; first of the long list of skating clubs in America, although the Edinburgh Skating Club of Scotland had already been organized several years. In 1850 the all-steel skate appeared, destined to have much to do with the development of skating in America; it was made in Philadelphia and sold for $30 a pair. There seems to be every indication that New York thought better of the new skate than its birthplace did, and this may account for the superiority of New York skaters from then on.

The New York Skating Club was founded in 1861 and organized in 1863. Even before these dates the Philadelphia Skating Club and Humane Society had enjoyed many years of uninterrupted history, having been founded in 1849. The "humane" portion of the club's work marks a curious feature of skating history; it was stated in the articles of organization thus: "to foster the art of skating and save life on frozen lakes and rivers." At the beginning, the members appeared with reels of rope and life preservers to save unfortunates who fell through the ice! But the paucity of claimants for their services soon turned the apparatus into a mere badge of membership.

The New York Skating Club was probably a development of the interest in skating shown by frequenters of several of the skating-ponds of that day. Between 37th and 38th Streets, on Fifth Avenue, there had been for



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Skating in Central Park in the 60's

Central Park was opened for public skating in the early winter of 1858-1859 and from that date has been a popular resort for the people of New York to enjoy that healthful and invigorating sport.

This rare old lithograph gives a very correct view of the animated scene on any winter day when the ice was in good condition; and the costumes and head gear are faithfully portrayed. It is difficult for us to imagine how these gentlemen got along under their high "toppers."

Private Collection of Mr. Irving Brokaw.

several years a sizeable skating-pond which was the rendezvous of the best skaters. For reasons which do not appear in the scant records available, but probably chiefly that old, old reason, "the growth of the city," the skaters moved "uptown" to what was then known as Beekman's Pond, between Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Streets and extending from Sixth Avenue to Madison Avenue. This pond had the special attraction of being the "first to freeze." Here, says the old record, "the ice invariably lasted to the end of the season!" Lucky skaters of the long ago!

Beekman's Pond was cut up by the filling in of Fifth and Madison Avenues. Then Hugh Mitchell took the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, now the site of the Plaza Hotel, and made a skating-pond there; happy old Major Oatman took the southeast corner, the site of the present Hotel Savoy, and Alexander MacMillan afterward took the southeast corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, all for private skating-ponds which were very popular and profitable. The patronage of all of these private skating-ponds consisted of the most fashionable people in the city. When the New York Skating Club moved to its site in Central Park, it was the custom for the elite of the city to drive their sleighs close to the side of the pond and watch the work of the experts. Central Park was opened for public skating in the early winter of 1858-1859, and from that date, it is recorded by the Pepys of those days, it was the custom of the best of the society skaters to occasionally make excursions from their private ponds to the public ponds in the Park. Here, they invariably attracted much attention and then, even as now, the police would admonish the expert visitor to "stop his monkey-

shines" or suffer arrest! The bad habit which ice has of breaking when crowds gather to see good skating has held back the sport more than ever has been estimated!

In the winter of 1864 the New York Skating Club moved to a club house erected on the shore of the small pond in Central Park, at Fifth Avenue and 72d Street, now known as Conservatory Pond. This club house was equipped with "brussels carpets and a Steinway piano," says the quaint record, and many successful carnivals and masquerades were given on the ice here. During the winters of 1867-1868 and 1868-1869 members of the club made visits to Montreal, Philadelphia, Poughkeepsie and other places upon the invitation of the local clubs and in all the places visited the skill of the New York skaters won much praise and great newspaper attention. The club had over a hundred members for several years.

In 1868, McMillan's Pond was opened at Fifth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street, afterward the site of the Windsor Hotel, which burned to the ground, with frightful loss of life, many years later.

The New York Skating Club developed many great skaters. In the membership of the club were a score of men whose fame remains undimmed through the years. Mr. Eugene B. Cook, born in Pine Street, later a resident of Hoboken, was probably the most accomplished skater of the old timers, a man of broad culture and remarkable athletic attainments, a great chess expert, and the meteorologist of the club. Andrew J. Dupignac, president of the club, like Mr. Cook, lived to a ripe old age and shared with him the glory of being the club's best teacher of skating. Charles Waldo Jenkins, a distinguished artist of the day, was another leader in the sport, as also was E. W. Burr, whom I believe is still living,



LITHOGRAPHED FOR VALENTINE'S MANUAL OF OLD NEW YORK
NUMBER FOUR
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CITY HALL PARK FROM A CONTEMPORARY LITHOGRAPH IN 1854 BY BACHMAN,
SHOWING HOW GREATLY THE POSTOFFICE INTERFERES WITH THE PROSPECT

as if to prove the fine effects of skating upon duration of life.

"Callie" Curtis, who afterward toured Europe giving skating exhibitions, was regarded as the most graceful skater of that day and was champion of that time in many local contests. He won the local championship from William H. Bishop, better known as "Frank Swift," also a home product and afterward prominent in the management of artificial rinks.

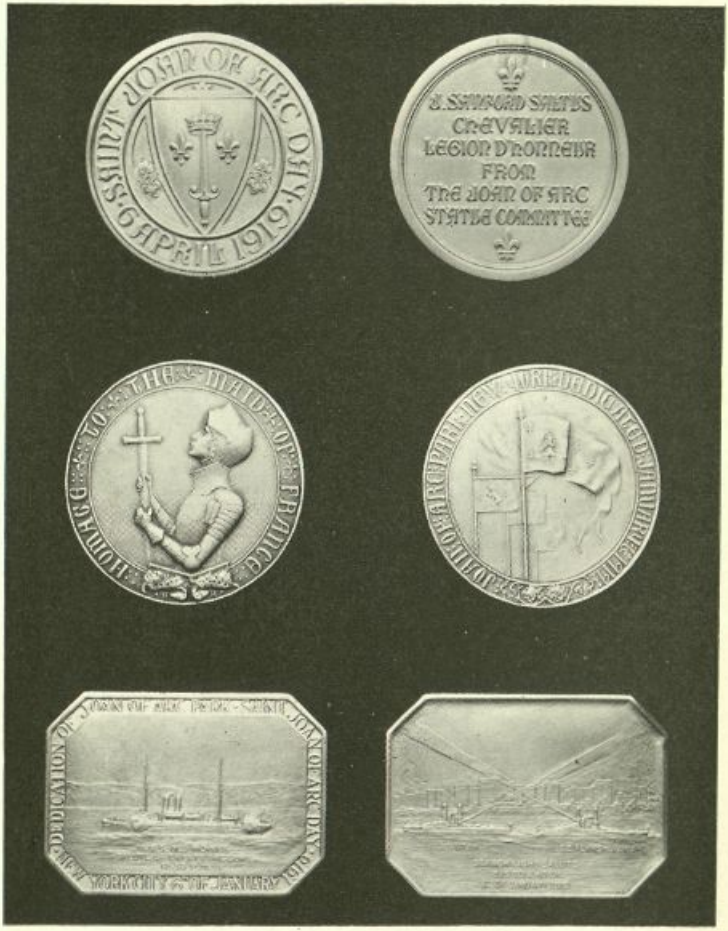
E. T. Goodrich was another of the experts of those days, whose local fame prompted him to join Curtis in Europe where they skated many exhibitions before immense audiences and the nobility of all the northern countries. John Engler, who skated long after he reached seventy; Larry Norton, a famous stock broker of those times; William H. Cheesman, and the quaint old "character" known as "The Old Clam Man," whose name was Turner and whose business of peddling clams during the warm months got him the title. He seems to have been a very remarkable skater. His independence is shown by the fact that some of the wealthy New Yorkers of those days contributed to a fund to buy him a pair of the new all-steel skates on which the best skating was being done, and the price of which was from $30 up. The "Old Man" promptly sold the skates with the explanation that he needed the money more than the skates.

But the most remarkable skater New York ever saw, probably, came from Albany, and after getting his finishing touches from the inspiration and the instruction of the New Yorkers, sailed for Europe, there to create a furor such as has perhaps never been equalled by any American athlete. Jackson Haines may rightly be called the founder of the present style of skating. Even the

skate which he designed or adopted became and remains the standard pattern of the world's best skaters, the most remarkable movements even bear his name, his skill captivated the best people of all northern Europe, he was feted and entertained everywhere; skates, shoes, rinks and babies were named after him, and he lies buried in a little town, Gamla Karleby, in Finland, under a magnificent granite monument erected by the natives and bearing the title "The American Skating King." This monument is continually kept covered with flowers to this day.

There seems to be no doubt that New York was largely responsible for the development of the art of this Albany dancing-teacher who became the world's foremost skater. Many of the figures which he took with him to Europe he learned from the New York experts. Their grace and finish of style unquestionably polished his own amazing acrobatic ability and the finished product gave him the undying fame both here and abroad which grows with the years.

It is pleasant to be able to record that the fine old New York Skating Club has been again brought to life, since the Artists Skating Club of New York changed its name to the new one last winter and promises to duplicate the success of the earlier club of the same name.



COMMEMORATING THE DEDICATION OF THE
JOAN OF ARC PARK

THE UPPER MEDAL WAS PRESENTED TO MR. J. SANFORD SALTUS IN RECOGNITION OF HIS WORK IN THE ERECTION OF THE STATUE
THE CENTER ONE WAS ISSUED BY THE AMERICAN NUMISMATIC SOCIETY TO ITS MEMBERS
THE LOWER ONE WAS ISSUED BY THE JOAN OF ARC STATUE COMMITTEE

Our Migratory Friends

Readers of Old New York delight to hear of the days when snipe shooting, trout fishing and rabbit hunting were common in streets now pierced with subways and submerged with skyscrapers. So recent has this change occurred that some men still living can speak of such things from their own personal experience. Yet to most of us it seems strange and unusual.

How long will it be ere this story of the birds in Fort Washington Park will seem equally romantic? On behalf of our readers we return thanks to Mr. W. C. and Mr. F. L. Starck for this valuable contribution to the urban delights of our city.

To the Editor of the Sun.

Sir: Never having seen a list of birds observed in Fort Washington Park, we believe the following list of sixty-eight birds which we saw there at various times this spring will be interesting to many readers of The Sun:

Belted kingfisher.
Downy woodpecker.
Hairy woodpecker.
Flicker.
Crested flycatcher.
Acadian flycatcher.
Least flycatcher.
Wood pewee.
Blue jay.
Starling.
Crow.
Purple grackle.
Orchard oriole.
Baltimore oriole.
Redpoll.
Goldfinch.
Pine siskin.
White throated sparrow.
Chipping sparrow.
Field sparrow.
Tree sparrow.
Slate colored junco.
Song sparrow.
Chewink.
Rose breasted grosbeak.
Indigo bunting.
Scarlet tanager.
Cedar waxwing.
Red eyed vireo.
Yellow throated vireo.
Solitary vireo.
Black and white warbler.
Worm eating warbler.
Blue winged warbler.
Tennessee warbler.
Parula warbler.
Cape May warbler.
Yellow warbler.
Black throated blue warbler.
Black throated green warbler.
Myrtle warbler.
Magnolia warbler.
Chestnut sided warbler.
Blackburnian warbler.
Black poll warbler.
Pine warbler.
Palm warbler.
Prairie warbler.
Hooded warbler.
Wilson warbler.
Canadian warbler.
Connecticut warbler.
Oven bird.
Northern water thrush.
Maryland yellow throat.
Redstart.
Catbird.
Brown thrasher.
Carolina wren.
House wren.
Brown creeper.
White breasted nuthatch.
Chickadee.
Ruby crowned kinglet.
Wood thrush.
Wilson thrush.
Hermit thrush.
Robin.

W. C. STARCK,
F. L. STARCK.

New York City's War Activities

Continued from page 322 Valentine's Manual Vol. 3

Aug. 21—German propaganda books were ordered to be suppressed in all libraries and particularly the libraries in camps.

Aug. 27—The new City Hall clock, destroyed by fire May 10, 1917, when decorated for the French War Mission was completed and lighted up for the first time. Capt. Kermit Roosevelt was awarded the Military Cross by the British Government for meritorious services in Mesopotamia.

Aug. 30—The drive for the sale of $25,000,000 War Saving Stamps ended with more than the amount required. Pershing's veterans—400 strong—back to train soldiers here, paraded up Fifth Avenue and were given a great reception.

Aug. 31—The man-power bill drafting men from 18 to 45 was signed by the President and Sept. 12 was named as registration day. 189 Draft Boards in the city begin registering on that day.

Sept. 1—To save gasoline the Government asked that all motoring be suspended each Sunday until the ban be lifted.

Sept. 2—Labor Day was celebrated by a great parade of labor organizations on Fifth Avenue—"Win the war for Freedom" its motto. President Wilson's address to Labor was passed around. Capt. Archie Roosevelt invalided back from France arrived at an Atlantic port.

Sept. 3—The great slacker round-up was commenced. Only 300 were found trying to dodge their patriotic duty.

Sept. 5—The first aerial mail left New York for Chicago, Thursday, 7:09 A. M., reaching Chicago 7:05 P. M. Friday—time, 36 hours and 56 minutes.

Sept. 6—Fourth anniversary of the Battle of the Marne. Celebrations were held in the City Hall, Central Park Mall and other places. M. Jusserand and Col. Roosevelt addressed the meeting at City Hall. Lafayette's birthday was also celebrated at the Statue in Union Square.

Sept. 10—Prime Minister Massey of New Zealand and the Bishop of York arrived from England.

Sept. 12—Registration Day for all men 18 to 45, inclusive. The American First Army containing New York and Brooklyn boys went into action for the first time as an Army at St. Mihiel. They captured 20 towns and took 10,000 prisoners with immense booty. Fleets of tanks led the rush.

Sept. 24—Secretary McAdoo launched the Fourth Liberty Loan by a great speech at Carnegie Hall. Amount, $6,000,000,000. Manhattan's quota, $1,236,605,800; Brooklyn's, $79,233,800; Bronx, $6,634,200; Queens, $9,434,700; Richmond, $2,173,900.

Sept. 27—President Wilson made his great speech at the Metropolitan Opera House. The Fourth Liberty Loan began business at midnight after the President made his great speech. Great hilarity ushered it in.

Sept. 28—The Altar of Liberty at Madison Square—an extraordinarily beautiful work of art—was the center of attraction for the crowds who came out to boost the Liberty Loan. Fifth Avenue was decorated gorgeously. Such richness and beauty of color was never seen before. Each block was decorated with the colors of one particular nation of the Allies, and the avenue for the time became known as the Avenue of the Allies. The arrangement was as follows: Liberty Loan blocks, American flags, 26th to 28th Sts.; Siam, 28th to 29th; Serbia, 29th to 30th; Russia, 30th to 31st; Portugal, 31st to 32nd; Panama, 32nd to 33rd; Nicaragua, 33rd to 34th; Montenegro, 34th to 35th; Liberia, 35th to 36th; Japan, 36th to 37th; Italy, 37th to 38th; Honduras, 38th to 39th; Poland, 39th to 40th; Liberty Loan blocks, American colors, 40th to 43rd; Hayti, 43rd to 44th; Guatemala, 44th to 45th; Greece, 45th to 46th; France, 46th to 47th; Czecho-Slovak, 47th to 48th; Cuba, 48th to 49th; Liberty Loan blocks, American colors, 49th to 52nd; China, 52nd to 53rd; British Empire, 53rd to 54th; Brazil, 54th to 55th; Belgian, 55th to 56th; Liberty Loan blocks, American colors, 56th to 58th.

Sept. 30—British Empire Day at the Altar of Liberty. The mingling of American and British uniforms was a feature of the occasion.

Oct. 4—Military camps about New York were greatly handicapped by the epidemic of influenza. The City too was afflicted.

Oct. 7—Hayti Day at the Altar of Liberty and parade to the Waldorf Astoria for the reception to the minister, Solon Monos.

Oct. 8—Honduras Day at the Altar of Liberty with a parade up Fifth Avenue afterwards.

Oct. 9—Japan Day at the Altar of Liberty with a fine parade up the Avenue which included a large delegation of Japanese Red Cross nurses in spotless white.

Oct. 10—Montenegro Day with a parade to 34th Street where the Montenegro flag was saluted.

Oct. 11—President Wilson arrived to take part in the Liberty Loan Parade to-morrow. In the evening he attended the New Amsterdam Theater and between the acts over $800,000 was raised for the loan, the President autographing all bonds for $1,000 or over.

Oct. 12—Liberty Day was observed by a great parade on Fifth Avenue in which the President marched. He received a magnificent and enthusiastic reception all along the way from 72nd Street to Washington Square. All the Allied Nations took part and all city organizations connected with the war. In the evening the President attended a great meeting in the Metropolitan Opera House for the benefit of blinded soldiers and while there Germany's answer which had just arrived was handed to him.

Oct. 13—Gasless Sunday. President Wilson drove to Riverdale to visit Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, who welcomed him with a warm hand-shake and a pleasant "God bless you." Outside of one of the churches the entire congregation assembled and gave the President a rousing reception.

Oct. 14—The President's note to Germany was despatched, refusing to discuss peace propositions until all territory was evacuated, and referring the armistice proposition to the Allies.

Oct. 16—Russia Day at the Altar of Liberty with the usual parade up Fifth Avenue afterward.

Oct. 18—Siam Day at the Altar of Liberty. King Rama's representative declared that his country had good reason to be at war with the Kaiser because of a characteristic German plot to seize the little kingdom. The plot was frustrated by the smartness of the King himself.

Oct. 19—United States Day at the Altar of Liberty. Exercises were followed by a parade up Fifth Avenue headed by a detachment of U. S. Infantry and Naval Reserves both having splendid bands. Last day of the great Liberty Loan Drive. Open air meetings were held everywhere. Tremendous crowds gathered about the Altar of Liberty, where Julia Marlowe, just returned from the front, sold bonds all day. At the Union League Club and at the Public Library enormous crowds gathered. Also in the other boroughs particularly at Borough Hall, Brooklyn, where great enthusiasm existed and bonds were going like "hot cakes." Eminent actors, singers, writers, soldiers and sailors addressed meetings in every part of Greater New York. The people cheered and sang as they do on election night or New Year's eve.

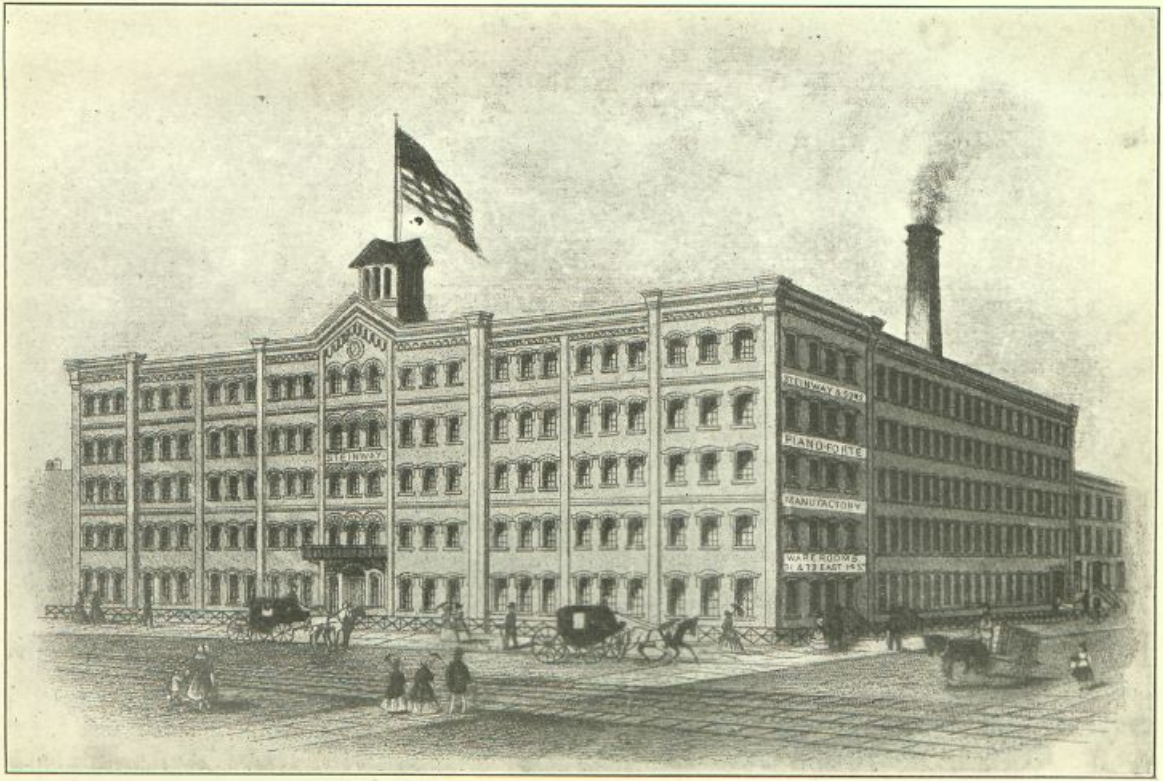
Oct. 24—The flags and decorations of the "Avenue of the Allies" (Fifth Avenue) were removed and taken to Canada to be exhibited there just as they appeared in Fifth Avenue. They are to be taken to London next.

Nov. 1—Official figures for the Fourth Liberty Loan gave total subscriptions $6,866,416,300, showing a large oversubscription. New York City's quota was oversubscribed more than $200,000,000. There were nearly 21,000,000 individual subscribers.

Nov. 2—Great excitement was created by the reports that the Austrian Empire was in a state of complete disintegration.

Nov. 4—A great meeting was held in Madison Square Garden to promote the United War Work campaign. Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Greer, and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise sat together on the platform. All denominations resolved to work together.

Nov. 7—The "Yanks" captured the town of Sedan. The Metropolitan Division from N. Y. City were among the first to enter this famous and historic place. A report was published in all the forenoon papers that the armistice was



THE STEINWAY PIANO FACTORY FOURTH AVENUE 52ND AND 53RD STREETS NOW THE SITE OF NEW YORK'S MOST LUXURIOUS APARTMENT HOMES ON "VICTORY WAY"

signed. Big black headlines announced that "Germany Surrenders," "War Ended" and the whole city went wild with excitement. At 1 P. M. factory whistles, steamboat horns, automobile signals and everything that could make a noise and express the pent up feelings of the people were let loose. Everybody left their places of business and in the twinkling of an eye the streets were a moving and shouting mass of humanity. The excitement kept up all the afternoon and night. Unfortunately the report was premature and was sent out by the United Press Association on what they considered official and reliable information. Secretary Lansing contradicted the report but nothing could stop the enthusiasm and joyous excitement of the people. The country had to wait four days more to get the true report.

Nov. 11—Monday, Nov. 11, was the most remarkable day New York ever saw and perhaps to be the most memorable in human history. The armistice was signed 11 A. M. Paris time, 5 A. M. New York time, and at this early hour the joy bells began to sound in every section of the city. The dawn was breaking on the darkest and longest night the world had ever known. As the people woke the sun was just rising and the angel of Peace was hovering over the habitations of men. What a glorious morning! Immediately after noon President Wilson appeared before the Congress and announced the signing of the armistice and read the conditions. The President's speech was received with tremendous enthusiasm and when he declared that the war was ended the dignified senators and representatives went wild with joy. The people of New York celebrated the event in their customary way and abandoned themselves to every form of innocent enjoyment and hilarity. The crowds though big and noisy were perfectly good-natured. The celebrating was kept up until daylight did appear. Official announcement was made of the abdication of the German Emperor and the Crown Prince. The campaign of the United War Work for $175,000,000 was begun. When the fighting ceased on the Western front the Fifteenth New York Infantry brigaded with the Seventh French Army held the town of Thann the most advanced section of that front.

Nov. 14—Great excitement was created by the report that President Wilson intended to attend the Peace Conference in Europe.

Nov. 15—Dock Commissioner Hulbert informed the U. S. and British Governments that the pier facilities of New York were wholly inadequate to meet the demands which peace had brought. Freight movement was enormous.

Nov. 16—The Lambs and Friars were out in force to help along the United War Work Campaign. The most picturesque spectacle of all was the Scotch Kilties as they paraded up and down Fifth Avenue playing their bagpipes.

Nov. 17—This day, Sunday, was set apart for the celebration of Victory and all churches of every denomination held services. Elihu Root made a notable address at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church was crowded to hear the famous Scotch Divine, Hugh Black; St. Patrick's Cathedral and St. Thomas' were also crowded to the door. This same was true of churches in every part of this city.

Nov. 20—Marshal Haig said in a semi-official statement: "I am proud to have had you in my command. The deeds of the 27th and the 30th American Divisions will rank with the highest achievements of the war."

Nov. 21—Three Brooklyn regiments, formerly the 23rd, 14th, and 47th, were in the thick of the terrific fighting at the Hindenburg line. Accounts of their dash and endurance were read with great admiration.

Nov. 22—King Albert entered Brussels this morning at 10:30 o'clock. He was accompanied by Queen Elizabeth, Princes Leopold and Charles and Princess Marie José.

Nov. 23—The United War Work campaign ended with the total asked for—$170,000,000.

Nov. 23—Rodman Wanamaker, chairman of the committee appointed by the Mayor to undertake the erection of a Memorial Arch to the soldiers from New York who died in the war, announced that the arch would be erected through popular subscription.

Nov. 23—A transport from France landed 426 wounded and convalescent American soldiers and 24 officers at Hoboken. They were taken in Red Cross ambulances to the new Army Hospital 8, at Eighteenth Street and Sixth Avenue. Dogs and men are battling in Petrograd for the flesh of horses that drop dead in the streets, according to a British business man who has just arrived in London.

Nov. 24—Representatives of twelve freed nations of middle Europe led in a service of thanksgiving at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. A procession entered the cathedral led by soldiers from each country as standard bearers.

Nov. 26—The War Department issued orders calling for immediate demobilization of the Student Army Training Corps.

Nov. 27—President Wilson obtained his passport. It is the first passport ever issued to a President of the United States. It is valid for use in France, Great Britain and Italy.

Nov. 28—New York City celebrated its great Victory Thanksgiving Day as the time honored American holiday has never been celebrated before. In fact, from one end of the city to the other, in all five boroughs, clubs, societies, officials and individuals banded together in one mighty effort to turn the day into a patriotic celebration such as Father Knickerbocker never saw before. New York City's famous Seventh Regiment—down in the official records now as the 107th

Infantry—achieved the unique distinction of providing 1,000 officers for the American army in France, over and above the quota of officers it supplied to the units of the Twenty-seventh (New York National Guard) Division, of which it is a unit.

Dec. 1—Major Willard D. Straight died in Paris from pneumonia.

Dec. 3—President Wilson sailed away to the Peace Conference yesterday. The Northern Pacific, United States hospital ship, made port. Also the Mauretania with her freight of army fliers. Wireless messages from President Wilson began to reach the Navy Department soon after the George Washington had got under way.

Dec. 5—George W. Perkins, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., and Mortimer L. Schiff, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Jewish Welfare Board, sailed to-day on the Mauretania. They went to Europe at the request of the Committee of Eleven of the seven accredited war work organizations.

Dec. 7—To-day and to-morrow were "Britain's days," throughout the whole United States.

Dec. 13—President Wilson reached the Harbor of Brest on board the steamer George Washington at 1 o'clock, and precisely at 3:24 stepped on shore—the first time an American President had trod European soil. The American forces crossed the Rhine at 7 o'clock this morning on a thirty mile front from Sinzing to Nieder, also occupying the great fortress of Ehrenbreitstein on the eastern heights of the river. The First, Second and Thirty-second divisions crossed.

Dec. 14—President Wilson arrived in Paris at 10:01 o'clock this morning. His arrival was heralded by the booming of guns throughout the city. Vast throngs in the Champs Élysées set up a tremendous cheer. Crowds lined the entire way from the railway station to Prince Murat's palace, which will be the first foreign home of an American President. The American dreadnought fleet of ten ships which escorted President Wilson into port yesterday sailed to-day for New York. The fleet, which includes the battleships Pennsylvania, Wyoming, New York, Arizona, Nevada, Arkansas, Florida, Utah, Texas and Oklahoma, is expected to reach its destination before Christmas.

Dec. 15—Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Vincent Astor, two of many notable war relief workers returned to New York to-day on board the French Line steamship Lorraine.

Dec. 18—The great parade of the Nations in honor of the "Greatest Mother" (the Red Cross) took place. Fifth Avenue presented a gorgeous spectacle. All the Allied countries were represented.

Dec. 21—President Wilson received first honorary degree from the Sorbonne.

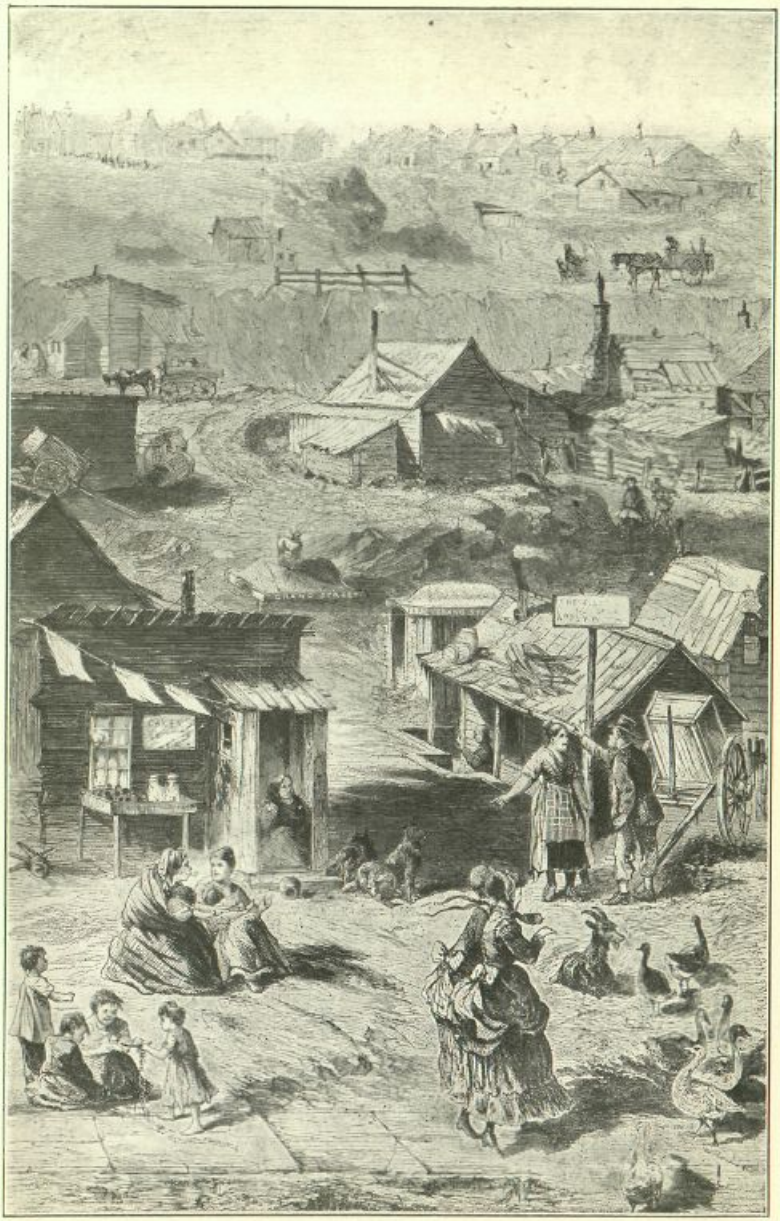
Dec. 22—Walter Hines Page, former Ambassador near the Court of St. James's, died at Pinehurst, N. C.

Dec. 25—President Wilson visited American troops at Chamant.

Dec. 26—Amid booming of guns and cheers of enormous crowds, President Wilson was welcomed to London this afternoon. King George and Queen Mary met him at the train. As he left his car a band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." The King quickly stepped forward when President Wilson appeared, and they shook hands with great cordiality. They proceeded to Buckingham Palace where the President resided during his stay in London. In response to the vociferous cheering and calls of the people the President and Mrs. Wilson, accompanied by the King and Queen, appeared on the balcony of the Palace and waved their appreciation of the extraordinary welcome. America's sea fighters from overseas returned to New York to-day and were welcomed.

Dec. 27—A great State banquet was given by King George at Buckingham Palace to-night in honor of President Wilson. The banquet hall was a scene of splendor.

Dec. 28—President Wilson made his last public appearances in London to-day. Officials of the City of London presented him with an address of welcome in the ancient Guildhall, where other famous Americans, including General Grant and former President Roosevelt, have been received. Afterward he was the guest at a luncheon in the Egyptian Hall of Mansion House, where hover the ghosts of decades of civic oratory and where many Americans have partaken of the famed aldermanic turtle soup. The drive from Buckingham Palace and return was witnessed by immense crowds. There was plenty of enthusiasm abroad, but it hardly reached the same volume as that which attended the President's entry into London on Dec. 26. The programme of the Mansion House luncheon, which followed the Guildhall reception, was comparatively informal, except for the toasts. When the aged master of ceremonies, in city livery and standing behind the Lord Mayor's chair, proclaimed, "Your Royal Highness [addressing the Duke of Connaught], My Lords, Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen, I pray silence for the President of the United States," there was a burst of hearty, although decorous, enthusiasm, with handclapping, waving of napkins and beating of tables. President Wilson at the American Embassy to-day received the delegates of several societies and leagues, some of which presented memorials and resolutions welcoming him to London. A delegation from the League of Nations Union was headed by the former Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and it included the Archbishop of Canterbury and Viscount Bryce, former British Ambassador to the United States. President Wilson concluded his strenuous day of entertainment with a dinner at the Prime Minister's residence to-night, at which were gath-



A CHARACTERISTIC SECTION ABOUT 1869 OF THE REGION OUT OF WHICH AUTOMOBILE ROW WAS FORMED

ered the members of the War Cabinet and other government and Dominion officials. President Wilson celebrated to-day his sixty-second birthday anniversary by a round of official activities. King George, for a birthday gift, presented a magnificent set of books to the President, and at the same time gave gifts to every member of the President's official party. The women of the party received brooches and the men stick-pins set with diamonds forming the letters "G. R." The President received gifts as tokens of the day from Mrs. Wilson and the President's family. He declared he considered it the greatest birthday period of his life.

Dec. 29—President Wilson, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, came to Carlisle to-day in the rain and a cold penetrating mist to visit the girlhood home of his mother. But the warmth of the greeting of the people of the town and of the thousands of strangers from the surrounding country more than offset the dreariness of the weather. Large crowds lined the streets and cheered the Presidential party lustily as it drove from the station, where the President was received by Mayor Bertram Carr and local notables, to the Crown and Mitre Hotel, where the President signed the Freeman's roll. The President visited Annetwell Street, where the site of his late grandfather's chapel was pointed out to him and the house in Cavendish Place that was built by his grandfather. Later he attended services in the Lowther Street Congregational Church. Here during the services the Rev. Edward Booth, pastor of the church, requested the President to come into the pulpit and address the assemblage. This the President did, delivering a short speech. The name Thomas Woodrow was inscribed on the church roll ninety-eight years ago. Paisley has the honour of being the birthplace of the President's maternal grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Woodrow, who was born there in 1793. The President left at 1:15 P. M. for Manchester where he arrived at P. M. Here he was welcomed by the Lord Mayor and escorted to the official residence in the Town Hall. The streets were crowded and the President received an extraordinarily warm reception.

Dec. 30—President Wilson was presented with the freedom of the city of Manchester to-day in Free Trade Hall, and made his remarkable speech on "World League or none." He also visited the famous docks and later made a brief appearance on the balcony of the Royal Exchange. He took luncheon with 200 prominent business men at the Midland Hotel and left for London in the evening.

Dec. 31—President and Mrs. Wilson left Victoria Station at 9:18 o'clock this morning on a special train en route to France. King George and Queen Mary and the Duke of Connaught accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Wilson to the station. Premier Lloyd George was on the platform and saw the

President and his wife depart. The Scots Guards formed the guard of honor, and the band of the Irish Guards played. President Wilson left Paris to-day en route to Rome, where he will be the guest of King Victor Emmanuel.

1919

Jan. 1—The American troop transport Northern Pacific, formerly the great Pacific liner of the same name, went aground off Fire Island, with more than 3,000 persons on board. Of these 2,973 were in the United States service, and with them was one French officer.

Jan. 3—President Wilson arrived in Rome at 10:25 this morning and was greeted at the station by King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena as well as by members of the Government and representatives of the local authorities. Representatives of the Italian press were received by President Wilson at the Quirinal in the afternoon. The editors in chief of thirty leading newspapers of Italy were in the party. This evening the conferring upon the President of the citizenship of Rome was the climax of a day in which both the military and the civilian population of the city exerted every effort to express their enthusiastic affection for the American President. President Wilson was the guest of honor at an official dinner given at the Quirinal to-night. There were only two addresses, by King Victor Emmanuel and by Mr. Wilson.

Jan. 4—President Wilson drove from the Palazzo del Drago, the residence of Ambassador Page, to the Vatican, accompanied by Mgr. Charles O'Hearn, Rector of the American College. President Wilson was made a member of the "Reale Accademia de' Lincel," or Royal Academy of Science, in the morning.

Jan. 5—The Presidential party arrived in Genoa. His three hour stay here was crowded with demonstrations of wild enthusiasm.

Jan. 6—President Wilson arrived at Turin to-day, where a great demonstration awaited him. Theodore Roosevelt died in his home at Oyster Bay at 4:15 o'clock yesterday morning. He passed away in his sleep, without suffering pain.

Jan. 8—The body of Theodore Roosevelt, former President of the United States, in a coffin wrapped with the American flag, was lowered this afternoon in Youngs Memorial Cemetery into a grave near the summit of a steep hill which looks out on Oyster Bay Cove and across the cove to the Roosevelt home on Sagamore Hill.

Jan. 13—Mrs. Vincent Astor, who returned to this country recently after seventeen months of active service with the Y. M. C. A. abroad, will continue her war work as chairman of the new "Y Victory Hut" Committee.

Jan. 17—Citizens of New York met at Madison Square Garden to protest against the Mayor's appointment of William Randolph Hearst to the committee of welcome to returning troops.

Jan. 18—The peace conference convened for its first official session at 3 P. M. to-day in Paris. Delegates representing twenty-six nations met in the famous Clock Hall of the Quai d'Orsay. President Poincaré made the opening address. The peace delegates sat at a huge horseshoe shaped table, their secretaries at small tables near by.

Jan. 18—Thomas W. Lamont and Albert Strauss were appointed as financial expert advisers to the Treasury Department at the Peace Conference.

Jan. 20—President Wilson was the guest of the French Senate at a luncheon in the Luxembourg Palace. He was greeted by Antonin Dubost, President of the Senate.

Jan. 22—The Supreme Council of the Peace Conference adopted the proposal submitted by President Wilson in regard to conditions in Russia.

Jan. 22—A delegation representing the League of the Rights of Man called on President Wilson. The President in the evening received a deputation of the students of the Sorbonne, or the Departments of Arts and Science of the University of Paris.

Jan. 22—Secretary Robert Lansing gave a dinner in the evening in honor of John W. Davis, American Ambassador to Great Britain. President Wilson and all the officials attached to the American Peace Mission were present.

Jan. 23—President Wilson received Georges Lecompte, the President, and the Abbé Wetterle and General Malleterre, Vice-Presidents of the Society of Men of Letters. This afternoon a reception was tendered by him at the Murat mansion to about 300 persons—diplomats, politicians, artists, and writers—who were introduced to the President and Mrs. Wilson.

Jan. 25—The plenary session of the Peace Conference to-day unanimously adopted the project to establish a League of Nations and name a commission to draft the complete plan.

Jan. 28—Brigadier-General Cornelius Vanderbilt was named by Governor Alfred E. Smith to head a commission to work out the amalgamation of the National Guard of the State of New York in a new Federalized National Guard. General Vanderbilt served with distinction overseas, as commanding officer of the 102d Engineers, and was promoted from the rank of Colonel to Brigadier-General.

Jan. 28—A contribution of $400,000 to the campaign fund for the starving Armenians and Syrians, the gift of Cleveland H. Dodge, was announced at a luncheon at the Bankers' Club.

Jan. 28—Captain Hamilton Fish, Jr., of the 369th Regiment, received the Croix de Guerre from General Petain for valorous services.

Jan. 29—President Wilson extended full recognition to the new Polish Government under the Premiership of Ignace Paderewski. Disclosure of the President's action was made by the State Department to-day.

Jan. 29—In recognition of his services to the Allies, J. P. Morgan to-day received a grant of "the honorary freedom and livery" of the Goldsmith Company, London. He is the first American and the first banker since 1795 to be so honored. King George and Foreign Secretary Balfour are the only other honorary freemen at present.

Jan. 30—At a luncheon of workers on the $30,000,000 drive of the Committee for Relief in the Near East, held in the Bankers' Club, it was announced that Commodore Arthur Curtiss James had contributed $200,000 to the fund.

Feb. 1—The battle deaths, missing, and prisoners for the 27th, or New York National Guard Division, were published.

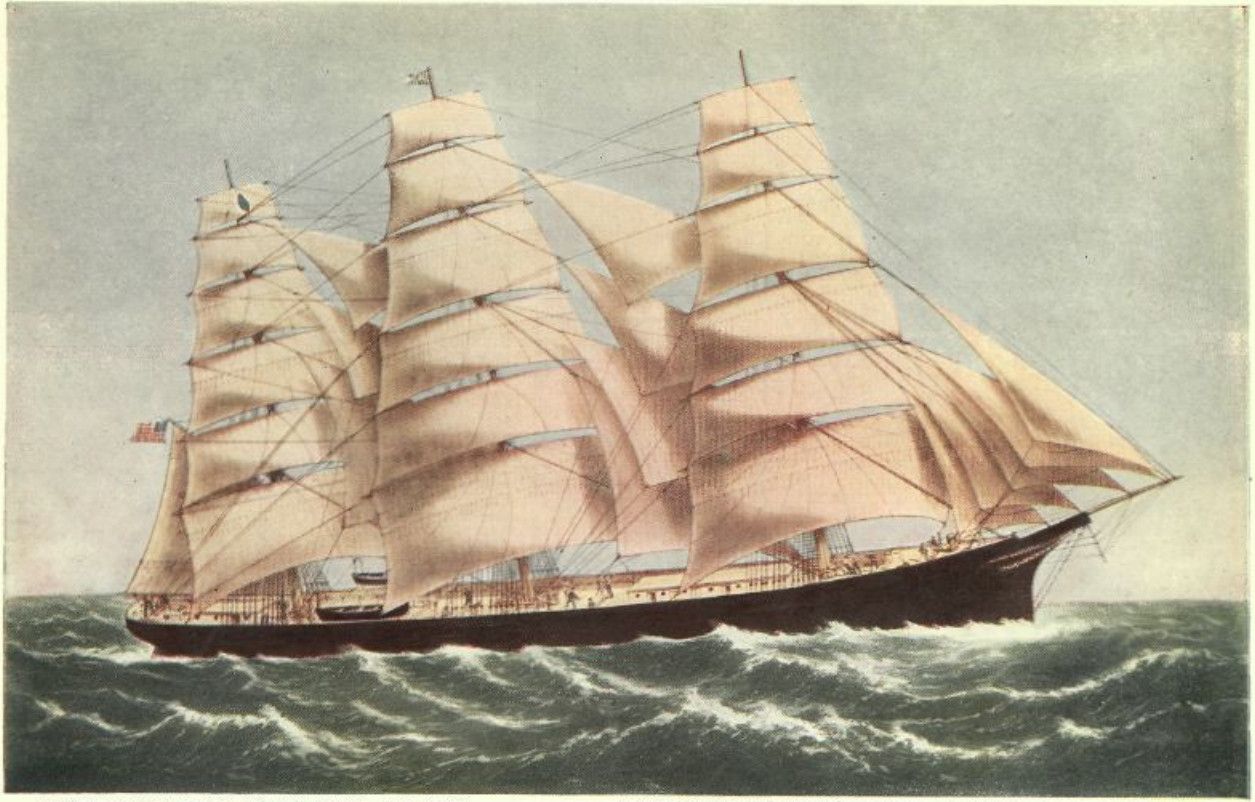
Feb. 3—James M. Beck and Paul D. Cravath were elected Benchers of Gray's Inn, London.

Feb. 3—President Wilson this evening delivered an address in the Chamber of Deputies, Paris, having as auditors President Poincaré, the Presidents of the Chamber and the Senate and large numbers of members of both houses of Parliament and the personnel of the French Cabinet.

Feb. 5—Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, with her daughter, Mrs. Richard Derby, sailed on board *La Lorraine* to visit the grave of Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt, who was killed in action.

Feb. 9—To-day was officially set aside in honor of the memory of Theodore Roosevelt, and the tribute paid him was world wide. From London he was proclaimed by Archdeacon Carnegie in the historic Westminster Abbey as the man who had done most to unite the British and American peoples. In Paris President Wilson and Secretary of State Lansing paid honor to Colonel Roosevelt at a service in the American church. The American Army of Occupation in Germany paid its tribute at special services, held in all of the towns garrisoned by the olive drab men of America. In capitals of the smaller nations of Europe, whose cause Colonel Roosevelt had persistently championed, similar services were conducted. Most impressive were the services held in the joint session of Congress in the House of Representatives at Washington, where Henry Cabot Lodge, probably Colonel Roosevelt's most intimate friend in public life, delivered the eulogy.

Feb. 9—Fifteen hundred persons attended the Roosevelt memorial service in Westminster Abbey. Canon W. H. Carnegie preached the sermon. Among the notables present were Prince Arthur of Connaught, representing the King; Earl



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Three Brothers 1857

One of Jacob Westervelt's New York ships built for Commodore Vanderbilt and afterward turned over by him to the Government during the Civil War. After the war it became one of the Pacific Mail Line and was among the pioneers in the development of coastwise commerce.

From the Private Collection,
Mr. Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Sr.

Howe, representing Queen mother Alexandra; American Ambassador Davis, Admiral Sims, Viscountess Bryce, Earl Curzon, Viscountess Curzon, Lord Southward and Austen Chamberlain.

Feb. 13—Edward R. Stettinius, former Assistant Secretary of War and later Special War Department representative abroad, was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal by Secretary of War Baker.

Feb. 13—General Vanderbilt in his report on the reorganization of the National Guard, recommended that former National Guard officers who return from France should be given preference in commissions in the New York Guard.

Feb. 14—President Wilson read the draft of the constitution of the League of Nations before the plenary session of the Peace Conference and made a notable address on the subject.

Feb. 14—President Wilson left the Murat Mansion at 9:05 o'clock this evening for the invalides railway station to take the train for Brest on the first stage of his journey home. He was escorted by a detachment of the Republican Guard.

Feb. 15—President Wilson sailed from Brest for the United States aboard the liner *George Washington* at 11:15 A. M. (French time) to-day.

Feb. 16—John W. Davis, the new Ambassador of the United States in England, was elected a Bencher of the Middle Temple.

Feb. 18—Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, accompanied by her son, Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., visited the grave of Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt near Fere-en-Tardenois and laid flowers on the simple monument which marks her son's last resting place. The grave is being carefully tended by the inhabitants of the locality.

Feb. 19—Georges Clemenceau, France's aged but vigorous Premier, was shot at and slightly wounded this morning as he was entering his automobile for a drive.

Feb. 21—At a dinner in Paris to-night H. P. Davison, of the American Red Cross, announced in outline international Red Cross plans "to formulate and propose to the Red Cross societies of the world a program of extended Red Cross activities in the interest of humanity."

Feb. 24—President Wilson landed at Commonwealth Pier, Boston, at 11:42 A. M., from France.

March 2—President Wilson's approval of a Jewish commonwealth in Palestine was obtained by a delegation of representative Jewish leaders headed by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Louis Marshall and Bernard J. Richards of New York, and including Judge Julian Mack of Chicago.

March 4—The President left Washington for New York at 2 P. M. Instead of going from the Capitol to his train, the President drove back to the White House for lunch. The

train bearing the Presidential party pulled into the Pennsylvania Station promptly at 8:15 P. M.

March 4—President Wilson and former President Taft walked arm in arm onto the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House to speak for the League of Nations.

March 5—President Wilson sailed on the United States naval transport *George Washington* to resume his duties at the Peace Conference. The *George Washington* departed from Pier 4, Hoboken, at 8:15 o'clock in the morning.

March 6—Nearly fourteen thousand men of New York's own division, the 27th, came home from France. Of these more than 10,000 came on the *Leviathan*. The others arrived in the afternoon on the *Mauretania*. Their reception surpassed in spontaneous enthusiasm any greeting ever given a contingent arriving in this port.

March 11—Three transports reached Hoboken from France with 11,143 troops on board, including 3,300 officers and men of the 27th Division.

March 12—On Board the U. S. *George Washington*, the President to-day took up active preparations for his Peace Conference labors and exchanged wireless messages with members of the American delegation in Paris. The sea is smooth and the *George Washington* is making good speed.

March 13—The steamer *George Washington* with President Wilson on board entered the harbor of Brest, France, at 7:45 o'clock this evening, and the President with his party left for Paris by special train at 11 o'clock.

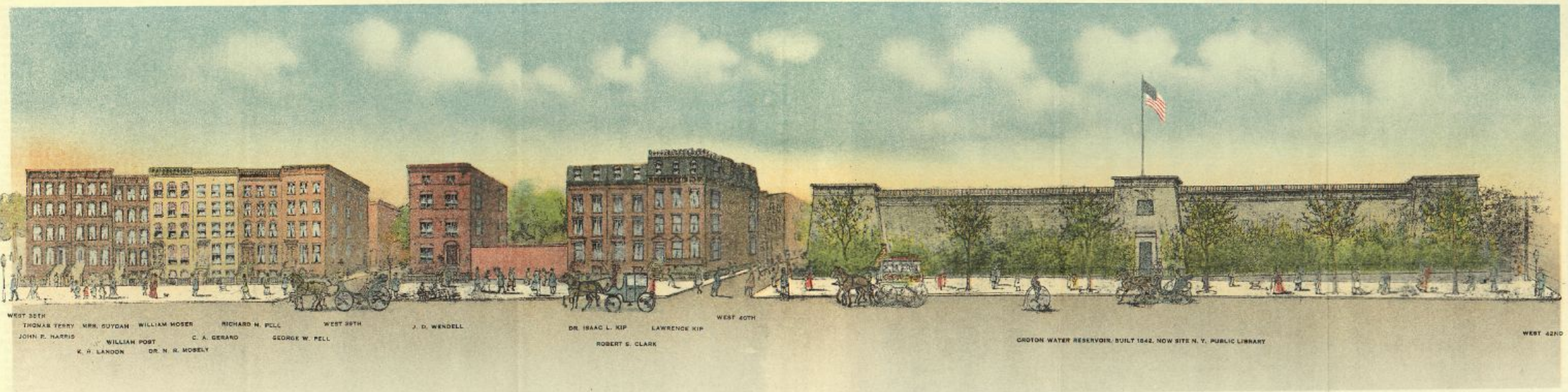
March 13—Seven thousand soldiers, including 1,500 Brooklyn men, most of them members of the 52d Artillery Brigade of the 27th Division, commanded by Brigadier-General George A. Wingate, and comprising the 104th, 105th and 106th Field Artillery Regiments, arrived in Hoboken on board the transport *America*.

March 13—Over 4,000 troops arrived in port on three transports. The *President Wilson*, the *Panaman* and the *Espagne* all brought local fighters home from the battlefields. On the *President Wilson* came the 305th Brigade, Tank Corps, of which the 301st Tank Battalion saw heavy fighting and won much glory.

March 14—President Wilson, returning to the Peace Conference after his trip to the United States, arrived in Paris shortly after noon to-day.

March 15—The Dutch steamship *Hollandia* arrived from Brest with 1,025 American troops, which included 11 officers and 477 enlisted men of the 102d Field Battalion of the U. S. A. Signal Corps, belonging to the 27th Division.

March 17—The 304th Brigade Tank Corps, complete, consisting of 55 officers and 1,456 men, arrived in Brooklyn on the French liner *Patria*. The *Patria* brought back 2,110 officers



LITHOGRAPHED FOR VALENTINE'S MANUAL OF OLD NEW YORK
NUMBER FOUR

WEST SIDE OF FIFTH AVENUE FROM 38TH TO 42ND STS. BEFORE ITS TRANSITION TO BUSINESS, ABOUT 1880

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and men. Included in the contingent were six casual companies and 67 casual officers.

March 19—The last unit of New York's famous 27th Division, the 104th Machine Gun Battalion, returned home. The 12 officers and 396 enlisted men of the battalion were in every battle in which the 27th Division took part. Their casualties were 40 killed and 70 wounded.

March 21—One year ago to-day the German Army, at the peak of its power, poured down on the British lines in Picardy, bent on winning an overwhelming victory before American troops should reach the front in force.

March 23—President Wilson, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, Miss Benham, Mrs. Wilson's secretary, and Rear Admiral Grayson, spent the day visiting Soissons, the Chemin des Dames, Coucy le Château, Chauny, Noyon, Montdidier and the neighboring regions. On his return to Paris the President said: "The day has been very instructive to me. It has been in many ways exceedingly painful, because what I saw was deeply distressing. But it has enabled me to have a fuller conception than ever of the extraordinary suffering and hardships of the people of France in the baptism of cruel fire through which they have passed." At one place a pleasant incident occurred. The President's car stopped to get oil, and a little group of people of the village with some who had driven out from Montdidier, gathered around the car and chatted. Several bouquets of flowers brought by children were presented to President and Mrs. Wilson.

March 24—Brooklyn to-day paid homage to its war heroes—the brave lads who performed the feat of breaking the Hindenburg line. The residents of the borough were delirious with joy as these heroes of the 27th Division marched between lanes of countless thousands of cheering persons, marched with unfaltering steps to the strains of patriotic airs and the welcome plaudits of their home folks.

March 24—More than 13,000 troops returned to-day on six transports, the *Antigone, Montana, Lake Gasper, Manchuria, North Carolina* and *Matsonia.*

March 25—In one of the greatest demonstrations ever witnessed in America, New York to-day greeted the homecoming veterans of the 27th Division and in the cheers with which the metropolis greeted its own helmeted heroes it formally celebrated the close of the world's greatest war. Fifth Avenue, appropriately named the "Avenue of Victory," through which New York's former militiamen marched to-day in triumph, was a monster canyon of wildly enthusiastic humanity. Never before has such a crowd sought to gain but even a glimpse of the passing spectacle. The head of the parade reached the Arch of Triumph at Madison Square at 10:24 o'clock, led at a considerable interval by the caisson,

draped in honor of the dead. Just as the parade reached this point the thousands choking the whole square broke through the lines and threatened to block the avenue. Soldiers and sailors on the side lines joined the police to put back the struggling mob. For a time there was some roughness. The soldiers and sailors tried in vain to hold the crowd back. The street was finally cleared, however, by a platoon of mounted police.

March 31—Three thousand persons cheered the Twenty-second Engineers, New York National Guard, and Brigadier-General Cornelius Vanderbilt when he reviewed the unit in its armory at 168th Street and Fort Washington Avenue.

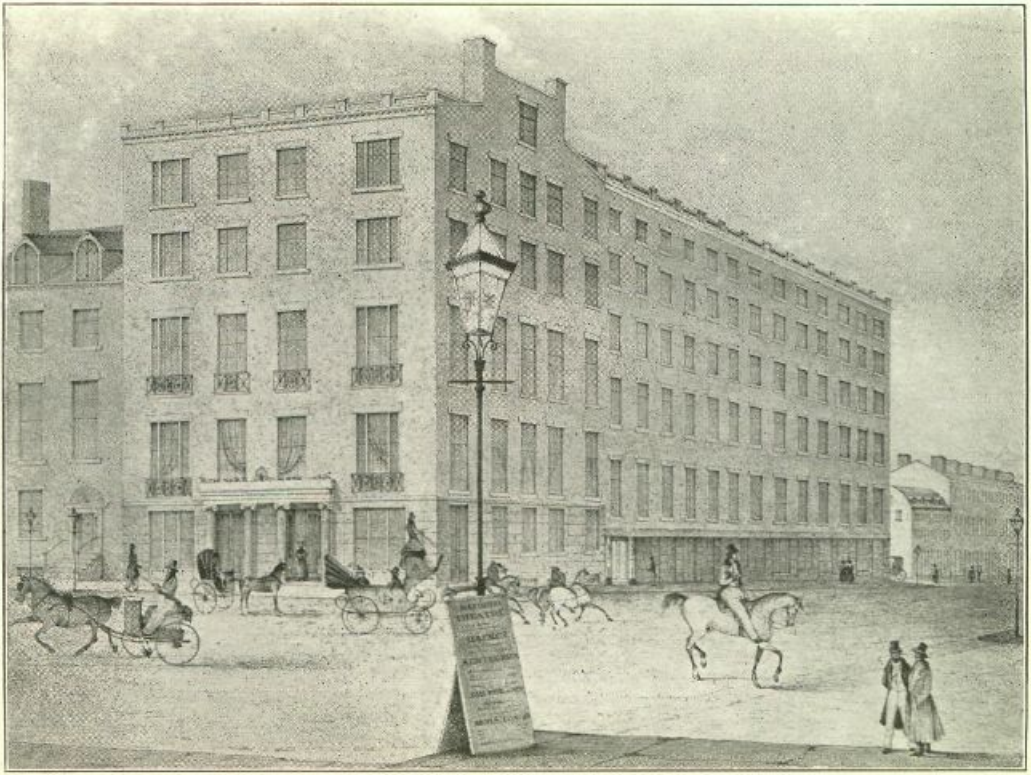
March 31—Lieutenant Vincent Astor is on his way to the United States, second in command on a captured German U-boat—the U. C. 97.

March 31—The local draft boards, composed of the men who constituted that wonderful army making machine, the selective service system, called by Lord Northcliffe one of the miracles of the great war, closed their doors to-day and all records will be shipped to Washington. With the closing of the local boards it is interesting to note the varying cost of inducting New Yorkers into the service. One board reported an average cost of 12 cents a man; another reported $2.58, the highest average of any local board. The cost to another board was 25 cents a man. For their work local board members were paid at a rate of $1 an hour for each hour that the member was wholly engaged in the duties prescribed.

April 2—Since November 14, 12,533 American soldiers have died from wounds received in action prior to the armistice, the War Department announced to-day. Last week there were 477 deaths from battle wounds.

April 3—One of ten troopships due to-day with more than 26,000 returning American soldiers, the *Leviathan* had a total of 14,416 souls aboard when she made her pier at Hoboken. Of these 12,274 were troops. The rest were officers and members of the crew.

April 8—The wierd bagpipers of the Scotch Kilties Band stirred folks on the Cunard pier at the foot of West Fourteenth Street last evening to barbaric enthusiasm as they skirled that rousing Bobby Burns melody, "Scots wha hae we' Wallace Bled." There were lots of war veterans of Scotch descent lining the starboard rail of the *Mauretania* as she warped in on the northerly side of the pier. There were 2,755 officers and men, near citizens and citizens of the United States, who were in this country when the war started and volunteered to help the British in their fight against the Central Powers. They wore the uniforms of about fifty different regiments that fought on all the fronts.



THE WAVERLY HOUSE, BROADWAY AND WAVERLY PLACE, ABOUT 1852. BILL BOARD OF NATIONAL THEATRE THEN IN CHATHAM SQUARE. FROM A RARE LITHOGRAPH IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. ROBERT GOELET

April 11—The Monroe Doctrine reservation has not been drafted completely yet. When the President arose to speak on the Monroe Doctrine amendment it was nearly midnight, at the end of a long day's work. Standing at the head of the table, the lines of fatigue on his face accentuated by the blazing light of the chandeliers, he delivered what is said to have been one of the most dramatic and effective speeches since the conference opened. The President pointed out that the Monroe Doctrine had its inception at the time when absolutism was supreme in Europe; that it was promulgated for the purpose of permitting the free and untrammeled development of the peoples of the Americas. These peoples, he said, had now joined with free Europeans in a final struggle against absolutism, and that they were able to do so was directly attributable to the Monroe Doctrine.

April 12—The League of Nations covenant was finally approved by the League Commission.

April 16—Twenty-five women war workers who will speak for the Victory Loan were entertained by Mrs. Vincent Astor at her residence, 840 Fifth Avenue.

April 19—Greater New York is expected to subscribe $1,000,561,500 to the Victory Liberty Loan. The Borough of Manhattan is expected to subscribe $927,022,200. The quotas of the other boroughs are: Brooklyn, $59,857,400; Queens, $7,076,000; Bronx, $4,975,600; Richmond, $1,630,400.

April 20—The United States transport *Harrisburg,* bringing home the old 69th Regiment, now the 165th Infantry, steamed through the Narrows this afternoon while New York roared a welcome.

April 21—Standing in the Argonne Forest Victory Loan Theatre at Times Square shortly after 12 o'clock this morning, Governor Alfred E. Smith officially opened the Victory Loan drive in this district by buying the first note of the issue sold in this city.

April 25—With Major General Robert Alexander, commanding officer of the 77th Division, and his staff on board, the transport *Mt. Vernon,* carrying 5,773 members of New York's Own, reached Sandy Hook at 4:45 o'clock and docked an hour and a half later at Hoboken.

April 25—The last of the Fighting 165th is home. It arrived on the transport *Prince Frederick William*—the old North German Lloyd liner *Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm.*

April 25—The 11th Engineers, U. S. A., the first regiment recruited in New York City after the declaration of war in 1917, comes home with a record of twenty-two months' duty overseas.

April 28—The Constitution of the League of Nations was adopted by the Peace Conference in plenary session this afternoon.

April 28—The *America*, which left Brest on Easter Sunday, arrived in Hoboken to-day with 7,051 officers and men, including the 308th Infantry, 77th Division, 95 officers and 3,752 men; the 154th Infantry Brigade Headquarters, 77th Division, 9 officers and 74 men, and the 307 Infantry Field and Staff Headquarters, Supply and Machine Gun Companies, Medical Detachments and Company A, B, C, D and E, 56 officers and 1,992 enlisted men.

April 28—The 165th Infantry, formerly New York's old Sixty-ninth, but by either name the "Fightin' Irish," marched up Fifth Avenue through the Arch of Triumph cheered by great crowds.

May 3—The mightiest military spectacle ever staged passed down Fifth Avenue from 110th Street to Washington Square. The spectacle termed "The Panorama of Victory" was organized by the War Department to demonstrate to the people who invested in Liberty Bonds and war relief contributions and are now buying Victory notes how their money has been spent.

May 3—The battleship *Vermont* arrived at Newport News, Va., with the 53d Pioneer Infantry, the old 47th of Brooklyn.

May 6—In one of the finest military exhibitions which New York has ever seen the 77th (Metropolitan) Division, draft men, marched from Washington Square to 110th Street, starting at 10 o'clock and reaching 110th Street at 12:10, where the commander, General Alexander and his staff reviewed them. The division was composed of more than 22,000 combatant troops, some 5,000 casuals and as many wounded in automobiles. Blocks ahead of the triumphant columns marched the Companies of the Dead, ten detachments each carrying a banner containing 250 gold stars. Ahead and at the rear of these companies were strong honor guards of police. As the companies reached Twenty-third Street a caisson, bearing a golden Statue of Liberty and drawn by two black horses, swung in at the head of the solemn procession, and a 2-inch gun back of the Altar of Liberty fired a salute. On the Altar of Liberty there were representatives of the seven great welfare organizations.

May 7—Germany to-day was told the terms upon which the Allied and Associated Powers will make peace with her. These terms were contained in a treaty some 80,000 words in length, which was handed to the German plenipotentiaries at a memorable assemblage here, attended by the delegates of the twenty-seven nations which are parties to the peace pact.

May 7—Four years ago to-day the *Lusitania* went down. About two years ago the United States waked up. April 6 and May 7 are both dates in our historical calendar that nobody is likely to forget.

May 10—Mrs. E. H. Harriman, President of the American Jugoslav Relief for Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, 511 Fifth Avenue, announced yesterday that $65,000 has been forwarded to the American Relief Administration for the debilitated children of Jugoslavia. The total amount contributed to the relief fund from December 16, 1918, to May 7, 1919, was $73,400.

May 10—The Treasury Department to-night announced officially that the country's Fifth or Victory Loan, the minimum quota of which was placed at $4,500,000,000, had been oversubscribed. Since the United States entered the war $23,322,349,250 have been subscribed in the five Liberty Loans in the United States, of which $7,247,417,250 was subscribed in the Second Federal Reserve District, New York.

May 12—The old 47th Infantry, N. G. N. Y., of Brooklyn, now the 53d Pioneer Infantry, arrived home on the old Dominion liner *Jamestown*, docking at Pier 26, North River, at 11:40 A. M.

May 16—The three giant seaplanes of the American Navy, NC-1, NC-2, NC-4, took off from Trepassey Bay, Newfoundland, at 6:07 P. M. for the transatlantic flight to the Azores.

May 17—The seaplane NC-4, Commander A. C. Read, reached Horta, Azores, 9:25 A. M. The NC-1 and NC-3 had to make a landing in the water on account of fog and storm.

May 18—Harry G. Hawker and Lieutenant Commander Mackenzie Grieve started in their Sopwith biplane to cross the Atlantic to Ireland at 1:51 P. M., New York time.

May 19—No tidings of Hawker. Thought to be lost.

May 22—NC-4 will not leave Ponta Delgada to-day. Sea too rough for start.

May 26—Total subscriptions to the Fifth or Victory Liberty Loan were announced to-day by the Treasury at $5,249,908,300, an oversubscription of $750,000,000. It was estimated officially to-day that there were 12,000,000 subscribers to the loan.

May 26—Harry G. Hawker and Lieutenant Commander Grieve were rescued in latitude 50 degrees and 20 mintes North and longitude 29 degrees and 30 minutes West. They alighted close to a steamer, owing to a defect in the water circulation of their motor. Both men are in perfect health. The airplane was not saved.

May 27—NC-4 left Ponta Delgada for Lisbon at 10:18 G. M. T. (6:18 A. M., New York time) to-day. Sent at 10:527, (7:50 A. M., New York time). NC-4 arrived at Lisbon at 20:02 G. M. T. (4:02 P. M., New York time).

May 31—The NC-4 arrived safely at Plymouth at 2:26, British time, this afternoon, according to a radio message from Rear Admiral Knapp to London. This is 9:26 A. M., New York time. The British Admiralty sent the following mes-

sage to Rear Admiral Knapp in London: "This morning's news brings the epoch-making intelligence that the space between America and Europe has now been successfully spanned by air by way of the Azores. It is with great pleasure that their Lordships have learned of this success, and they desire to offer their congratulations to the crew of the seaplane NC-4 and to the United States Naval Air Service on the fine achievement." At Plymouth, from which port the Pilgrim Fathers embarked in the Mayflower for the new world nearly 300 years ago, a great crowd waited, and when the airship appeared rushing toward the harbor the whistles of vessels in the bay set up a great screeching, while a crescendo of cheers arose from the throngs. Many housetops and the streets and the open spaces were all a-flutter with hankerchiefs and hats and flags waving a greeting to Read and his men.

June 14—The Vickers-Vimy biplane started on its transatlantic flight at 4:13 o'clock this afternoon, Greenwich time, from St. John's, N. F., to Ireland.

June 15—The young British officer, Captain John Alcock, and his American navigator, Lieutenant Arthur W. Brown, landed at Clifton on the Irish coast. First non-stop flight across the Atlantic—1,900 statute miles—in 16 hours and 12 minutes. Average speed 117 miles an hour. First aerial mail taken across the Atlantic.

June 28—The Treaty of Peace was signed. President Wilson's name was the first to be signed for the Allies.

June 29—President Wilson sailed from France for New York.

July 2—The great British airship R-34 left Edinburgh, Scotland, 1:42 A. M. (G. M. T.).

July 6—The British dirigible R-34 was made fast at Roosevelt Field, L. I., at 9:54 A. M., New York time. Distance traveled, 3,130 sea miles.

July 8—President Wilson arrived from France.



THE DR. JOSEPH BROWNE HOMESTEAD, TREMONT AVE. HERE AARON BURR AND HIS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER THEODOSIA WERE FREQUENT VISITORS. ONLY RECENTLY DEMOLISHED. COLLECTION OF MR. STEPHEN WRAY

The Boston Road and Aaron Burr

By Stephen Wray

The Boston Road, northern entrance for land travel from all New England to New York City, roughly paralleled the shores of Long Island Sound, circling the heads of the inlets, until it reached the village of Eastchester; there it bent westward and, climbing over the tops of the ridges and dropping into the valleys, crossed to Manhattan Island at Kingsbridge; this was the road of early colonial times.

Shortly after the Revolution ended, a new section of the Boston Road was proposed, designed to tap the old road at Eastchester and connect with a new bridge across the Harlem River (at the present 129th-133rd Streets) a road at once direct, of easy grades, providing a short-cut into New York on its easterly side, one that would save much time and eliminate many of the troubles of the tired traveler on his approach to the City. This new section of the Boston Road owes its location and promotion largely to the efforts of Doctor Joseph Browne, once of West Farms, and behind the activities of this Doctor Browne it is not difficult to discern the directing mind of his brother-in-law, the astute and wily Aaron Burr.

In July, 1777, the youthful Burr, for meritorious service, received from Washington the appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel placed in charge of a regiment stationed in the valley of the Ramapo River. This regiment had been so placed in order to prevent a British flank-attack on West Point by Redcoats from New York crossing Northern New Jersey and ascending the Ramapo for access to the Hudson Valley at Newburgh. The soldiers

were little more than raw recruits, but Burr was famed as a disciplinarian, and soon, with thorough drill, had his regiment in better shape than were most of the troops in the Continental forces.

His next step was to look for possible spies, those who might report his movements to the British or actively aid a British movement into his territory. He also wished to know those friendly to the American forces on whom he could rely for immediate information of any movement of the British.

This work he had systematized while on the American lines at White Plains, and applied the same methods to Northern New Jersey. Families among the farmers undoubtedly to be trusted were so marked in the headquarters records; those of whose Toryism there was no doubt were also so marked and thereafter constantly watched by delegated watchers. Between the two classes were certain families whose status was such that a period of probation must be passed before it could be definitely settled as to whether they were friend or foe, and of these, the family of DeVinne, living at Paramus, in Northern New Jersey, were of so special a class that Burr himself determined to watch them.

The reason was, that although a family of Swiss extraction, one daughter had married Colonel Provost of the British army, and when just prior to the War his regiment had been ordered to the West Indies, this Mrs. Theodosia Provost and her two small sons had arrived at Paramus to live with her widowed mother and her sister Catherine at their home, "The Hermitage." Although the inquiries among their neighbors led Burr to believe the family highly esteemed and popular, still he had doubts whether the wife of a British colonel

had not left behind her in army circles at New York many friends whom she would seek to keep advised as to military movements of the Continental forces.

The best way to watch was to do so as unobtrusively as possible. So Burr, through some of his friends in the neighborhood, obtained an introduction to the DeVinne family, and as they were fond of entertaining, became a frequent guest. But to his surprise, and possibly also to his relief, he found the DeVinnes, even Mrs. Provost, were neutral with a strong leaning to the American point-of-view, and there seemed no reason to doubt their loyalty to the American cause. Furthermore, he speedily found that he had met women much superior in education and accomplishments to the women it had been his fortune to meet; and further, they possessed a library filled with the works of the best English and French authors as well as the classics, in which they were well versed, and that they could converse in French as well as in English, so that Burr, famous as a French scholar, spent many a pleasant hour with them during his stay in the neighborhood. In the following November, he was ordered to Philadelphia, and thereafter, for about a year and a half, heard little about them save that shortly after his departure word had reached Mrs. Provost of the death at Jamaica of her husband.

The Spring of 1779 found Burr again at White Plains in charge of the American lines and the Neutral Ground. In the midst of his military duties, he found time and way to renew his acquaintance with the widow Provost; soon he was known as her accepted lover. Her sister, Miss Catherine DeVinne, had announced her engagement to a young physician, Dr. Joseph Browne, then establishing himself in practice in New York City. Later,

Burr left the army, partly on account of a breakdown of health, and when sufficiently recovered, he renewed his study of law, first at Patterson, then at Haverstraw. In the Spring of 1782, deeming himself proficient in his profession, he applied at Albany for admission to the Bar, and after many difficulties, was admitted to practice.

It probably would have pleased Burr to have gone at once to New York City, for in that seaport town, among its merchants, there was opportunity and money; but this required, as a prerequisite to the practice of law, an oath of allegiance to the reigning power who, that City being still in British hands, was King George III, so Burr was forced to begin his practice at Albany; and here there was an opening, for from the part of the State in Continental hands, the old and well-established Tory lawyers had been disbarred the preceding year, leaving the way open for young, ambitious American lawyers.

Then followed the marriage, which in those days in New Jersey was not so simple an affair as one might expect, for it was needful that the banns be published thrice and sundry other long-drawn steps taken, all of which could be avoided by a trip to the State capitol and the procuring from the Governor, on paying a goodly fee, a license dispensing therewith. So on July 4th, 1782, we find Aaron Burr licensed to wed Theodosia Provost and Joseph Browne licensed to wed Catherine DeVinne, all of the County of Bergen; and then to Albany go the Burrs, and to New York, to reside at No. 9 Little Queen (Cedar) Street, go the Brownes.

Burr did not like Albany, and as soon as negotiations were begun for a peace-treaty and the removal of the



The old Johnston Tavern, near the Twelfth Milestone, about on the site of the present Boat House in Bronx Park. Known as Raymonds, and Plants Inn. Demolished 1894. The Boston stages changed horses here. From the collection of Stephen Wray

British troops from New York City, he began to arrange for a house there. Within a few days after the departure of the British soldiery, Burr is again in New York City, prepared to take up the lucrative practice of the now disbarred Tory lawyers, located as to residence and office not far from Dr. Browne on Little Queen (Cedar) Street at Nassau Street. And here, through six years of fighting the Schuylers and Hamilton and establishing himself in a legal practice as well as dipping into local politics, we leave him while we follow the fortunes of Dr. Joseph Browne.

In those days, New York City was thought to be a very unhealthy place in the Summer months, "full of mortal and contageous fevers" as Burr himself wrote. So as soon as a man earned sufficient money, he tried to procure a country residence, not too far from the City, to which he could retire for the heated spell. When, in 1785, John Embree died and by his Last Will directed his executors to sell the farm at West Farms on which he and his father had resided for sixty-seven years, since 1718, the purchaser was Dr. Joseph Browne. After tearing down the old Embree farmhouse, standing behind its twin elms, described by an earlier writer as two of the most magnificent of their kind in Westchester County, he erected on its site his homestead, a two-story frame dwelling with wide verandas overlooking the valley of the Bronx River for several miles. This house survived in part until 1892 when it was torn down, having many years before lost its cluster of dependent buildings of which group it was once the center. In its time it was the home of Thomas Walker, a wealthy Quaker merchant and a manufacturer of the 1812 period, when he had two mills on the property just north

of the house, power being supplied by a great overshot water-wheel (at 178th Street and Bryant Avenue) fed from a mill-pond called "The Dyke" lying westward on the farm and near the Southern Boulevard of to-day; afterwards, on Walker's death, it became the principal hotel of the region, "The Adriatic Hotel," so named by its proprietor, a survivor of the terrible shipwreck of "The Adriatic" in the '50s, and as such is remembered by all of the older inhabitants of that region as a center of social and civil life.

The house stood at the edge of the rise of ground bounding the Bronx Valley on its west side and about sixty feet higher than the river surface; its present location is best described as on the north side of Tremont Avenue between Vyse and Bryant Avenues, opposite the Public School No. 6, and on an earth terrace several feet higher than the surface to-day appears. The farm stretched westward along the north side of Tremont Avenue from West Farms Square to Prospect Avenue, that street being in its inception the driveway leading from the mansion-house down the hill to the then Queens Road, from Delancey's Bridge down "The West Farmes" to Hunt's Point. Here, for nearly seventeen years, Dr. Joseph Browne, with his family, spent their Summers, leading the life of a country gentleman of means, although still active in his profession and foremost in all public enterprises of the times in that locality.

It was in the Fall of 1789 that Governor Clinton named Aaron Burr as Attorney-General of the State of New York, an act that changed the whole career of both Burr and Dr. Browne.

Burr would now spend much time at Albany, so he sold his home at Little Queen and Nassau Streets, renting a winter home for his family until he could decide for the future as to the place where it would be advisable to locate. Meanwhile, in February, 1790, he selected and bought as his summer residence, a one hundred and fifty-five acre farm at Pelham, meadow and upland on the shore of the Hutchinson River opposite the little settlement of Eastchester, a farm now nearly divided by the boundary-line of the City of New York, part lying within Pelham Bay Park. This place soon became a favorite residence of the family, who named it "The Shrubberies," and Burr is constantly singing its praises in his letters, while his wife in one of her own states that she "is fortunate to be there, always plenty of air, never heat enough to incommode one." In 1794, Burr deemed it advisable, covering his political and speculative moves, to put the property out of his hands, possibly fearing the discovery by some enemy of his connection with the laying out of the "New Road," so he deeded it to his stepson, Augustine James Frederick Provost, by whom it was occupied for many years and in turn, until fire destroyed the house, by others of the Provost family. But there was one drawback, the place was rather inaccessible; although just opposite Eastchester, it was over a mile by road to that village, and then, to New York, the way was across the hills to Williamsbridge and Kingsbridge and so down the length of Manhattan Island.

This was the situation while Burr at Albany was familiarizing himself with his duties as Attorney-General: then, one day early in 1790, he heard that a member of the Morris family was in Albany with a bill for legis-

lative action to permit Lewis Morris to bridge the Harlem River, and, in connection therewith, lay out a new road from the existing road from Boston at Eastchester to the new bridge. The idea was to divert travel which, at the cost of the trifling toll to be charged, would thus find a more direct and easy entrance into New York; incidentally, the Morris family would profit by having their Manor of Morrisania made accessible at practically no cost to themselves. The Manor of Morrisania, although on the mainland, had always been found to be on the wrong side of the Harlem River; there was no bridge nearer than Kingsbridge, several miles distant and that over farm lanes. As all travel started from Manhattan Island, the Morris family, their tenants and guests, must as the first step in any journey, cross the Harlem River on a scow-ferry. It was a little trip from bank to bank, much longer then than now appears because the stream has been bulkheaded and filled in on either side, rough enough when the wind blew strongly and the tide ran fast, somewhat dangerous when the scow carried a top-heavy coach and its four horses; besides it was costly to maintain this ferry, as it required the constant attendance of a couple of servants. Many times prior to the War, the Morris family had sought permission to bridge the Harlem, but there was a mysterious opposition, possibly from their enemies the DeLanceys then in power. With the end of the War and the disappearance of that vision which they had entertained picturing the Capital City of the United States located on the Manor of Morrisania, they had arrived at the conclusion that a bridge they must have. The bridge must be self-supporting, so tolls must be provided. But the Morris family, their tenants, servants, and guests, must pass toll-free, and as the bridge would lead to no other land but the



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A Day in the life of a Fireman

"Jump her, boys, jump her"

Half a century has barely passed since New York depended entirely upon Volunteer Firemen for protection against this great public danger. She was last among the great cities to change from the old system to the new.

In these old Currier & Ives lithographs the figures shown in the pictures are portraits of well known members of the various companies, old Harry Howard showing conspicuously among them. These remarkable old prints are about all that is left to remind us of this picturesque chapter in our development from village to town and from town to city.

Morris estates, it was found needful that a road be made from the bridge to tap the old colonial road at Eastchester and thus bring tolls to the bridge by diverting thereto the New England travel.

Burr, of course, on hearing of the project, was deeply interested and was soon in touch with the man in charge of the bill. A direct road, right from his Pelham residence to New York, and over easy grades, meant to him much saving of time and fatigue. On examining the proposed bill, he pointed out a weak point, possibly a fatal one to the scheme. It was proposed that the farmers along the new road be asked to give a right-of-way across their farms, or that one be bought from them if they refused to give it. But suppose, argued Burr, one farmer obstinately refused to give or to sell? He would block the whole project. The Morris family had many enemies; the farmers along the line in many cases had of old been dependents of the DeLanceys. It might be better to remodel the bill and insert a provision for commissioners to be appointed to lay out the road, condemn the land taken, if such a course was necessary; and that the politicians might not name their friends as Commissioners, the names of friendly parties to the Morris family could be inserted in the bill itself.

So the bill was left with Burr for its remodelling, and he inserted the names. As chairman of the Board of Commissioners to lay out the "New Boston Road," he inserted the name of his own brother-in-law Dr. Joseph Browne; as his associates, he inserted the names of George Embree and John Bartow, Jr., worthy farmers of the vicinity who could be depended on to follow the lead of the Chairman, thus providing for an active and two passive members. After minutely prescribing the width of the bridge and of the road, and the various tolls

to be charged, a provision was inserted for condemning the required lands and for assessing the costs of acquiring the same through taxation on the lands of the nearby farmers. This was a proceeding which Burr must have known to be impracticable, excellent lawyer that he was, for the Constitution of the United States had been in force but a short time, and the farmers still believed that their land could only be condemned for a public use, and could not be taken even then without due compensation, paid from some other source than the pockets of the man whose land was taken. Then, was this road a public, or a private enterprise? It certainly seemed to be a private one when the Morris family took all of the tolls.

Now, Burr was wise and artful; he saw, what others failed to see, that this new road would divide the old farms in a different way than they had previously been divided; that places heretofore difficult to reach would be rendered accessible; that the rich farms of lower Westchester County, each of a hundred or more acres, had been left by the War owned by penniless farmers, without cattle, and now, on the decline of slave-labor, with little available farm help; the older generation of farmers, unable to successfully work these big farms, would gladly sell them at a fraction of their real value; the time had arrived for an enterprising man to buy up these farms, run the new road through them, just where it would make their several parts most accessible; then sub-divide them into smaller farms of from fifteen to twenty-five acres, and sell them to new arrivals, emigrants mainly, having some cash and ready to work a small plot of land in the way the small farms of Europe were worked; in a word, Burr saw opening a great field of real-estate speculation, and he, through Dr. Browne, in

direction of the enterprise; so why bother with a practicable system of condemnation? Let the farmers object sufficiently, and then, when they were threatened with a course of expensive litigation to assert their rights over some land of little value, make them a small but reasonable offer for their entire farm and buy them out. And thus Burr modelled the legislative bill which on March 31st, 1790, became a law.

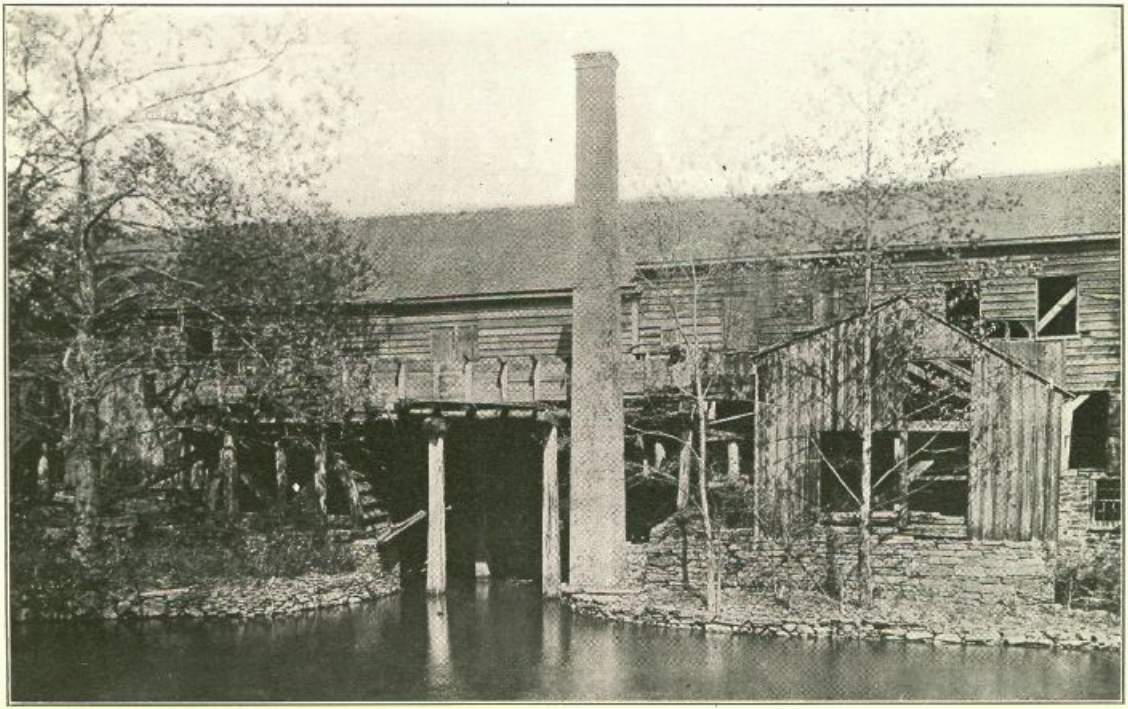
Burr now devoted his energies to politics and, early in 1791, defeated General Schuyler in the contest for the United States Senatorship. His land speculation he left with Dr. Browne. Dr. Browne proceeded to locate the new road. Beginning at the site of the proposed bridge on the Harlem River (129th-133rd Sts.) close to where he was to place his first brownstone milestone, marking eight miles from the City, its course was laid out towards the northeast along what is now Third Avenue, until about 150th Street it reached the line where the upland met the meadows bordering Mill Brook; proceeding along this, past the future site of the Ninth Milestone (153rd St.) it reached the end of the meadows (159th St.) and turning abruptly, descended a steep bank at the site of the Bronx County Courthouse and crossed the Mill-brook through an alder thicket, the scene in later days of a daylight stage-robbery by a lone highwayman. Then, mounting the easterly bank, it proceeded around the foot of Grove Hill, and up the long slope of Spring Hill (163rd-165th Sts.), skirting the west side of that giant boulder named the "Pudding Rock," a landmark close to the site of Morris High School; the Tenth Milestone was to be located at 168th Street, where it still remains, last of its kind in this vicinity; and finally, a few hundred feet beyond McKinley Square (169th St.) reached the boundary of the

Morris estate, the line dividing the Manor of Morrisania from the Royal Patent of West Farms. Heretofore the way had been entirely through land belonging to Morris; beyond lay the small farmer, the independent yeoman.

As Burr had foreseen, trouble at once arose. The farmers were unanimously against the scheme, save one man. He was old Thomas Hunt of "The Grange" at the end of Hunts Point, owner of two northerly, or upper, farms along the site of the proposed road. One of these, named the "Gore Farm" was a hundred acre wood-lot of triangular shape with no access save a wood-road from its apex on the old road to Hunts Point near the Bronx River (at 173rd St.). Its sidelines were roughly at Suburban Place and 174th Street, and to-day much of it forms Crotona Park, never having ceased from the earliest time to be a wood-lot. Hunt reasoned that if the new road crossed it at about the middle of the farm, the land on each side would be accessible and could be used for farming purposes. The other farm, one of fifty acres along the south side of Tremont Avenue, was at one place crossed by a ridge of rock (the line of the present Bryant Avenue); it would do no harm to have the new road go over this ridge of rock; therefore, Thomas Hunt consented to have the road cross his farms.

Just across the Southern Boulevard, and at the corner of the present carbarns, was the site where the Eleventh Milestone was to stand, and where it stood until the Boston Road was widened.

The consent of Hunt practically located the road along its present lines until it reached the site of Bryant Avenue; there it curved more northerly, and following the rock ridge, turned at right angles into the driveway leading from the homestead of Dr. Browne, down the



THE LORILLARD BROTHERS' SNUFF MILL ON THE BRONX RIVER. DESTROYED BY THE BLIZZARD OF 1888. FROM THE COLLECTION OF STEPHEN WRAY

hill to West Farms Square, that driveway being now Tremont Avenue; from the crest of the rock ridge to the valley road the land fell a vertical fifty feet and the linear distance along the new roadway was scarcely four hundred feet, a fall of over twelve feet in every hundred with a right-angle bend midway between top and bottom, a hill well-named "Breakneck Hill," a hill destructive of horseflesh on ascending and on breaks and running-gear on descending, and after 1825, practically abandoned when a shortcut with an easier grade was made around it and down its present course into West Farms Square; and thus was begun many of the main thoroughfares of Bronx Borough as they to-day exist.

From West Farms Square northward, the ancient "Queens Road" from Hunts Point originally ran diagonally through the present blocks, and dropping down the river bank of the Bronx, crossed the stream at the stone "Arch-Bridge" of the DeLanceys (at 180th St.). Dr. Browne, through exchanges of lands with some of his neighbors, caused the old road to be abandoned and closed, and the new road laid out along the edge of the high bank west of the stream, up to the present entrance of Bronx Park, the future site of the "Carters Inn" of Seth Raymond, later to be known as the tavern of Henry Plant, and then the stage-change of Landlord John Johnston; just beyond, the Twelfth Milestone was to stand.

Through Bronx Park, then the land of Oliver DeLancey, last of the old race to own it, an old wood-lane was followed, one that crossed the Bronx River at the water-lily bar just above the "Island" in Bronx Park, a ford abandoned in the scheme of the new road in favor of a wooden bridge at the narrowed banks of the stream, not far from the upper falls of the Bronx; then

crossing the Bear Swamp Road and the lane to Lorillard Brothers snuff-mills on the Bronx, surrounded by their acres of rose-gardens, the future road proceeded through the farm of John Hitchcock, past the site of the Thirteenth Milestone where the present road and White Plains Road now diverge, the farms of Israel Underhill and Stephen Ward, past the site of the Fourteenth Milestone (Burke Avenue) until it reached the Williamsbridge Road, once the celebrated path of the Indians called by the early colonists "The Westchester Path" and developed by them into the cartroad between the settlements of Westchester and Eastchester. This it followed for a short distance down the hill, but abandoned it at the point where it went westward to circle the meadowland at the headwaters of Black Dog Brook. Part of the old cartway still exists, known as Schieffelin's Lane. The new road took a more direct course over the meadows, past the site of the Fifteenth Milestone (near Baychester Avenue), curving down to where it again met the "Westchester Path" near Rattlesnake Brook, and from thence past the house of Theodosius Fowler, on the outskirts of Eastchester, to the Old Mill Road, and by the latter joined the road from Boston, not far from old St. Paul's Church.

This was the road as laid out by Dr. Browne, but owing to the opposition of the farmers, for many years only opened in parts. The seed of the real-estate speculation was now sown, time must be given for its growth; so Dr. Browne contented himself with the management of his estate, and with building a dam on the lower Bronx at the end of his lands, and erecting a mill, operated by the waters therefrom, for the production of linseed oil, a mill one day to be the nucleus of the thriving Village of West Farms.



LITHOGRAPHED FOR VALENTINE'S MANUAL OF OLD NEW YORK
NUMBER FOUR

EAST SIDE OF FIFTH AVENUE FROM 38TH TO 42ND STS. BEFORE ITS TRANSITION TO BUSINESS, ABOUT 1880

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By 1795, the opposition being still formidable, Lewis Morris no longer cared to be associated with the project on account of its unpopularity, and having assigned his interests therein to John B. Coles, the proposed road became known as "Coles Road." The same year, the Legislature enacted a law permitting Coles to build a narrower bridge, exact a higher rate of tolls, and have the right to collect the same for many years in the future. Then the bridge was built, and the road completed.

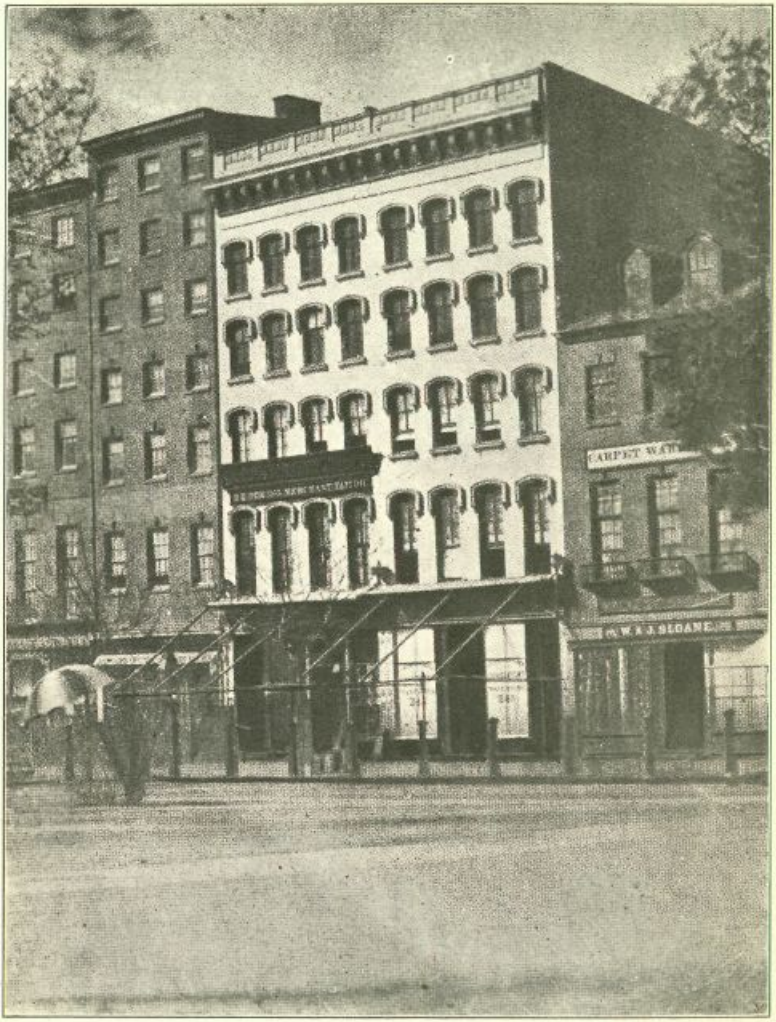
By 1797, all obstacles had been overcome, except that a few farmers toward Eastchester had failed to receive pay for their lands, but, so rumor has it, a lottery provided the needful cash and they were paid; whereupon another law made the new road a part of the highway system of the State; and, in 1798, the matter was entirely ended by a law vesting in Coles the right to manage the enterprise and collect tolls, at another increase of rates, until March 31st, 1858, sixty years, so long as he kept the bridge and road in repair and paid trifling fees to the Road Commissioners of the Towns of Westchester and Eastchester.

How was this farmer opposition so readily overcome? Simply by Dr. Browne buying, during the year 1796, virtually all the farms, save those owned by Thomas Hunt, from McKinley Square to Bronx Park; not merely a right-of-way for the road but the entire farms from the Bronx River on the east to the Patent-Line on the west, an oblong of land about a mile and a half long by three-quarters of a mile wide.

Then came the land-boom, the re-division of the old farms along the New Boston Road into smaller farm-plots, and their sale by Dr. Browne during the next few years to the newly-arrived small farmer at a goodly profit

to Burr and himself. Thus the old Revolutionary stock of farmers, growing on the soil from the earliest settlements, left the region and were supplanted by a new stock, differing in ideas, methods and viewpoints from the old; this was thoroughly in accord with Burr's political ideas that the land was for the many and not the few, the small land-owners to be the real rulers of the country.

Meanwhile Burr, although occupied with his duties as Senator, still found time to embark in another land-scheme. When aid-de-camp to Washington in his headquarters on the banks of the Hudson at Richmond Hill near Greenwich village, Burr had lived in the homestead which Abraham Mortier, officer in the Royal service, erected before the War on lands leased from Trinity Church, and this house he longed to possess as his own. Now the time approached when this desire could be realized. So, in 1793, he began buying small plots in the vicinity, and by 1797 had acquired the mansion, making a holding of over one hundred and fifty acres. His wife was dead, but his daughter Theodosia was now budding into womanhood and the Richmond Hill mansion and park made a fitting setting for her. For Theodosia was Burr's pride, on her education he was willing to spend limitless time, care and money, destined as he deemed her to shine among the most talented women of the Court circles of Europe, if not herself to fill a throne. And here it was that Burr dreamed and schemed for power and wealth, and royally entertained the titled notables fleeing from the upheaval of the French Revolution. To him the loss to Schuyler of the Senatorship meant little, for projects involving far greater power were now being considered. Richmond Hill was a delightful country-seat and would continue so to be until



POSSIBLY THE FIRST OUTDOOR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN NEW YORK
BIXBY HOTEL, N. W. CORNER BROADWAY AND PARK PLACE, 1853. ALSO SHOWING
W. & J. SLOANE'S CARPET WAREHOUSE

Courtesy, N. Y. Historical Society.

the City crowded nearer; then, divided into lots, it could be sold at a great advance over its cost; so that Burr, or his heirs, would profit largely in any event.

The yellow fever came with the Summer of 1798, and Washington Square became the common graveyard; the outbreak was ascribed to contaminated drinking-water, and the City Fathers appointed a committee to decide between the rival factions as to whether or not City water should be piped from the Collect Pond or from the Teawater Pump district; to this committee, Dr. Browne sent his letter advocating the use of water from the Bronx River, a source of supply then pure and abundant, a sufficiency for the City's needs for many years, which suggestion eventually led the City to procure its water from the watersheds of upper Westchester County.

It was this agitation for pure drinking-water that suggested to Burr, always scheming, and ready to adapt a popular demand to his own purposes, to set on foot the enterprise of The Manhattan Company for the purpose of supplying water from the Collect Pond to the householders of the City, and of its Bank for the purpose of collecting the moneys of these householders and supplying it for the use of Burr and his friends in their enterprises; so, in 1799, the Water Company and Bank were launched.

Theodosia Burr, in 1801, married Joseph Alston, and moving to the South, left Burr alone at Richmond Hill; but he had been chosen Vice-President of the United States, and soon most of his time must be spent in Washington; therefore it was fitting that Dr. Browne sell his farm at West Farms and take up his residence on the Richmond Hill tract, to have an eye on the slaves

while Burr was absent, and in general, to manage affairs; the Boston Road speculation had enriched both, possibly both were also to share in that at Richmond Hill.

About this time appear the first signs of the dispersion of the Richmond Hill lands; then, in 1802, trouble occurs in the directorate of the Manhattan Company, and Burr, with his friends, finds himself ousted, whereupon much of the Richmond Hill land is transferred to the Bank by Burr in satisfaction of various claims due; the year 1803 sees more of the tract pass into the hands of others, until little is left save the mansion and gardens. Meanwhile, Dr. Browne, taking some lots in his own name, continues to do what he can, watching Burr's interests, practicing his profession, and aiding with steam-baths the yellow-fever sufferers at Bellevue.

Then came the Hamilton duel in July, 1804, and the flight of Burr, a murderer, with loss of hope of a return to New York for many years. Someone must dispose of his real-estate that he be able to use the cash in his enterprises elsewhere, and in whom could he repose trust if not in Dr. Joseph Browne and his other friend, Matthias S. Davis, the stationer? To them in August, 1804, was delivered a power-of-attorney from Burr to represent him, sell his real estate, settle his debts, and adjust his affairs of business; at once, they sold to John Jacob Astor the Richmond Hill mansion, thus ending the dream of Burr of a great estate on the Hudson during his life, and vast wealth therefrom for his heirs after his death.

Long before the duel, Burr had laid other plans for Dr. Browne. Ever since the Spring of 1803 when Napoleon had made the treaty ceding to the United States the vast territory of Louisiana, Burr had been using his influence with President Jefferson that Dr. Browne might

receive a governmental position of command in the new territory. Under date of March 10th, 1804, Burr writes to Theodosia that he has just received word from the President that "Dr. Browne may have the office of Secretary of the Government of Louisiana, that is, the Upper District, where St. Louis is the capital"; he further states that General Wilkinson is to be Governor of the entire territory, that St. Louis has two hundred houses, and some people of wealth, mostly French, with the manners of the last century, gay to dissipation; he ends by stating that "Wilkinson and Browne will suit admirably as eaters, laughers, and in all other particulars."

So, as soon as matters were over at Richmond Hill, Dr. Browne, with his family, started for his post at St. Louis, stopping at the Falls of the Ohio with Charles Loss, the surveyor who had mapped Richmond Hill, to ascertain the advisability and practicability of a project of making a canal around the Falls, a project probably cloaking some of the moves in the great Burr conspiracy.

Then, when settled at his post in St. Louis, practically Acting-Governor of the entire Upper Mississippi Valley, in September, 1805, Dr. Browne is visited by Burr, the object of the visit not being known, but presumably sinister; for here were many meetings in secret by Burr and his lieutenants in the conspiracy to grasp the reins of power in the vast Mississippi region, detach it from the United States, and seat Aaron Burr on its throne as Emperor; and here we take leave of Dr. Joseph Browne; what bitter thoughts must have been his when the bubble burst and Aaron Burr no longer aspired to the title of Emperor Aaron the First, with Theodosia to rule as a Queen.

But what of the New Boston Road, was it a success? Not until some years had passed. In 1800, Cornelius

HUDSON RIVER R. R.

SUMMER RATES OF

COMMUTATION

Persons residing along the line of the Road, may obtain *Commutation Tickets* for both or either of the quarters commencing *May* 1*st* and *August* 1*st*, at the following **Reduced Rates:**

PLACES.	Price per Ticket, if 120 tickets per quarter are purchased.	Price per Ticket, if 80 Tickets per quarter are purchased.	Price per Ticket, if 50 tickets per quarter are purchased.
Manhattanville.....	10 cents.	10 cents.	10 cents.
Yonkers.....	11 "	14 "	16 "
Hastings.....	14 "	17 "	20 "
Dobb's Ferry.....	14 "	18 "	21 "
Dearman.....	16 "	20 "	23 "
Tarrytown.....	18 "	22 "	26 "
Sing Sing.....	21 "	27 "	32 "
Croton.....	23 "	29 "	34 "
Peekskill.....	27 "	34 "	42 "
Cold Spring.....	34 "	43 "	51 "
Fishkill.....	38 "	48 "	58 "
New Hamburgh.....	42 "	53 "	63 "
Poughkeepsie.....	48 "	60 "	72 "

The Tickets are not transferable, and are good only during the quarter for which they are issued.

A Ticket is to be surrendered by the Commuter every time he rides.

For Tickets apply at the office of the *Hudson River Railroad Company*, No. 54 Wall Street, New York.

New York, April, 1850.

AN EARLY COMMUTATION RATE CARD OF THE HUDSON RIVER R. R., 1850



BATTERY PLACE, 1883, SHOWING SITE OF THE WHITEHALL BUILDING

C. Roosevelt and some associates were incorporated by law to continue the road from Eastchester "at or near the house of Theodosius Fowler upon the new road lately made from Morrisania to Eastchester," and to end at the Connecticut line at the Byram River; it was to be a turnpike road, with proper milestones, some of which are still in place; and this led to the bridging of the Hutchinson River and the laying out of the Boston Road as it exists to-day, straightening out the curves and cutting across the corners made by the old colonial road, eliminating heavy grades, crossing meadows instead of going around them, and creating the main street of New Rochelle and many another village along its course.

Still, a great volume of traffic did not pass over the Boston Road until the Embargo of President Jefferson became operative in 1808; then, with a rush, all commerce toward New England took to the Boston Road, and stage-villages, with their taverns, stores, post-offices, and blacksmith shops, made an over-night mushroom growth along its course; for the next eight years the Boston Road realized in full measure the dreams of its promoters.

To-day, among the press of automobiles thronging the Boston Road, it is hard to bring imagination back to the time when little Theodosia Burr, a pretty child of twelve, cantering on her pony down the road, trailed by her faithful slave Black Sam, makes her way through sylvan scenes of almost utter solitude from the home of her half-brother Frederick at Pelham to attend some party at Dr. Browne's at West Farms, or the "Union Hill" home of Mrs. Anne Cox at Fordham, her classical studies under her old tutor Mr. Leshlie intermitted at the desire

of her father. Nor is the all-pervading smell of gasolene fumes conducive to the recalling of any picture of the greyhound coach, with breaks grinding hard, descending "Breakneck Hill" the guard blowing his horn to warn Postmaster James Miller at West Farms Square to be on hand with his mailbag, nor the later pictured stop at the Carters Inn, where while the active hostlers put in the new teams, Landlord Raymond passes around among the passengers glasses of his celebrated egg-cider; still, these represent the past and the present of the Boston Road.

A graceful writer recently hit upon a very happy description of the Manual. The word itself, he tells us, is of ancient origin and was used to designate a rather unusual kind of birthday book—one in which the pages contained only thoughts and sentiments of the kindliest nature regarding the recipient. Like the sun dial, it marked only the shining hours. And he concludes by congratulating our ancient city on the possession of its very own birthday book and thinks it a fortunate circumstance that each year New York should be greeted by so loving and delightful a possession as its Manual.

This is the kind of book we want to make of the *Manual*. It is not now, nor has it been from the start, the expression of only one man's enthusiasm and devotion. Numberless friends of old New York have shared our responsibility and with wise counsel and timely practical assistance have enabled us to produce three numbers that have already, we are told, won an enviable position in the annals of Old New York.

Old Time Marriage and Death Notices

COMPILED BY A. J. WALL
Ass't. Librarian, The New York Historical Society

The following marriages and deaths are copied from the New York *Weekly Museum* and cover the periods January 7th to December 30th, 1797, and May 12th to December 29th, 1798, the latter being a continuation from the last Manual, page 348. The marriages for the year 1797 were not available at the time the Manual for 1919 went to press and are therefore printed in this issue. The date at the end of each notice is the date of publication in the *Weekly Museum* which appeared always on Saturday.

The newspapers for February 11th, April 8th, June 17th and September 23rd in the year 1797 are lacking from the file of the *Weekly Museum* in possession of The New York Historical Society, from which these notices were copied. From September 1st to November 10th, 1798, the paper was not issued owing to the prevailing Fever Epidemic in this city.

The arrangement of these notices in the following list has been changed from the chronological sequence of the preceding installments to an alphabetical classification; the names of the wives having a reference to that of the husband under whose name the marriage notice is given.

As the names of both parties therefore appear in the list they have been omitted from the index at the end of this volume.

ACKERLY, SAMUEL, died Tuesday, for many years a very respectable and beneficial character. June 9, 1798.

AFFLECK, ROBERT, merchant, aged 49 years, died Sunday last. Sept. 1, 1798.

ALEXANDER, GEORGE, and MISS MARY SHIMEALL, daughter of Valentine Shimeall, of this city, mar. Saturday last. June 2, 1798.

ALEXANDER, JAMES A., of this city, and MISS HANNAH REDMAN, of Haddenneld, N. J., mar. Thursday, May 14th, at the Friends' Meeting, Haddenneld, N. J. June 2, 1798.

ALLISON, PETER, of Haverstraw, and MRS. CATHARINE EARL, of this city, mar. Sunday last at Haverstraw. Aug. 4, 1798.

BALL, REUBEN, of this city, and MISS LYDIA FOUNTAINE, of Middlesex, mar. Friday last. Dec. 29, 1798.

BARBER, COL. WILLIAM, died Sunday, June 17th, at his seat at Crom Elbow, a few miles north of Poughkeepsie. June 30, 1798.

BALDWIN, ENOS, of Newark, and MISS JANE WRIGHT, of Orange, mar. at Orange. May 26, 1798.

BARBARIN, AIME, and MRS. MARGARET REMSEN, relict of the late Mr. Cornelius Remsen, mar. Sunday last at Brooklyn, L. I. May 19, 1798.

BARING, ALEXANDER, son of Sir Francis Baring, Baronet of Great Britain, and MISS BINGHAM, daughter of Hon. William Bingham, mar. August 23rd at Bell-vue, East Jersey. Sept. 1, 1798.

BEDLOW, WILLIAM, died Thursday last in his 76th year. Nov. 10, 1798.

BELKNAP, REV. JEREMY, D.D., author of the History of New Hampshire, died at Boston, aged 54 years. June 30, 1798.

BINGHAM, JAMES, guager, of this city, died Sunday in the 46th year of his age. Aug. 25, 1798.

BLOODGOOD, PEPPERRELL, died Sunday last at Flushing, L. I., aged 53 years. July 7, 1798.

BOGERT, GILBERT, of this city, and MISS ELIZABETH VAN PELT, of Brooklyn, L. I., eldest daughter of Thomas Van Pelt, mar. Saturday last at Brooklyn, L. I. Dec. 15, 1798.

BOORUM, RICHARD, and MISS MARY BRINKERHOOF, daughter of the late Mr. John Brinkerhoof, both of Fishkill, mar. Wednesday the 21st. Dec. 8, 1798.

BRUCE, WILLIAM, merchant, died Saturday last. Sept. 1, 1798.

BRYAN, NATHAN, member of Congress from North Carolina, died on Monday at Philadelphia. June 9, 1798.

BULIOD, LEWIS, died at Newport, R. I., on Saturday last, aged 67 years. Dec. 8, 1798.

BUTLER, JOHN, and MISS CATHARINE FISHER, daughter of Leonard Fisher, all of this city, mar. Thursday last. May 26, 1798.

CAMPBELL, JOHN, late an Alderman of this city, died Tuesday, in the 59th year of his age. May 26, 1798.

CARL, SOLOMON, died on Monday, in the bloom of life. Aug. 25, 1798.

COBRAL, JOVO JOZE, merchant, of North Carolina, and MISS MARIA ANN LYLBURN, of this city, mar. last evening. June 9, 1798.

COCHRAN, JAMES, member of Congress from this state, and MISS ELEANOR P. BARCLAY, daughter of John Barclay, of Chestnut Hill, near Christiana Bridge, mar. Saturday the 14th at Wilmington, Delaware. July 28, 1798.

COCK, STEPHEN, of this city, and MRS. JEMIMAH TITUS, relict of Mr. Isaac Titus, of Hempstead Harbour, L. I., mar. Saturday last in this city. Dec. 15, 1798.

CREIGHTON, MRS. ANNA MARIA, died Friday the 10th in the 44th year of her age. Aug. 18, 1798.

CROW, SAMUEL, mate of the brig Difiance, and MISS IZABELLA CROW, youngest daughter of Samuel Crow, of Woodbridge, N. J., mar. July 29th. Aug. 11, 1798.

CRUMPTON, MRS., wife of John Crumpton, of this city, died Monday. Aug. 25, 1798.

CRUMPTON, MISS MARY, daughter of Mr. John Crumpton, of this city, died Wednesday last. Aug. 18, 1798.

CULLODEN, GEORGE, JR., son of George Culloden, of Baltimore, died Friday the 15th. June 23, 1798.



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PRINTED FOR VALENTINE'S MANUAL OF OLD NEW YORK, No 4, NEW SERIES

A Day in the life of a Fireman

"The new era, steam and muscle"

Second in the series of Volunteer Firemen pictures issued by Currier & Ives half a century ago.

CUTTING, WILLIAM, Attorney at Law, and MISS GITTY LIVINGSTON, daughter of Walter Livingston, deceased, mar. July 6th at Trivot-Dale. July 14, 1798.

DAVIS, ARCHIBALD, of this city, and MISS MARGARET SMITH, of Parkhead parish, of Delzeel, N. B., mar. Monday last. May 19, 1798.

DAVIS, WILLIAM A., printer, and MISS ELIZABETH SANTFORD, daughter of Capt. John Santford, all of this city, mar. Saturday last. Aug. 25, 1798.

DELAMARTER, JOHN, of this city, and MRS. ELIZA CALDWELL, of Springsbury, near Phila., mar. Nov. 29th at Springsbury. Dec. 8, 1798.

DESBROSSES, ELIAS, son of James Desbrosses, of this city, died on Tuesday the 14th in the 19th year of his age. Aug. 25, 1798.

DEVAINE, HENRY, of Povoshon, and MISS RACHEL MILLS, of North Farms, mar. Friday the 6th at Newark. July 21, 1798.

DICKSON, WILLIAM, of this city, and MISS JENNET MARIA HELEN COMPADRA, of the East Indies, mar. Friday the 18th of May. June 2, 1798.

DILL, CAPT. JOSEPH H., of Bermuda, and MISS ANN BRICKMAN, of that city, mar. Thursday the 5th at Phila. July 14, 1798.

DIXON, STEPHEN, of Petersfield, and MISS ANN BEST, daughter of Mr. William Best, late of Trinity College, Dublin, mar. Wednesday the 4th. July 14, 1798.

DOBBIN, JAMES, merchant, one of the firm of M'Kay and Dobbin, and MISS MARGARET RIDDLE, both of this city, mar. Wednesday last. Dec. 29, 1798.

DOMINICK, JAMES W., and MISS PHEBE COCK, both of this city, mar. Monday last. Dec. 29, 1798.

DUBOIS, JOSEPH, died Monday last. Sept. 1, 1798.

DUBELL, WILLIAM, late printer and bookseller of this city, and now printer of the Mount Pleasant Register, and MISS SARAH STREET, of Mount Pleasant, mar. Wednesday the 16th. May 26, 1798.

EDSALL, JOHN, and MISS POLLY THOMPSON, both of this city, mar. by the Rev. Mr. Roberts. Dec. 29, 1798.

ELLIS, JOHN, and MISS MARIA WILCOCKS, daughter of William Wilcocks, all of this city, mar. June 5th at Percippany, N. J. June 16, 1798.

ELLISON, FRANCIS HARMAN, and MISS FRANCES BLEECKER, eldest daughter of Anthony L. Bleecker, all of this city, mar. Monday last. Aug. 11, 1798.

ELTING, EDWARD, merchant of this city, and MISS MARIA LIGHTBURN, of Haerlem, mar. at Haerlem, Wednesday. Nov. 24, 1798.

FINDLEY, REV. MR., minister of the Presbyterian Church at Baskenrige, and MISS HETTY CALDWELL, of Newark, mar. Wednesday the 16th at Newark. May 26, 1798.

FISH, MAJ. W., and MISS GILBERT, daughter of Wm. W. Gilbert, mar. Saturday last. Sept. 1, 1798.

FORBES, COLLIN V. GELDER, and MISS ELIZA L. BULLOCK, both of this city, mar. Thursday last. June 16, 1798.

FORD, THOMAS M., of Albany, and MISS HENRIETTA M. C. WILLARD, mar. at Stillwater. July 7, 1798.

FOSTER, REV. DR., pastor of the First Baptist Church in this city, died Sunday last. Sept. 1, 1798.

FOSTER, MARTHA, wife of the Rev. Dr. Foster, of this city, died Friday the 27th inst. Aug. 4, 1798.

GAUK, JAMES, and MISS JEMIMA CARMER, both of this city, mar. last evening. June 9, 1798.

GUION, ELIJAH, and MISS ELIZA MARSHALL, both of this city, mar. Thursday the 17th. May 26, 1798.

HARDING, DR. CHARLES, an old and respectable physician of this city, died Thursday last. Nov. 24, 1798.

HAVENS, PTOLEMY, youngest son of Dr. Jonathan Havens, died Saturday the 3rd, aged 19 years. Nov. 17, 1798.

HAVILAND, CALEB, wine merchant, died Wednesday last. Sept. 1, 1798.

HAYDOCK, HENRY, died Monday last. Sept. 1, 1798.

HAYDOCK, JANE, daughter of Mr. Henry Haydock, deceased, died Tuesday last. Sept. 1, 1798.

HAZARD, NATHANIEL, merchant, died Wednesday. June 16, 1798.

HELME, CAPT. ARTHUR, died on Monday last in this city. June 30, 1798.

HENDERSON, WILLIAM, and MISS DENNING, eldest daughter of William Denning, of this city, mar. Monday last. June 9, 1798.

HERTELL, WILLIAM, and MISS JANE DOVER, daughter of John Dover, all of this city, mar. Sunday last. Nov. 10, 1798.

HITCHCOCK, DANIEL M., and MISS ANNE GRESWOLD, both of this city, mar. Nov. 29th. Dec. 8, 1798.

HODGE, HENRY, one of the clerks in the Custom House, son of Ralph Hodge, of this city, died Sept. 29th, of the fever. Nov. 10, 1798.

HOWE, BRIGHAM, and MISS SALLY MEEKS, both of this city, mar. May 30th. June 9, 1798.

INGRAHAM, NATHANIEL G., merchant, and MISS ELIZA PHOENIX, eldest daughter of Daniel Phoenix, all of this city, mar. Saturday last. Dec. 8, 1798.

INNES, COL. JAMES, one of the Commissioners in the Spanish treaty, for settling losses by Spanish captures, died at his lodgings in Philadelphia. Aug. 11, 1798.

JACKSON, TREDWELL, and MISS COUENHOVEN, daughter of Major John Couenhoven, all of that place, mar. Saturday last at Brooklyn, L. I. Dec. 22, 1798.

JEWEL, DANIEL, and MISS LYDIA ANDERSON, both of York Town, mar. June 10th at York Town. June 30, 1798.

JONES, JOHN NORTON, minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at Charleston. Aug. 11, 1798.

JONES, DR. THOMAS, of this city, died Saturday last in the 60th year of his age. June 23, 1798.

KEITH, MR., sailing master of the Delaware sloop of war, died Friday at Philadelphia. July 7, 1798.

KING, CAPT. DAVID, and MISS NANCY WEBB, both of Sterling, L. I., mar. Tuesday the 21st at Sterling, L. I. Nov. 17, 1798.

LAIGHT, EDWARD, of this city, and MISS ELIZA COLDEN, of Coldenham, mar. Wednesday last. Dec. 1, 1798.

LARGIN, ELIZA, daughter of MRS. Elizabeth Largin, widow of the late Michael Largin, Lieutenant in the British legion, died Wednesday last in the 10th year of her age. July 21, 1798.

LASHER, MATTHEW, eldest son of Col. John Lasher, Inspector of the Revenue for the District of New York, died Monday last. May 12, 1798.

LATHAM, SARAH, wife of John Latham, of this city, died Aug. 31st, at Brooklyn. Sept. 1, 1798.

LEWIS, ROBERT, died June 17th at Albany, aged 73 years. July 7, 1798.

LITTEL, ISAAC, of Westfield, N. J., and MISS MARY LUDLUM, of this city, mar. Saturday last. Dec. 1, 1798.

LIVINGSTON, MATERINE, Counsellor at Law, and MISS MARGARET LEWIS, daughter of Morgan Lewis, mar. at Staatsburgh, May 30th. June 9, 1798.

LIVINGSTON, ROBERT, and MISS MARGARET LIVINGSTON, daughter of Robert R. Livingston, mar. Tuesday last at Clermont. July 14, 1798.

LUDLOW, GABRIEL VERPLANK, and MISS ELIZABETH HUNTER, both of this city, mar. Wednesday last. May 19, 1798.

MAJOR, THOMAS, merchant, and MISS CATHARINE NIXON, daughter of MR. Thomas Nixon, of this city, mar. May 14th. June 2, 1798.

M'CLONE, DR. JOHN, professor at Princeton, and MISS PHEBE BAINBRIDGE, daughter of Dr. Bainbridge, of this city, mar. Wednesday last at Princeton. Nov. 17, 1798.

M'LEOD, RODERICK, and MISS SALLY LYNCH, both of this city, mar. Wednesday last. May 19, 1798.

MINARD, ISAAC, and MISS ELIZABETH CARD, both of this city, mar. May 3rd. May 12, 1798.

MANIFOLD, CAPT. PETER, and MISS SUYDAM, daughter of Hendrick Suydam, mar. Thursday last at New Town, L. I. Aug. 4, 1798.

MILLER, MRS. SARAH, consort of William G. Miller, died Monday last. Dec. 22, 1798.

MORIS, RICHARD H., and MISS MARY FORD, both of this city, mar. June 3rd. June 16, 1798.

MOTHREL, ROBERT, merchant, died Saturday last, aged 33. June 16, 1798.

MOTT, BENJAMIN, merchant, and MISS ELIZA ACKERLY, both of this city, mar. Thursday last. Dec. 29, 1798.

MUNN, STEPHEN B., merchant, and MISS SARAH P. TREDWELL, daughter of William Tredwell, all of this city, mar. May 14th. June 2, 1798.
MUNSON, AMOS, aged 20 years, died Tuesady last. Sept. 1, 1798.
MURRAY, JOHN L., late of Georgetown, S. C., and MRS. DEHART, daughter of Gozen Ryerss, of Staten Island, mar. Sunday last. July 14, 1798.
NASH, SAMUEL, and MISS POLLY FIRNHAWER, both of this city, mar. Tuesday the 17th. July 28, 1798.
PINE, MR., merchant of this city, and MISS ANN TERBOSS, daughter of Isaac TerBoss, mar. at Fishkill. Nov. 17, 1798.
PINTO, JOSEPH, an aged and respectable citizen, died Sunday last in this city. May 12, 1798.
PLUNKET, PATRICK, and MISS MARY ROBINSON, both late from Ireland, mar. Wednesday last. Dec. 29, 1798.
QUENET, BAESL, and MRS. HANNAH RUSSELL, both of this city, mar. Tuesday last. Dec. 8, 1798.
RAPELJE, GEORGE, of West Chester County, and MISS SUSANNA ELIZA PROVOOST, daughter of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Provoost, of this city, mar. Thursday the 19th. July 28, 1798.
REID, JOHN, died August 15th at Hortensie, Monmouth County, N. J., in the 21st year of his age. Aug. 25, 1798.
ROACH, CAPT. PATRICK, late from Dublin, and MISS BARRY, daughter of Thomas Barry, merchant of this city, mar. Wednesday last. Aug. 4, 1798.
RUCHEL, JOHN, and MRS. JANE HILYARD, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. May 19, 1798.
RUDD, SAMUEL, and MISS CORNELIA H. TOWT, daughter of Robert Towt, all of this city, mar. Monday last. Sept. 1, 1798.
RUSSELL, MRS. ESTHER, wife of Benjamin Russell, printer and Editor of the Columbian Centinel, died June 26th at Boston. July 7, 1798.
SAREN, ISAAC, and MISS SALLY YOUNG, both of Newark, mar. Sunday the 17th at Newark. July 7, 1798.
SCUDDER, ABRAHAM, of Westfield, and MISS JOANNA CRANE, of North Farms, mar. Sunday the 24th at Newark. July 7, 1798.
SETON, WILLIAM, merchant, died Saturday last in the 55th year of his age. June 16, 1798.
SHARPLESS, AARON, died Sunday last. Sept. 1, 1798.
SHERMAN, MRS. ESTHER, consort of Capt. William Sherman, aged 54, died at New Haven. Aug. 11, 1798.
SMITH, CAPT. J., died Sunday. Aug. 25, 1798.
SMITH, JACOB, JR., and MISS HANNAH M'CHESNEY, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. May 12, 1798.
SMITH, MICHAEL, and MISS ELIZABETH SMITH, mar. at Smithtown, L. I. Dec. 8, 1798.
SNOWDEN, CHARLES, and MISS FRANCES MALCOMB, daughter of the late Gen. William Malcomb, both of this city, mar. Thursday last. May 12, 1798.
STEVENS, CAPT. WILLIAM, died Sunday, aged 52 years. Aug. 25, 1798.
STONEHOUSE, MISS MARY, died August 31st. Sept. 1, 1798.
SPARHAWK, SAMUEL, died Monday in this city. June 9, 1798.
STILES, ISAAC, and MISS NANCY WILLIS, mar. Saturday, the 2nd inst., at Newton, Sussex County. June 30, 1798.
TEMPLE, SIR JOHN, Baronet, His Britannic Majesty's Consul-General to the Northern States of America, died Saturday last. Nov. 24, 1798.
THOMPSON, JOHN H., of the house of Delves and Thompson, died Tuesday last. Sept. 1, 1798.
THOMPSON, MRS. MARY, wife of James Thompson, of this city, died Monday. Aug. 25, 1798.
THOMPSON, ROBERT, merchant, and MISS ELIZABETH CARMER, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. Aug. 11, 1798.
TOTTEN, PETER, and MISS BETSY WOOD, both of Florida, Orange Co., married ——. July 14, 1798.
TURNBULL, ANDREW, died Sunday last, in the 54th year of his age. June 23, 1798.
VALENTINE, ABRAHAM ODLE, and MISS ELLEN POST, daughter of Anthony Post, all of this city, mar. Thursday the 12th. July 21, 1798.
VAN BUNSCHOTEN, ELIAS E., of Poughkeepsie, and MISS POLLY DUBOIS, of this city, mar. Thursday the 12th at Poughkeepsie. July 21, 1798.

VAN HORNE, CORNELIUS, son of Augustus Van Horne, died Monday. Aug. 25, 1798.

VAN VALEN, JAMES, and MRS. CATHARINE EATON, both of this city, mar. May 2nd. May 19, 1798.

VANSINDEREN, ADRIAN, merchant of this city, and MISS MARIA LAWRENCE, of New Town, L. I., mar. Saturday last. Dec. 8, 1798.

VAN WYCK, STEPHEN, watchmaker, and MISS CATHARINE BRASHER, mar. Monday the 19th. Dec. 8, 1798.

VAN ZANDT, THOMAS, Attorney at Law, aged 26, died Wednesday last. Sept. 1, 1798.

VAN ZANDT, DR. WYNANT, of this city, died on Wednesday the 30th, at Newark. June 9, 1798.

VERPLANK, WILLIAM BEEKMAN, of Dutchess, and MISS MALINDA GORDON, only daughter of Hon. James Gordon, of Balston, mar. Thursday the 12th. July 28, 1798.

VREDENBURGH, MRS. ELIZA, wife of William I. Vredenburgh, of this city, merchant, died Saturday last, in the 35th year of her age. July 21, 1798.

WAGNER, JACOB, of Philadelphia, Chief Clerk in the office of the Department of State, and MISS RACHEL RABORG, daughter of Christopher Raborg, of Baltimore, mar. at Baltimore, Tuesday last. Aug. 18, 1798.

WALKER, CAPT. JOHN, died Monday last, aged 81 years. Aug. 4, 1798.

WALTER, LYNDE, of Boston, and MISS ANN MINSHULL, daughter of John Minshull, of this city, mar. Tuesday last. June 9, 1798.

WARD, WILLIAM G., died August 17th, aged 19 years. Aug. 25, 1798.

WARNER, JACOB, and MISS MARGARET SOUTHWELL, both of this city, mar. some time since at Redding Town, N. J. Dec. 8, 1798.

WARNER, SARAH, mother of George Warner, died Wednesday the 25th, aged 78 years. Aug. 4, 1798.

WASHBURN, SILAS, and MISS MARTHA BAKER, mar. Sunday the 8th at New Castle. July 21, 1798.

WELCH, HUGH, aged 82, and MISS ANN HILL, aged 86, mar. July 30th at Farnham, in Surrey, after a courtship of forty years. Dec. 8, 1798.

WELSH, GEORGE, painter, and MISS DEBORAH WOODWARD, both of this city, mar. a short time since. Dec. 1, 1798.

WENTWORTH, WILLIAM G., aged 22 years, died Monday last. Sept. 1, 1798.

WETMORE, REV. IZRAHIAH, died suddenly at North Stratford, Conn. Aug. 11, 1798.

WHITE, GEORGE, and MISS SARAH PHENIX, daughter of Philip Phenix, all of this city, mar. Thursday last. June 2, 1798.

WINTERTON, MRS. ANN, died Friday the 13th, aged 68 years. July 21, 1798.

ZELLER, JACOB, stationer of Philadelphia, and MISS ELIZABETH WORN, of Salem, mar. Thursday the 21st inst., at Philadelphia. June 30, 1798.

ABRAMS, RICHARD, of Bedford, L. I., and MRS. CATHARINE FARRINGTON, of Blackwell's Island, mar. Sunday last in this city. Oct. 21, 1797.

ACKERMAN, LAWRENCE, and MISS HESTER LEWIS, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. July 1, 1797.

ADAMS, ANDREW, Chief Justice of the Superior Court, died Nov. 27th at Litchfield, Conn., aged 61. Dec. 9, 1797.

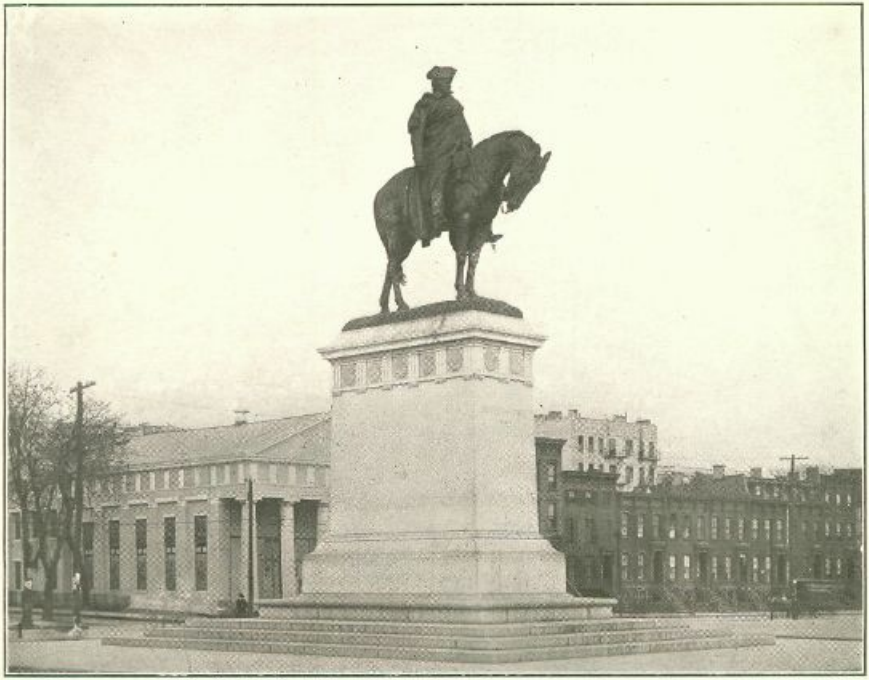
ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY, Ambassador from the United States of America to the Court of Berlin, and son of John Adams, President of the United States, and MISS LOUISA JOHNSON, second daughter of Joshua Johnson, of Great Tower Hill, mar. at London. Sept. 16, 1797.

ALLEN, ANDREW, and MISS MARIA COXE, mar. Sunday the 5th at the seat of Charles Coxe, Esq., New Jersey. Aug. 26, 1797.

ALLEN, JAMES P., and MISS MARY GORDON, daughter of Charles Gordon, of Middleton, N. J., mar. Sunday last. April 1, 1797.

ANDERSON, ALEXANDER, and MISS ANN VAN VLECK, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. April 22, 1797.

ANGUS, JAMES, and MISS MARGARET WALKER, both of this city, mar. Tuesday last. March 25, 1797.



Statue of Gen. Washington as he appeared at Valley Forge by H. M. Shrady. At the Bridge Plaza, Williamsburg. Presented to the city by James R. Howe February 2, 1901. Courtesy of the Art Commission of New York City

ANNAN, DR., practising physician, died at Phila. last week. Oct. 14, 1797.
ANTHONY, MRS. CATHARINE, wife of Nicholas Anthony, of this city, youngest daughter of the late Capt. Daniel Shaw, died Sept. 28th. Oct. 7, 1797.
ARNET, JOHN, of this city, and MISS PHOEBE MARTAIN, of Brunswick, mar. the 27th. Sept. 2, 1797.
BAINBRIDGE, EDMOND, and MRS. FRANCES SYMINGTON, widow of the late James Symington, mar. Tuesday last. Dec. 2, 1797.
BAKER, WILLIAM, and MRS. LUCY ANSON, both of this city, mar. Wednesday last. Nov. 11, 1797.
BANNERHAM, JOHN, and MISS SUSANNAH HENDERSON, both of this city, mar. Sept. 3rd. Sept. 16, 1797.
BARKLEY, GEORGE, and MISS ELIZABETH SIMS, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. Sept. 30, 1797.
BARNARD, CAPT. THOMAS, of Boston, and MISS LOUISA HINCKLEY, of Konnybrook, mar. Thursday last. Jan. 7, 1797.
BAY, DR. WILLIAM, and MISS CATHARINE VAN NESS, both of Clavarack, city, mar. Saturday last at Newfield, Ct. Aug. 26, 1797.
BEACH, LAZARUS, printer of that place, and MISS POLLY HILL, of this mar. Saturday last at Newfield, Ct. Aug. 26, 1797.
BEDFORD, GUNNING, Governor of Delaware, died Saturday last at New Castle. Oct. 7, 1797.
BEEKMAN, RICHARD L., of this city, and MISS CATHARINE VAN BEUREN, of New Jersey, mar. Friday the 11th. Aug. 19, 1797.
BELL, ANDREW, and MISS ELIZA HEYER, daughter of Walter Heyer, all of this city, mar. Saturday last. July 8, 1797.
BELLOWS, ABRAHAM, formerly of Schoolies Mountain in New Jersey, and MISS SALLY WILKINS, of this city. Aug. 26, 1797.
BENEZET, DANIEL, died at Phila. last week in his 74th year, and the next day his wife, MRS. E. BENEZET in her 77th year. May 6, 1797.
BENNET, HERMANUS, son of John Bennet, Narrows, L. I., and MISS ELIZABETH LARZELERE, daughter of Benjamin Larzelere, of Staten Island. July 8, 1797.
BENNETT, JAMES, SR., died Sunday last, aged 62 years, 6 mos. and 15 days. He was an old and respectable inhabitant of this city. March 11, 1797.
BOARDMAN, DANIEL, and MISS HETTY MOORE, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. Nov. 11, 1797.
BOLLMER, JACOB, and MISS TEMPLE COLE, both of this city, mar. Thursday last. Aug. 12, 1797.
BOWNE, CONOVER, merchant, and MISS ELIZA BEAN, both of this city, mar. Sept. 7th. Sept. 16, 1797.
BRASHER, EPHRIAM, and MRS. MARY AUSTIN, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. Dec. 2, 1797.
BREVOORT, ELIAS, and MISS MARGARET PAINTER, both of this city, mar. Feb. 9th. Feb. 18, 1797.
BRISTOWE, SAMUEL, and MRS. ELIZA ANN GILBERT, mar. Wednesday the 16th. Aug. 26, 1797.
BROWER, JOHN, and MISS AGNES PHOENIX, daughter of Philip Phoenix, all of this city, mar. Tuesday last. Sept. 2, 1797.
BROWN, NEHEMIAH, and MISS SALLY PURDY, both of Greenwich, Ct., mar. the 27th at Greenwich. Sept. 9, 1797.
BUFFETT, PLATT, of Stanwich, and MISS HANNAH LEWIS, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lewis, of the former place, mar. Feb. 8th at West Greenwich, Conn. Feb. 18, 1797.
CALLENDER, MAJ. JOHN, of the American War, died at Alexandria Monday last. Oct. 14, 1797.
CAPES, RICHARD, and MRS. ELIZABETH GRAY, both of this city, mar. Nov. 23rd. Dec. 16, 1797.
CARGILL, CAPT. DAVID, of this city, and MISS MARY SHUTE, daughter of Thomas Shute, of that place, mar. Sunday the 15th at East Chester. Jan. 28, 1797.
CARY, JAMES, son of Robert Cary, died Friday last. Sept. 30, 1797.
CARY, ROBERT, of Phila., died at Bordentown, N. J. Sept. 30, 1797.
CASTAGNET, PAUL, and MISS HANNAH VAN DEUZER, daughter of Isaac Van Deuzer, mar. a few weeks since. Aug. 19, 1797.

CHARLOTT, SAMUEL, and MISS ELIZABETH CRAVEN, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. Sept. 16, 1797.
CHRISTIE, CAPT. THOMAS, and MISS MARGARET KENNEDY, mar. Sunday last. Dec. 9, 1797.
CHITTERDON, THOMAS, died lately at his residence in Vermont, Governor of that state. Sept. 16, 1797.
CHOATE, MR., and MRS. SARAH YOUNG, widow of the late Mr. Ebenezer Young, all of this city, mar. Monday the 30th. Feb. 18, 1797.
CLARK, HUMPHREY, and MISS FREELOVE WICKS, both of that place, mar. Tuesday the 4th at Troy, N. Y. July 22, 1797.
CLARKE, DR. PETER, and MISS MARIA FISHER, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. July 22, 1797.
CLAY, CAPT. STEVEN, and MISS HESTER LEWIS, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. July 1, 1797.
CLAYLAND, THOMAS E., one of the proprietors of the Baltimore Telegraph, died at Baltimore, aged 26. Dec. 16, 1797.
COATS, JOHN, and MISS WILHELMINA PATTERSON, both of this city, mar. Thursday the 9th. March 25, 1797.
CODWISE, JAMES, and MISS REBECCA ROGERS, daughter of John Rogers, of the Island of St. Croix, deceased, mar. Saturday last at Nicholas Cruger's. Dec. 2, 1797.
CONCKLIN, JAMES, and MRS. JANE STRATTON, both of this city, mar. Monday last. May 6, 1797.
CONREY, MICHAEL, of this city, and MISS SARAH BETTS, of Coscob, mar. Dec. 11th at Coscob. Dec. 23, 1797.
COOK, GEORGE, and MRS. MARTHA CLARKE, both of Smith Town, L. I., mar. Nov. 19th. Dec. 9, 1797.
COOK, JOHN, and MRS. CORNELIA BROWER, widow of the late Henry Brower, all of this city, mar. Thursday the 22nd inst. July 1, 1797.
COOPER, JAMES, merchant, and MISS SUSAN WINSLOW, both of that place, mar. the 6th at Augusta, Ga. June 3, 1797.
CORNELL, JOHN, of Long Island, and MISS SALLY BUXTON, of this city, mar. Thursday last. Jan. 14, 1797.
COSTER, JOHN G., merchant of this city, and MISS M. CATHARINE HOLSMAN, only daughter of John Holsman, deceased, mar. Thursday last. Oct. 14, 1797.
COX, WILLIAM, of North Hempstead, and MISS ANNA BALDWIN, of that place, mar. Dec. 24th at South Hempstead. Dec. 30, 1797.
CRAB, MRS. ELIZABETH, died at Pokeepsie, aged 102 years. Nov. 11, 1797.
CRAWFORD, JAMES, late Governor of Bermuda, and MRS. LIVINGSTON, widow of the late Robert C. Livingston, mar. Wednesday last in Greenwich Street. Sept. 30, 1797.
CROCKER, CAPT. JOSEPH, late of the American Army, died at Boston. Nov. 25, 1797.
CROOKER, JACOB, and MISS ELIZABETH WEEKS, daughter of Richard Weeks, all of Cedar Swamp, L. I., mar. Thursday the 3rd. Aug. 12, 1797.
CUNNINGHAM, JOHN, merchant, and MISS MARY WALKER, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. Nov. 4, 1797.
CURRY, JOHN, merchant, of Charleston, S. C., and MISS CATHARINE GAILER, of this city, mar. at Musquito Cove, L. I. Aug. 12, 1797.
CURTIS, REV. PHILIP, died Nov. 22nd at Sharon, aged 81. Dec. 23, 1797.
CUTHBERT, ALEXANDER, of Canada, and MISS SUSAN STOCKTON, daughter of the late Richard Stockton, Esq., of N. J., mar. Sunday last near Trenton. Oct. 21, 1797.
CUTLER, PETER, and MISS ESTHER JACOBS, both of this city, mar. Wednesday the 11th. Jan. 21, 1797.
DALEY, JAMES, and MISS ALATHA SITCHER, both of this city, mar. Dec. 18th. Dec. 30, 1797.
DAWSON, HENRY, JR., of Brooklyn, L. I., and MISS MARIAM HICKS, daughter of Jacob Hicks, of that place, mar. Sunday last. Jan. 21, 1797.
DEHAIL, LOUIS ETIENNE, Vice-Consul of the French Republic at Boston, died Oct. 5th. Oct. 21, 1797.
DELANCEY, WARREN, and MISS SARAH REBECCA LAWRENCE, both of Westchester, mar. the 24th at Horse-Neck, Conn. March 4, 1797.
DELAVIGNE, CASIMER, of this city, and MISS EMILIA GUIBERT, late of Port au Prince, married ——. June 3, 1797.

DENNIS, JONATHAN, and MISS POLLY KETCHUM, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. Feb. 25, 1797.

DEVAY, JOHN, of Albany, N. Y., and MISS MARY WARREN, late of England, Mar. Feb. 24th. March 4, 1797.

DEVEAUX, COLONEL, well known for his military achievements and social virtues, and MISS VERPLANK, of Dutchess County, mar. Saturday last. April 29, 1797.

DOBEL, DR. B., one of the physicians appointed to attend the poor, died at Phila. Oct. 14, 1797.

DODGE, THOMAS, an old and respectable citizen, died Monday last. Nov. 11, 1797.

DOMINICK, JOHN, and MISS ELIZA WARNER, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. Sept. 2, 1797.

DOUBLEDAY, JOHN, printer, and MRS. ODELL, both of this city, mar. a few evenings since. Feb. 18, 1797.

DRAKE, JONATHAN, of the firm of Legget and Drake, died Sept. 27th at his house in Cherry Street. Oct. 7, 1797.

DURELL, MRS. MARIA, wife of Mr. William Durell, printer, late of this city, died Thursday the 4th at Mount Pleasant. May 13, 1797.

DUNN, CHRISTOPHER, late of Yorkshire, Eng., and MRS. NANCY FERRIS, of Throgs Neck, mar. Feb. 8th, 1797. Feb. 18, 1797.

DURYEE, JOHN T., merchant of this city, and MISS NANCY MUMFORD, daughter of David Mumford, merchant, of New London, mar. at New London. Dec. 23, 1797.

EARLE, WILLIAM, and MISS PATTY PINTO, both of this city, mar. Thursday last. July 8, 1797.

EARLE, CAPT. WILLIAM, and MRS. I'ANS, widow of Francis I'ans, formerly of this city, mar. the 28th at Charleston, S. C. June 24, 1797.

ECKERT, ABRAHAM, of this city, died Sunday last. March 18, 1797.

ELLISON, MRS. JANE, wife of H. Ellison, of this city, died Tuesday last. March 18, 1797.

ELMENDORF, LUCAS, of Esopus, and MISS ANN WADDLE, of this city, mar. Monday last. Feb. 4, 1797.

EPPS, JOHN, of Chesterfield, and MISS POLLY JEFFERSON, youngest daughter of Thomas Jefferson, mar. at Monticello, Va. Nov. 11, 1797.

EVERTSON, NICHOLAS, and MISS ELIZA HOWE, both of this city, mar. Wednesday last. Dec. 16, 1797.

FAROL, PETER, and MISS ELIZABETH KEECH, mar. Sunday last. Dec. 23, 1797.

FERRIS, BENJAMIN, and MISS ANN POST, daughter of Henry Post, mar. Saturday last. April 29, 1797.

FLEET, SIMON, and MISS JANE JENKINS, both of this city, mar. Monday last. Oct. 28, 1797.

FLINN, JAMES, and MISS PEGGY SLIDELL, both of this city, mar. Thursday last. Feb. 25, 1797.

FLINN, JOHN, aged 87, and MISS DORCAS MINTON, a young widow, aged 23. Aug. 12, 1797.

FORD, JAMES, house carpenter, a native of Boston, died Sept. 8th at Savannah in the 58th year of his age. Nov. 25, 1797.

FORMAN, GEN. DAVID, late of New Jersey, died at sea. Oct. 21, 1797.

FOWLER, PEXCEL, and MISS JANE DAY, both of this city, mar. March 22nd. April 1, 1797.

FRAZIER, ANDREW, and MISS CUTTEA JOURNEAY, both of this city, mar. the 26th. March 11, 1797.

FREEMAN, DR. MATHIAS, and MISS POLLY LANGSTAFF, both of Picataway, N. J., mar. there Aug. 17th. Sept. 2, 1797.

FROME, HENRY, and MISS NANCY BYVANCK, both of that place, mar. the 7th at Staten Island. May 20, 1797.

GASHERI, JOHN, and MISS MARGARET BRUYN, both of Shawangunck, Ulster Co., N. Y., mar. there August 2nd. Aug. 12, 1797.

GATTY, HENRY, mathematical instrument maker, and MRS. ANNE BROOKS, married ——. July 8, 1797.

GIBBONS, ROBERT, and MISS HANNAH HIGGINS, of Elizabeth Town, mar. Wednesday the 1st. March 11, 1797.

GIFFORD, BENJAMIN, and MISS SALLY ANDERSON, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. June 3, 1797.

GOBERT, CHARLES, merchant of this city, and MISS CHARLOTTE OGDEN, eldest daughter of Lewis Ogden, mar. Wednesday last. May 6, 1797.

GODWIN, MR., author of a pamphlet against the Institution of Matrimony, to MRS. MARY WOLSTONECRAFT, authoress of "The Rights of Women," mar. in England. July 1, 1797.

GOMEZ, ABRAHAM, and MISS RICHE HENDRICKS, daughter of Uriah Hendricks, mar. Wednesday last. Dec. 30, 1797.

GOMEZ, BENJAMIN, and MISS CHARLOTTE HENDRICKS, daughter of Uriah Hendricks, merchant, all of this city, mar. Tuesday last. Sept. 16, 1797.

GORRALL, PHILIP, and MISS ELIZA SHREEVE, daughter of Rev. Thomas Shreeve, mar. Saturday the 17th. Jan. 7, 1797.

GOWAN, ALEXANDER, printer, and MISS MARGARET IVES, both of this city, mar. Feb. 9th. Feb. 18, 1797.

GURLEY, ZEBULON, and MISS MARY MOULTON, of Mansfield, mar. at Lebenon, Exeter Parish. Nov. 4, 1797.

HAGERMAN, ELBERT A., and MISS CATHARINE SALTS, daughter of William Salts, of Cow Neck, mar. Dec. 12th. Dec. 23, 1797.

HALL, MRS., mother of his Excellency the President of the United States, died at Quincey, Mass., aged 85. May 6, 1797.

HALL, HATE EVIL, died at Falmouth, Nov. 28th, aged 91. Dec. 30, 1797.

HAMILTON, JOHN, and MISS GIFFY HEDEN, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. April 22, 1797.

HANCOCK, WILLIAM, printer, and MISS ANN GAVEN, both of Phila., mar. Aug. 2nd at Phila. Aug. 12, 1797.

HARKEY, JOHN, of Albany, and MISS HANNAH ADAMSON, of this city, mar. Saturday last. April 15, 1797.

HARRIS, MOSES, and ABIGAIL HIGGINS, both of Elizabeth Town, N. J., mar. Monday last. Oct. 21, 1797.

HATTON, JAMES, and MISS ELIZA LINDSAY, all of this city, mar. a few days since. July 22, 1797.

HASKELL, JOB, aged 75 years, and MRS. PARSONS, aged 81, mar. at New Gloucester, N. H. Sept. 16, 1797.

HAWES, PETER, and MISS NANCY POST, both of this city, mar. the 11th. May 20, 1797.

HAWXHURST, ISRAEL, and MISS SARAH STRATTON, both of Jericho, L. I., mar. Sunday last. Aug. 12, 1797.

HAZARD, CAPT. JOHN, of this city, and MISS LYDIA BLACKWELL, daughter of the late Col. Blackwell, of Queens Co., mar. Saturday last. Oct. 28, 1797.

HENRY, CHARLES, and MISS ELIZABETH ROBINSON, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. April 22, 1797.

HERRENDEN, ELISHA, aged 83, and MRS. ELINOR LUSHURE, aged 88, being only his eighth wife, mar. lately at Glouster, R. I. Dec. 2, 1797.

HOFFMAN, MRS. MARY, wife of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, died Sunday last in the 26th year of her age. Feb. 25, 1797.

HOLLOWAY, JOHN, and MISS CATHARINE STANTON, both of this city, mar. Thursday 2nd inst. March 11, 1797.

HOPKINS, GEORGE F., of this city, printer, and MISS ANN FRANCES LUPP, of that place, mar. Saturday last at New Brunswick. Dec. 9, 1797.

HUBBELL, WALTER, merchant of this city, and MISS ANN LAW, daughter of the Hon. Richard Law, District Judge for the State of Conn., mar. Sept. 4th. Sept. 16, 1797.

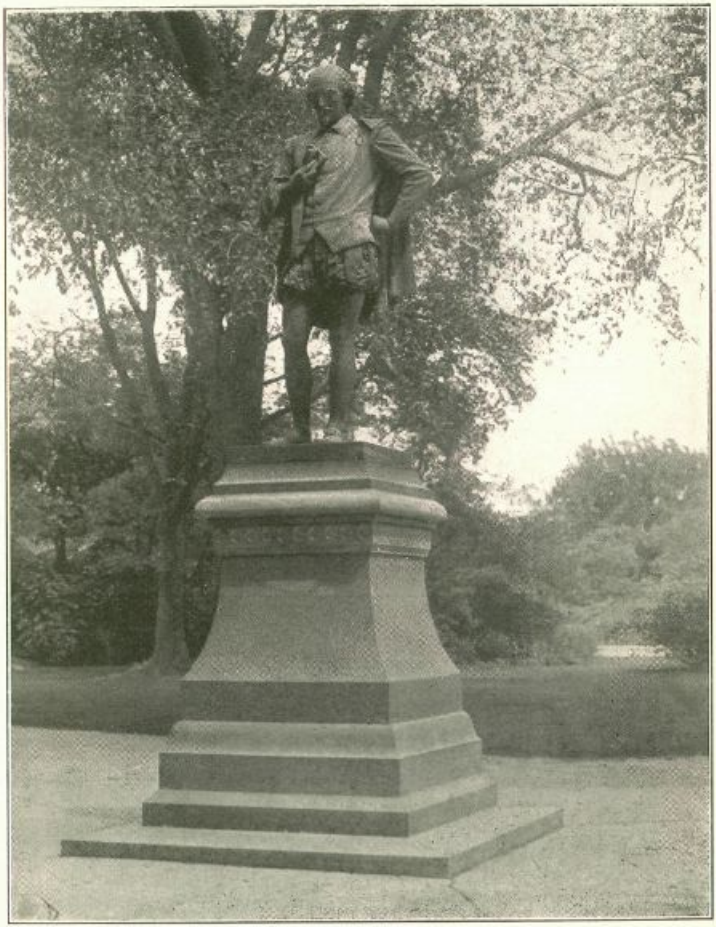
HUMPHREYS, COL. DAVID, minister from the United States to her most Faithful Majesty, and MISS BULKELY, mar. at Lisbon. After the marriage they set off for Madrid. Dec. 2, 1797.

HUTHWAITE, WILLIAM, and MISS ELIZA RYDER, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. May 20, 1797.

ISHERWOOD, BENJAMIN, and MISS FANCY DUCLEW, both of this city, mar. Saturday the 22nd. Aug. 5, 1797.

JARVIS, MALANCTON B., and MISS MARY SMITH, both of Norwalk, Conn., mar. lately at Norwalk. Oct. 14, 1797.

JOUPHEE, MR., and MRS. FRANCES BROWN, mar. a few days since at Flatbush, L. I. July 22, 1797.



STATUE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE IN CENTRAL PARK BY J. Q. A. WARD. ERECTED BY CITIZENS OF NEW YORK ON THE 300TH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH. COURTESY OF THE ART COMMISSION OF NEW YORK CITY

JOHNSON, DAVIS, and MISS CLARA WILLIAMS, both of Havestraw, mar. Sunday last. Dec. 23, 1797.

JOHNSON, REV. JOHN B., of Albany, and MISS BETSEY LUPTON, of this city, mar. Thursday last. May 13, 1797.

JOHNSON, JOHN I., editor of the Diary, and MISS HANNAH LOUDON, daughter of Samuel Loudon, printer, all of this city. May 27, 1797.

JOLINE, REV. JOHN, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Florida, and MISS MARIA GALE, of Goshen, mar. Sunday the 12th at Goshen. Feb. 25, 1797.

JONES, WILLIAM, of Maryland, and MISS ELIZABETH WATERS, of Newtown. L. I., mar. Sunday last at Newtown, L. I. Sept. 16, 1797.

KANE, ELIAS, merchant, and MISS SCHELLUYNE, both of that city, mar. at Albany. Nov. 11, 1797.

KENNEDY, PETER J., of this city, and MISS HANNAH ELIZABETH CHAUNCEY, of Connecticut, mar. Saturday, July 29th. Aug. 12, 1797.

KERSHAW, JOHN A., lately from England, and MISS ANN BARTOW, eldest daughter of Thomas Bartow, merchant of this city. July 29, 1797.

KIPT, GARRET, and MISS ANNE LEACH, both of this city, mar. Wednesday last. Sept. 16, 1797.

KIRK, GEORGE, of this city, and MISS MARY NORRIS, of Princeton, mar. the 13th at Princeton. Feb. 25, 1797.

LARKIN, ISAAC, Junior Editor of the Independent Chronicle, died at Boston. Dec. 5th, aged 26. Dec. 16, 1797.

LASHER, FREDERIC, son of Col. John Lasher, of this city, died Sept. 10th at Lebanon Springs. Sept. 30, 1797.

LAWRENCE, NATHANIEL, Attorney General of the State, died at Hempstead, July 5th. July 15, 1797.

LESTER, RICHARD, and MRS. VENABLES, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. July 1, 1797.

LEWIS, ABEL, and MISS PHEBE BAKER, both of that place, mar. Sunday last at North Castle. Aug. 26, 1797.

LOCKWOOD, JOHN, and MRS. SARAH SMITH, relict of Stephen Smith, both of Norwalk, mar. Tuesday last. June 3, 1797.

LONG, LIEUT. ROBERT, of the 17th British Reg't., and MISS JANE BYRON, lately from Ireland, mar. Monday the 8th. May 20, 1797.

LOUTETTE, THOMAS, and MISS CATHARINE M'KENZIE, both of this city, mar. Thursday the 22nd. Jan. 7, 1797.

LOWANS, THOMAS, and MISS MARY MILDINBURGER, both of this city, mar. Dec. 6th. Dec. 16, 1797.

LYON, DAVID, of Saw-Pit, and MISS CHARITY WILSON, of Greenwich, mar. Sunday last at King Street. Sept. 9, 1797.

M'CAMMAN, WILLIAM, died Monday last by reason of a fall from the scaffolding of the New Theatre in this city. Nov. 11, 1797.

M'DOLE, FRANCIS, of Brunswick, N. J., and MISS DIANA DEAS, of Princeton, mar. April 20th. May 6, 1797.

M'WILLIAMS, ALEXANDER, of this city, and MISS NANCY GOLDSMITH, a native of the Isle of Man. May 13, 1797.

MARSCHALK, CAPT. ANDREW, of the United States Army, and MISS SUSAN M'DONALD, of this city. Aug. 5, 1797.

MARSCHALK, JOHN, and MISS SOPHIA STEDDIFORD, both of this city, mar. Thursday last week. Sept. 30, 1797.

MARSCHALK, CAPT. JOSEPH, and MISS MARY YOULE, both of this city, mar. Saturday the 18th. March 4, 1797.

MAXWELL, ROBERT, Sheriff, died at Charleston, S. C., Dec. 12th. Dec. 23, 1797.

MENHAULT, MR., aged 66, and MRS. CATHARINE BRICKMAN, aged 82, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. Aug. 19, 1797.

MERRILL, ABRAHAM, and MISS POLLY LAKE, mar. the 7th at Staten Island. May 20, 1797.

MERRITT, JOHN, formerly of Limerick, Ireland, and MISS ELIZABETH HAWXHURST, daughter to Joseph Hawxhurst, of Oyster Bay, L. I., mar. Sunday last at Oyster Bay, L. I. May 6, 1797.

MEUISE, LEONARD, and MISS DOLLY SHUTE, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. April 22, 1797.

MILLER, ALEXANDER S., and MISS MARY ROGERS, both of this city, mar. Wednesday. May 27, 1797.

MILLER, MR. CHARLES, and MISS ANN PATTERSON, both of this city, mar. Monday. May 27, 1797.

MITCHELL, ALEXANDER, aged 109 years, and MISS JANE HAMMOND, aged 16 years, mar. at Richmond Dec. 13th. Dec. 30, 1797.

MIX, WILLIAM, of New Haven, and MISS ELIZA TOOKER, of this city, mar. Sunday last. Sept. 2, 1797.

MORTON, WASHINGTON, of this city, and MISS CORNELIA LYNCH SCHUYLER, daughter of Gen. Schuyler of Albany, mar. Oct. 7th. Oct. 21, 1797.

MUNN, PATRICK, and MISS ANN MAVERICK, both of this city, married ——. June 3, 1797.

NISBET, ARCHIBALD, grocer, and MRS. M. SCOTT, both of this city, mar. Thursday last. Aug. 26, 1797.

NORTON, JOHN B., and MISS SARAH FRANKLIN, daughter of the late Walter Franklin, both of this city. July 22, 1797.

NORWOOD, ANDREW S., and MISS ABIGAIL OGILVIE, both of this city, mar. Wednesday last. Sept. 9, 1797.

NOSTRAM, DAVID, of Jericho, L. I., and MISS PATTY TITUS, daughter of Jacob Titus, of Wheatly, L. I., mar. the 17th of Aug. Sept. 16, 1797.

OGDEN, DAVID, merchant, and MISS SARAH GLOVER, daughter of Mr. John G. Glover, all of this city, mar. Thursday last. Feb. 25, 1797.

OGDEN, DAVID A., and MISS REBECCA EDWARDS, both of this city, mar. Tuesday last. June 3, 1797.

OGDEN, WILLIAM, and MISS SUSAN MURRAY, daughter of John Murray, all of this city, mar. Saturday last. July 8, 1797.

ONDERDONK, ANDREW, a Senator of the Southern District, died Saturday last at Brooklyn. Sept. 30, 1797.

OVELSHAW, MR., of this city, and MRS. SARAH NESBIT, of Flushing, L. I., daughter of John Fowler, mar. Friday last. Nov. 4, 1797.

PALMER, WILLIAM, Capt. in the 18th Reg't. of the British Dragoons, and MISS AUGUSTA TEMPLE, daughter of Sir John Temple, Baronet, Consul General to the U. S. A., mar. Tuesday last at Richmond Hill. Sept. 16, 1797.

PAYNE, BENJAMIN, and MISS CHARLOTTE BROWN, both of Flushing, L. I., mar. Sunday last at that place. Dec. 30, 1797.

PEARSALL, ROBERT, merchant, and ELIZA COLLINS, both of this city, mar. Wednesday last at the Friends' Meeting House. Dec. 16, 1797.

PEASE, JOHN, and MISS ELIZABETH HURTIN, daughter of the late Mr. Joshua Hurtin, all of this city, mar. Sunday last. Feb. 25, 1797.

PETER, REV. CHRISTOPHER GODFREY, minister of the United Brethren's Church in this city, died Sunday last. Nov. 4, 1797.

PIERSON, JOSIAH G., died Sunday last in this city. Dec. 23, 1797.

PLEASANTS, DR., died Sunday last at Phila. Oct. 21, 1797.

PORTER, MR., and MRS. MARY HIGBY, both of this city, mar. Nov. 7th. Nov. 18, 1797.

POST, ISRAEL, and MISS ANN RICH, both of Philipsburgh, West Chester, mar. April 17th. April 29, 1797.

POWELL, JONAH, of Cedar Swamp, and MISS ABIGAIL STILLWELL, daughter of William Stilwell, of Bethpage, L. I., mar. Oct. 7th. Oct. 21, 1797.

PRINCE, NATHANIEL, merchant, and MISS CORNELIA SANDS, daughter of Comfort Sands, all of this city, mar. Saturday last. June 10, 1797.

PRINCE, CAPT. JOSEPH, of this city, and MISS ELEANOR CONNOR, late of Ireland, mar. Friday the 28th. Aug. 5, 1797.

PRIOR, EDWARD, and MISS FANNY FISHER, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. April 29. 1797.

QUINCY, JOSIAH, of Boston, Counsellor at Law, and MISS ELIZA S. MORTON, daughter of the late John Morton, of this city, merchant, mar. Tuesday last. June 10, 1797.

RANE, NATHANIEL, and MISS HANNAH VAN NOSTRAND, both of Brooklyn, L. I., mar. Sunday last. Aug. 12, 1797.

REMSIN, GEORGE, of Wolver Hollow, Oyster Bay, and MISS RUTH PINE, daughter of James Pine, of Jericho, L. I., mar. Oct. 5th. Oct. 21, 1797.

RISTLE, JOHN, and MISS PEGGY M. BAXTER, both of this city, mar. Thursday the 13th. July 22, 1797.

ROE, REV. ABEL, of Woodbridge, N. J., and MRS. BARRAT, late of Boston, mar. Tuesday the 27th. Jan. 7, 1797.

ROE, JOHN, merchant of this city, and MISS SUSANNAH R. STEVENS, of Perth Amboy, N. J., mar. Thursday the 12th. Jan 21, 1797.

ROGERS, HEZEKIAH, and MISS ABIGAIL WADE, mar. Saturday last. Oct. 7, 1797.

ROGERS, CAPT. MAYHEW, and MISS RUTH SAYRE, daughter of Capt. Abraham Sayre, of that place, mar. Wednesday the 5th inst. at Southampton, L. I. July 29, 1797.

ROOME, NICHOLAS, and MISS JEMIMA LEWIS, both of this city, mar. the 21st. June 3, 1797.

ROOME, JACOB P., of this city, and MISS NELLY HOOGLAND, of Fishkill, mar. March 22nd at Fishkill. April 1, 1797.

ROSE, JOHN, and MISS HANNAH MIKALS, both of New Hurley, Ulster Co., mar. there the 29th. June 10, 1797.

ROSE, JOSEPH, JR., merchant of this city, and MISS FRANCES STANTON, of Charlestown, Conn., mar. some time since. Oct. 28, 1797.

ROSE, WILLIAM L., Attorney at Law, and MISS CHARLOTTE C. SMITH, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. March 18, 1797.

ROSS, ALEXANDER, and MISS BARBARA SMALER, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. Dec. 2, 1797.

ROSS, DAVID, and MRS. FRANCES ANN BOGART, both of this city, mar. Nov. 10th. Nov. 18, 1797.

ROUNDTREE, REV. SOLOMON, and MRS. SUSANNAH SWINBURN, both of this city, mar. Thursday last. Sept. 16, 1797.

ROW, WALTER, and MISS SALLY VALENTINE, both of Flushing, L. I., mar. Sunday last at Flushing, L. I. Dec. 16, 1797.

SANDS, COMFORT, and MISS CORNELIA LOTT, both of this city, mar. Tuesday last. Dec. 9, 1797.

SAUNDERS, ROBERT, of Baltimore, printer, and ELIZABETH BANCKER, of this city, mar. Tuesday last. Feb. 25, 1797.

SEAMAN, JACOB, of this city, and MISS SALLY HEWLETT, of Hempstead, L. I., mar. Saturday last. Sept. 9, 1797.

SEYMOUR, ISAAC, and MISS SALLY WILSON, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. April 1, 1797.

SHARP, JAMES, and MISS CATHARINE COLVLIN, both of this city, mar. Tuesday last. Dec. 2, 1797.

SILLS, PHINEAS, of Cow-Harbout, and MRS. REBECCA WHITE, of Crab Meadow, mar. the 27th at Huntington, L. I. Jan. 14, 1797.

SIMOND, JOSEPH, and MISS MARY M'LAUGHLIN, both of this city, mar. Thursday last week. Sept. 30, 1797.

SLOTE, PETER, printer, and MISS ANN COOK, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. Feb. 18, 1797.

SMITH, SAMUEL ALDWILL, and MRS. ANN WOOD, both passengers in the Belvidere, from London, mar. April 6th. April 15, 1797.

SMITH, MRS. RICHARD, died Nov. 17th in this city. Nov. 25, 1797.

SMITH, WATERS, and MISS MARIA ALLISON, both of this city, mar. Tuesday the 28th. Dec. 9, 1797.

SOUTHWICK, HENRY C., printer, and MISS MARY WOOL, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. June 24. 1797.

STAPLES, JOHN L., merchant of this city, and MISS MARY CORSA, daughter of Col. Corsa, mar. last week at Newtown, L. I. Dec. 16, 1797.

SULLIVAN, JOHN LANGDON, son of Hon. James Sullivan, and MISS RUSSELL, daughter of the late Hon. Thomas Russell, mar. Oct. 12th at Boston. Oct. 28, 1797.

SUYDAM, SAMUEL, of the house of Suydam and Heyer, merchants, died Saturday last. Sept. 30, 1797.

TALCOTT, COL. ELIZUR, died at Glastenbury, aged 88. Dec. 9, 1797.

TAYLOR, BENJAMIN, and MISS MARY BARKER, both of this city, mar. Wednesday last. April 22, 1797.

TAYLOR, MRS. MARGARET, wife of John Taylor, merchant of this city, died Wednesday last. Dec. 9, 1797.

TAYLOR, CAPT. MOSES, and MISS MARGARET TOWT, both of this city, mar. Thursday last. April 15, 1797.

TEMPLE, GRENVILLE, son of the Hon. Sir John Temple, Bart., and MRS. RUSSELL, widow of the late Thomas Russell, of Boston, mar. last week at Boston. March 11, 1797.

TERRY, KETCHUM, merchant of this city, and MISS POLLY SNEDEKER, daughter of John Snedeker, of Huntington, L. I., mar. Sunday last at Huntington, L. I. March 11, 1797.

THOMPSON, SAMUEL, and MISS MARY WINKFIELD, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. May 13, 1797.

TODD, GEORGE, of this city, and MISS SALLY ISAACS, of Bradford Hill, Conn., mar. at New Haven. Nov. 4, 1797.

TORTON, JAMES, and MISS ANNA BARKER, both of this city, mar. Wednesday last. April 22, 1797.

TOTTEN, EPHRAIM, formerly of this city, died at New Providence a few weeks since in the 30th year of his age. April 29, 1797.

TOWNSEND, THOMAS S., merchant, and MISS PEGGY NOSTRAND, both of this city, mar. the 28th. March 11, 1797.

TOWNSEND, WALTER, of this city, and MISS JEMIMA WHITE, of Norwalk, mar. Saturday last. April 29, 1797.

TUTTLE, MRS. SARAH, wife of Daniel Tuttle, of this city, died Oct. 13th. Aged 45. Oct. 28, 1797.

TYSON, MR., of this city, and MISS LETTY RAPPELYE, of Cow Neck, mar. Sunday last at Jamaica, L. I. May 27, 1797.

UTT, PETER, and MISS AMELIA FAIRLY, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. Jan. 14, 1797.

VALENTINE, SMITH, merchant, and MISS MARY ALMON, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. Nov. 18, 1797.

VAN ALLEN, ABRAHAM, and MISS MARY BROOKMAN, both of this city, mar. Thursday last. Sept. 2, 1797.

VAN DUYNE, JAMES, of Fresh Meadow, and MRS. DEBORAH ALLEN, of that place, mar. Saturday last at Jamaica, L. I. March 25, 1797.

VAN KUREN, ROBERT S., and MISS ANN BOMEL, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. July 22, 1797.

VAN RENSSELAER, CAPT. SOLOMON, and MISS HARRIET VAN RENSSELAER, second daughter of Philip Van Rensselaer, mar. Jan. 17th at Cherry Hill. March 11, 1797.

VAN VLECK, JOHN, died yesterday in his 88th year. Oct. 14, 1797.

VAN WYCK, MR., of Flushing, L. I., and MISS THORNE, daughter of Capt. Thorne, of that place, mar. Wednesday the 11th at Hempstead. Jan. 21, 1797.

VISSCHER, SEBASTIAN, and MISS ROSANNAH SHIPBOY, both of that city, mar. at Albany. Nov. 11, 1797.

VON LOEWENSTERN, MR., of this city, and MISS MARIA TRIBIE, of St. Mare, St. Domingo, mar. Monday last. Aug. 19, 1797.

VOORHIS, PETER, and MRS. NANCY SMITH, widow of Joseph Smith, deceased, all of this city, mar. Wednesday last. March 4, 1797.

WALKER, JOHN, alias SICKQUOINNEYOUHEE, one of the chiefs of the Cherokee nations of Indians, and MISS ANN JANE DURANT, of Phila., mar. Thursday the 5th at Phila. Jan. 14, 1797.

WARD, CAPT. JOHN, late of Phila., and MRS. ELIZABETH CHIRNSIDE, of this city, mar. Oct. 4th. Oct. 14, 1797.

WARD, STEPHEN, died Friday last at East Chester, aged 88 years. Dec. 16, 1797.

WASHINGTON, LAURENCE, and MISS POLLY WOOD, daughter of Robert Wood, of Frederic, mar. in Virginia. Dec. 23, 1797.

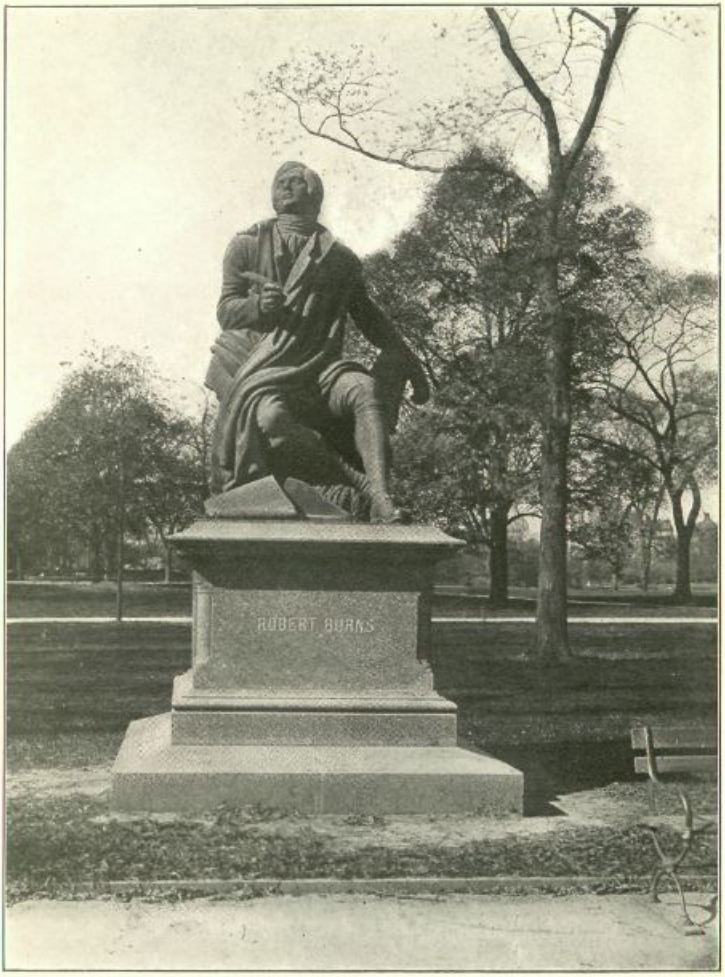
WAYNE, ANTHONY, Commander in Chief of the Army of the U. S., died Wednesday, Dec. 14th at Presqu' Isle. Feb. 4, 1797.

WEBB, THOMAS, and MISS PATTY HOPKINS, both of Boston, mar. at Boston, Oct. 26th. Nov. 11, 1797.

WELLS, JOHN, ESQ., of this city, and MISS ELIZA LAWRENCE, daughter of Thomas Lawrence, of Newtown, L. I., mar. Wednesday last. March 18, 1797.

WHEELER, DANIEL, of Islip, and MRS. HANNAH WESLER, of Smith Town, mar. Saturday last at Smith Town, L. I. Dec. 9, 1797.

WHITE, MRS. MARY, consort of Rt. Rev. Bishop White, died Wednesday the 13th at Phila. Dec. 23, 1797.



Statue of Robert Burns in Central Park by Sir John Steel. Presented to the city by admirers of Scotia's peasant bard on the 121st anniversary of his birth. Courtesy of the Art Commission of New York City

WHITE, STEPHEN, and MISS ESTHER WASSON, both of Norwalk, Conn., mar. the 28th at Norwalk, Conn. June 24, 1797.
WHITFIELD, THOMAS, and MISS EFFE VAN AULEN, both of this city, mar. the 11th. May 20, 1797.
WHITNEY, ASA, and MISS CATHARINE LEGGET, both of this city, mar. at Rahway, N. J. Oct. 14, 1797.
WILKINSON, BENJAMIN, aged 20, and MRS. FIRTH, a blooming widow of 60, mar. Sunday last at Castle Church, near Stafford. Dec. 16, 1797.
WILLIAMS, ELAM, and MISS CATHARINE BOGERT, both of this city, mar. Thursday last. May 20, 1797.
WILLIAMS, JOHN, and MISS SUSAN BOWDEN, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. May 6, 1797.
WILLIAMSON, HENRY C., and MISS MARY DANIEL, both of this city, mar. last evening. March 18, 1797.
WILLIAMSON, ROBERT, and MISS BARBARA HARRIES, both natives of Scotland, mar. Monday last. June 24, 1797.
WILSON, ROBERT, merchant of this city, died Monday last. Oct. 28, 1797.
WINCHESTER, REV. ELHANAN, died April 18th at Hartford, aged 46 years. April 29, 1797.
WINTER, AUGUST, and MISS ROSINA MOORE, second daughter of Mr. Blasius Moore, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. Sept. 30, 1797.
WOLCOTT, OLIVER, Governor of Conn., died Dec. 1st at his seat in Litchfield, aged 71. Dec. 9, 1797.
WOODHULL, CAPT., and MISS REBECCA MAVERICK, both of this city, married ——. June 3, 1797.
WOODHULL, GILBERT, merchant, and MISS ANN COWLEY, both of this city, mar. Thursday last. Dec. 16, 1797.
WOODRUFF, JOHN, and MISS SALLY YOUNG, both of Hanover, N. J., mar. Saturday last. Oct. 28, 1797.
WOOLSEY, GEORGE M., merchant of this city, and MISS HOWLAND, daughter of Mr. Joseph Howland, merchant of Norwich, mar. Sept. 16th at Norwich. Oct. 7, 1797.
WORTMAN, TUNIS, Counsellor at Law, and MISS MARGARET LOUDON, both of this city, mar. Thursday at Bedford, L. I. June 10, 1797.
WURMSER, MAJ. GEN. COUNT DE, died July 9th at Vienna. Oct. 21, 1797.
WYCKOFF, MRS., a widow, died the 26th at her house in Pine Street. June 3, 1797.
WYCKOFF, HENRY V., and MISS NELLY SCHENCK, daughter of Peter Schenck, of that place, mar. at Bushwick, L. I. April 29, 1797.
YOULE, TIMOTHY, and MISS NANCY TWYBELL, niece of John Baily, all of this city, married ——. Aug. 12, 1797.

1798

ACKERLY, ELIZA, see Benjamin Mott.
ANDERSON, LYDIA, see Daniel Jewel.
BAINBRIDGE, PHEBE, see Dr. John McClone.
BAKER, MARTHA, see Selia Washburn.
BARCLAY, P. ELEANOR, see James Cochran.
BARRY, MISS, see Capt. Patrick Roach.
BEST, ANN, see Stephen Dixon.
BINGHAM, MISS, see Alexander Baring.
BLEECKER, FRANCES, see Francis Harman Ellison.
BRASHER, CATHARINE, see Stephen Van Wyck.
BRICKMAN, ANN, see Capt. Jos. Dill.
BRINKERHOOF, MARY, see Richard Boorum.
BULLOCK, ELIZA L., see Collin V. Gelder Forbes.
CALDWELL, ELIZA, see John Delamarter.
CALDWELL, HETTY, see Rev. M. Findley.
CARD, ELIZABETH, see Isaac Minard.
CARMER, ELIZABETH, see Robert Thompson.
CARMER, JERMIMA, see James Gauk.
COCK, PHEBE, see James W. Dominick.
COLDEN, ELIZA, see Edward Laight.

COMPADRA, JENNET MARIA HELEN, see William Dickson.
COWENHAVEN, MISS, see Tredwell Jackson.
CRANE, JOANNA, see Abraham Scudder.
CROW, IZABELLA, see Samuel Crow.
DENNING, MISS, see William Henderson.
DE HART, MRS., see John I. Murray.
DOVER, JANE, see William Hertell.
DUBOIS, POLLY, see Elias E. Van Birnschoten.
EARL, MRS. CATHERINE, see Peter Allison.
EATON, MRS. CATHARINE, see James Van Valen.
FIRNHAWER, POLLY, see Samuel Nash.
FISHER, CATHARINE, see John Butler.
FORD, MARY, see Richard H. Moris.
FOUNTAINE, LYDIA, see Reuben Ball.
GILBERT, MISS, see Maj. W. Fish.
GORDON, MALINDA, see William Beekman Verplank.
GRESWOLD, ANNE, see Daniel M. Hitchcock.
HUNTER, ELIZABETH, see Gabriel Verplank Ludlow.
HILL, ANN, see Hugh Welch.
HILYARD, MRS. JANE, see John Ruchel.
LAWRENCE, MARIA, see Adrian Vansinderen.
LEWIS, MARGARET, see Materine Livingston.
LIGHTBURN, MARIA, see Edward Elting.
LIVINGSTON, GITTY, see William Cutting.
LIVINGSTON, MARGARET, see Robert Livingston.
LUDLUM, MARY, see Isaac Littel.
LYLBURN, MARIA ANN, see Jovo Joze Cobral.
LYNCH, SALLY, see Roderick M'Leod.
M'CHESNEY, HANNAH, see Jacob Smith, Jr.
MALCOMB, FRANCES, see Charles Snowden.
MARSHALL, ELIZA, see Elijah Guion.
MILLS, RACHEL, see Henry Devaine.
MINSHULL, ANN, see Lynde Walter.
NIXON, CATHARINE, see Thomas Major.
PHOENIX, ELIZA, see Nathaniel Ingraham.
PHENIX, SARAH, see George White.
POST, ELLEN, see Abraham Odle Valentine.
PROVOOST, ELIZA SUSANNA, see George Rapelje.
RABORG, RACHEL, see Jacob Wagner.
REDMAN, HANNAH, see James A. Alexander.
REMSEN, MRS. MARGARET, see Aime Barbarin.
RIDDLE, MARGARET, see James Doblin.
ROBINSON, MARY, see Patrick Plunket.
RUSSELL, HANNAH, see Baesl Ouenet.
SANTFORD, ELIZABETH, see William A. Davis.
SHIMEALL, MARY, see George Alexander.
SMITH, ELIZABETH, see Michael Smith.
SMITH, MARGARET, see Archibald Davis.
SOUTHWELL, MARGARET, see Jacob Warner.
STREET, SARAH, see William Durell.
SUYDAM, MISS, see Capt. Peter Manifold.
TER BOSS, ANN, see Mr. Pine.
THOMPSON, POLLY, see John Edsall.
TITUS, JEMIMAH, see Stephen Cock.
TOWT, CORNELIA H., see Samuel Rudd.
TREDWELL, SARAH P., see Stephen B. Munn.
VAN PELT, ELIZABETH, see Gilbert Bogert.
WEBB, NANCY, see Capt. David King.
WEEKS, SALLY, see Grigham Howe.
WILCOCKS, MARIA, see John Ellis.
WILLIA, NANCY, see Isaac Stiles.
WILLIARD, M. C. HENRIETTA, see Thomas M. Ford.
WOOD, BETSY, see Peter Totten.
WOODWARD, DEBORAH, see George Welsh.
WORN, ELIZABETH, see Jacob Zeller.
WRIGHT, JANE, see Enos Baldwin.
YOUNG, SALLY, see Isaac Saren.

1797

ADAMSON, HANNAH, see John Harkey.
ALLEN, MRS. DEBORAH, see J. Van Duyne.
ALLISON, MARIA, see Waters Smith.
ALMON, MARY, see Smith Valentine.
ANDERSON, SALLY, see Benj. Gifford.
ANSON, MRS. LUCY, see William Baker.
AUSTIN, MRS. MARY, see Ephraim Brasher.
BAKER, PHEBE, see Abel Lewis.
BALDWIN, ANNA, see William Cox.
BANCKER, ELIZABETH, see R. Saunders.
BARKER, ANNA, see James Torton.
BARKER, MARY, see Benj. Taylor.
BARRAT, MRS., see Rev. Abel Roe.
BARTOW, ANN, see John A. Kershaw.
BAXTER, PEGGY M., see John Ristle.
BEAN, ELIZA, see Conover Bowne.
BETTS, SARAH, see Michael Conrey.
BLACKWELL, LYDIA, see Capt. John Hazard.
BOGART, FRANCES ANN, see D. Ross.
BOGERT, CATHERINE, see Elam Williams.
BOMEL, ANN, see R. S. Vankuren.
BOWDEN, SUSAN, see John Williams.
BRICKMAN, CATHERINE, see Mr. Menhault.
BROOKMAN, MARY, see Abram. Van Allen.
BROOKS, MRS. ANN, see Henry Gatty.
BROWER, MRS. CORNELIA, see John Cook.
BROWN, CHARLOTTE, see Benj. Payne.
BROWN, FRANCES, see Mr. Jouphee.
BRUYN, MARGARET, see John Gasheri.
BULKELY, MISS, see Col. David Humphreys.
BUXTON, SALLY, see John Cornell.
BYRON, JANE, see Lieut. Robert Long.
BYVANCK, NANCY, see Henry Frome.
CHAUNCEY, HANNAH ELIZABETH, see Peter J. Kennedy.
CHIRNSIDE, MRS. ELIZABETH, see Capt. John Ward.
CLARKE, MARTHA, see George Cook.
COLE, TEMPLE, see Jacob Bollmer.
COLLINS, ELIZA, see Robert Pearsall.
COLVLIN, CATHERINE, see James Sharp.
CONNOR, ELEANOR, see Capt. Joseph Prince.
COOK, ANN, see Peter Slote.
CORSA, MARY, see John J. Staples.
COWLEY, ANN, see Gilbert Woodhull.
COXE, MARIA, see Andrew Allen.
CRAVEN, ELIZABETH, see Samuel Charlott.
DANIEL, MARY, see H. C. Williamson.
DAY, JANE, see Pexcel Fowler.
DEAS, DIANA, see Francis M'Dole.
DUCLEW, FANCY, see Benj. Isherwood.
DURANT, ANN JANE, see John Walker.
EDWARDS, REBECCA, see David A. Ogden.
FAIRLY, AMELIA, see Peter Ult.
FARRINGTON, MRS. CATHARINE, see Richard Abrams.
FERRIS, MRS. NANCY, see Christopher Durm.
FIRTH, MRS., see Benj. Wilkinson.
FISHER, FANNY, see Edward Prior.
FISHER, MARIA, see Dr. Peter Clarke.
FRANKLIN, SARAH, see John B. Norton.
GAILER, CATHERINE, see John Curry.
GALE, MARIA, see Rev. John Joline.
GILBERT, MRS. ELIZA ANN, see Samuel Bristowe.
GLOVER, SARAH, see David Ogden.
GOLDSMITH, NANCY, see Alex. M'Williams.
GORDON, MARY, see James P. Allen.

GRAY, MRS. ELIZABETH, see Richard Capes.
GREEN, ANN, see William Hancock.
GUIBERT, EMILIA, see Casimir Dela Vigne
HARRIES, BABARA, see Robt. Williamson.
HAUXHURST, ELIZABETH, see John Merritt.
HAMMOND, JANE, see Alexander Mitchell.
HEDEN, GIFFY, see John Hamilton.
HENDRICKS, CHARLOTTE, see Benj. Gomez.
HENDRICKS, RICHE, see Abraham Gomez.
HENDERSON, SUSANNAH, see John Bannerham.
HEWLETT, SALLY, see Jacob Seaman.
HEYER, ELIZA, see Andrew Bell.
HICKS, MARIAM, see Henry Dawson, Jr.
HIGBY, MARY, see Mr. Porter.
HIGGINS, HANNAH, see Robert Gibbons.
HILL, POLLY, see Lazarus Beach.
HINCHLEY, LOUISA, see Capt. Thos. Barnard.
HOLSMAN, M. CATHERINE, see John G. Coster.
HOOGLAND, NELLY, see Jacob P. Roome.
HOPKINS, PATTY, see Thomas Webb.
HOWE, ELIZA, see Nichilas Evertson.
HOWLAND, MISS, see Geo. M. Wooley.
HURTIN, ELIZABETH, see John Pease.
I'ANS, MRS., see Capt. William Earle.
ISAACS, SALLY, see George Todd.
IVES, MARGARET, see Alexander Gowan.
JACOBS, ESTHER, see Peter Cutter.
JEFFERSON, POLLY, see John Epps.
JENKINS, JANE, see Simon Fleet.
JOHNSON, LOUISA, see John Quincy Adams.
JOURNEAY, CUTTEA, see Andrew Frazier.
KENNEDY, MARGARET, see Capt. Thomas Christie.
KETCHUM, POLLY, see Joathan Dennis.
KREECH, ELIZABETH, see Peter Farol.
LAKE, POLLY, see Abraham Merrill.
LANGSTAFF, POLLY, see Dr. Mathias Freeman.
LARZELERE, ELIZABETH, see Hermanus Bennet.
LAW, ANN, see Walter Hubbell.
LAWRENCE, ELIZA, see John Wells.
LAWRENCE, SARAH REBECCA, see Warren De Lancey.
LEACH, ANNE, see Garret Kipt.
LEGGETT, CATHERINE, see Asa Whitney.
LEWIS, HANNAH, see Platt Buffett.
LEWIS, HESTER, see Lawrence Ackerman.
LEWIS, HESTER, see Capt. Steven Clay.
LEWIS, JEMIMA, see Nicholas Roome.
LINDSAY, ELIZA, see James Hatton.
LIVINGSTON, MRS., see James Crawford.
LOTT, CORNELIA, see Comfort Sands.
LOUDON, HANNAH, see John J. Johnson.
LOUDON, MARGARET, see Tunis Wortman.
LUPP, ANN FRANCES, see G. F. Hopkins.
LUPTON, BETSEY, see Rev. John B. Johnson.
LUSHURE, MRS. ELINOR, see Elisha Herrenden.
M'DONALD, SUSAN, see Capt. Andrew Marschalk.
M'KENZIE, CATHERINE, see T. Loutette.
M'LAUGHLIN, MARY, see Joseph Simond.
MARTAIN, PHOEBE, see John Arnet.
MAVERICK, ANN, see Patrick Munn.
MAVERICK, REBECCA, see Capt. Woodhull.
MIKALS, HANNAH, see John Rose.
MILDINBURGER, MARY, see Thomas Lowans.
MINTON, DORCAS, see John Flinn.
MOORE, HETTY, see Daniel Boardman.
MOORE, ROSINA, see August Winter.
MORTON, ELIZA S., see Joshia Quincy.
MOULTON, MARY, see Zebulon Gurley.



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A Day in the life of a Fireman

"Now then with a will, shake her up, boys"

Third in the series of Volunteer Firemen pictures issued by Currier & Ives half a century ago.

MUMFORD, NANCY, see John T. Duryee.
MURRAY, SUSANNAH, see William Ogden.
NESBIT, MRS. SARAH, see Mr. Ovelshaw.
NORRIS, MARY, see George Kirk.
NOSTRAND, PEGGY, see T. S. Townsend.
ODELL, MRS., see John Doubleday.
OGDEN, CHARLOTTE, see Chas. Gobert.
OGILVIE, ABIGAIL, see Andrew S. Norwood.
PAINTER, MARGARET, see Elias Brevoort.
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PINTO, PATTY, see William Earle.
POST, ANN, see Benj. Ferris.
POST, NANCY, see Peter Hawes.
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SANDS, CORNELIA, see Nathaniel Prime.
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SHUTE, MARY, see Capt. David Cargill.
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SLIDELL, PEGGY, see James Flinn.
SMALER, BARBARA, see Alexander Ross.
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SMITH, SARAH, see John Lockwood.
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STANTON, CATHERINE, see John Holloway.
STANTON, FRANCES, see Joseph Rose, Jr.
STEDDIFORD, SOPHIA, see John Marschalk.
STEVENS, SUSANNAH R., see John Roe.
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VAN AULEN, EFFIE, see T. Whitfield.
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WOOD, POLLY, see Lawrence Washington.
WOOL, MARY, see H. C. Southwick.
YOULE, MARY, see Capt. Joseph Marschalk.
YOUNG, SALLY, see John Woodruff.
YOUNG, MRS. SARAH, see Mr. Choate.

Old Mansions of the Bronx

By Randall Comfort

FIRST PAPER

Many of the old mansions of the Bronx are still extant and many of them have disappeared, but most of them have an interesting history either politically or socially and we give an account of some of the more important ones by a writer who was born and bred in the Bronx and has an intimate knowledge of those fine old residences.

The Gouverneur Morris Mansion

The famous Gouverneur Morris Mansion stood on a finely selected location on the high ground near the foot of the present Saint Ann's Avenue. Erected about 1798, and modelled after a stately French chateau, with its windows commanding a truly glorious view of the beautiful Harlem Kills with Randall's Island in the near foreground, this elegant old structure was the residence of that diplomat, patriot and statesman, Gouverneur Morris.

Plainly visible on floor and stairway were the imprints made by Mr. Morris's wooden leg as he trudged up and down. It seems that one of his hobbies, while residing in Philadelphia, was the driving without reins of a pair of spirited horses. This wooden leg, described as merely a round stick roughly fitted to the limb, was the result of being thrown from his carriage while unable to control the runaways. A noted clergyman once sympathized so deeply with him because of his accident that he replied: "My dear sir, you argue so handsomely and point out so clearly the advantages of being without legs, that I am almost tempted to part with the other!"

Gouverneur Morris's devotion to his country when minister to France was strongly evidenced by his insisting on remaining on duty in Paris all through the dread Reign of Terror. "For," said he, "it is not for me to desert my post in the hour of difficulty."

His ability to lead the field with his scythe as well as to recite whole books of Virgil by heart, was shown unexpectedly when a noted Englishman arrived, after visiting the Van Rennselaer the Schuylers and the Van Cortlandts. Scarcely had the carriage entered the grounds when the guest encountered a man without coat or vest, his trousers tucked into his boots, a scythe over his shoulder, an old straw hat on his head and the perspiration streaming down his face. The busy farm hand was none other than Gouverneur Morris himself.

In the memoirs of John Jay we find: "On Wednesday, when the President was away, Mrs. Washington called on me, and on Thursday, after an early breakfast of our own, we went, agreeably to invitation, to breakfast at General Morris's, Morrisania."

The charming vine-laden mansion of those days is said to have comprised but one-third of the original structure. Morris himself once wrote to a friend: "I have a terrace roof 130 feet long,—and, by the bye, I will send you a receipt how to make one,—from which I enjoy one of the finest prospects imaginable, while breathing the most salubrious air."

Many were the distinguished visitors entertained in the old house. General Moreau, one of Napoleon's famous officers; Louis Philippe, afterwards King of the French; and his two brothers, Comte de Beaujolais and Duc de Montpensier. The friendship between Morris and the renowned General Lafayette was very close. When the noted Frenchman came to America in 1824, one of the visits he paid was at the former home of his intimate friend, where he was most hospitably received by the young son of the distinguished father.



HUNT MANSION, HUNT'S POINT. BUILT 1688. FOR YEARS THE RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. COLLECTION OF MR. RANDALL COMFORT



CASANOVA MANSION, IN ITS DAY THE FINEST PRIVATE RESIDENCE IN THE UNITED STATES AND KNOWN AS "WHITLOCK'S FOLLY." COLLECTION OF MR. RANDALL COMFORT

Loud protests arose when it became known that the famed Gouverneur Morris mansion was to be razed to the ground and the terraces all leveled to make way for the enlarging of the adjoining railroad yard. The spacious halls and massive staircases and the walls two feet thick, were to be doomed at last, to say nothing of the great library where stood the private desk in whose secret drawer were once hidden 784 livres entrusted to Morris by King Louis XIV to aid in his attempted escape from Paris. Just before its destruction, a high railroad official calmly declared that his company would do far more good to the Bronx than could ever be done by the old mansion.

The Lewis Morris Mansion

The solid stone homestead built by Lewis Morris almost within a stone's throw of that of Gouverneur Morris is also gone. One of the signers of the Declaration of Independence in 1776, Lewis Morris knew full well that a hostile British fleet lay at anchor near his splendid mansion, ready at any moment to begin the work of destruction. But sign he did.

Before the selection on the Potomac of a site for the nation's capital, Lewis Morris believed his manor to be an ideal site. "There were more fighting men within a sweep of thirty miles around Morrisania than around any other place in America. . . . Persons emaciated by sickness and disease there are speedily reinstated in health and vigor. . . . Other places contain many negro inhabitants who not only do not fight themselves, but by keeping their masters at home, prevent them from fighting also." Such was Morris's argument, but the hard-hearted Congress turned a deaf ear to all these plead-

ings, and the dream of Morrisania-on-the-Harlem, capital of America, was never realized.

Of Lewis Morris the following anecdote is told: His tutor, a pious elderly quaker, while engaged in prayer in the woods heard a voice apparently coming from heaven, directing him to go and spread the gospel among the Indians. When on the point of starting, he accidentally learned that the mysterious words were but those of young Lewis Morris, who had climbed into a tree under which he thought his tutor would be likely to pass.

Jonas Bronck's Residence

The first white settler on these shores was Jonas Bronck, who appeared as early as 1639, having voyaged from Europe in the staunch ship *Fire of Troy*. Little did he think that his name would, centuries afterwards, be perpetuated in a park, a river and a borough.

Five hundred acres constituted his estate, which he purchased from two Indian sachems, Ranaqua and Taekamuck, and to which he gave the name of "Bronxland." Mindful of possible fires and flaming darts of the red men, he judiciously built a stone house with a tiled roof, barracks, barns and a tobacco house. Two of Bronck's friends and fellow voyagers leased a portion of his land for cultivation in order to raise maize and tobacco, and to reimburse him for their passage money out of the produce.

His house, standing near the mouth of Mill Brook, was not far from the present station of the New Haven Railroad. Its living-room is strikingly depicted in a well-known painting showing the signing of the celebrated Treaty of Peace with the Indian sagamores in 1642. On the left of the table stand the two chieftains, one intently

making his mark on paper at the direction of Cornelius Van Tienhoven, the Dutch secretary. To the right is Dominie Bogardus in his ministerial black suit, while leaning forward in an attitude of marked attention is the scholarly Dane, Jonas Bronck himself. What a shame that all these formalities should come to naught and that war should break out afresh, only to be subdued in 1645 by that intrepid Indian fighter, Captain John Underhill.

The year 1643 witnessed the death of Jonas Bronck. His estate was administered by friends at Harlem, one being the Rev. Everardus Bogardus, the husband of the celebrated Anneke Jans. Bronck's belongings included bowls, spoons, pictures, tankards, satins, silver cups, fine bedding, gloves, gros-grain suits and a splendid silver-mounted gun. He is known to have "used silver and napkins and table cloths, and to have possessed as many as six linen shirts!"

The Old Hunt Mansion

A quaint and striking octagonal tower rising like a lighthouse at the extreme end of Hunt's Point, was the old Hunt Mansion for centuries a familiar landmark for all vessels passing through the Sound.

In 1688 Thomas Hunt started the construction of his "Grange," well knowing there was an exceedingly high tax on wood for building and therefore wisely selecting stone. Hardly had he commenced when the tax was removed and the major portion of this "picturesque relic of bygone days" was of solid hewn oak. It was built in four sections and could boast of fireplaces constructed of bricks brought over by the Dutch trading ships as ballast. Many relics, quaint and curious, were found in the old "Grange's" interior, including books, swords and a can-

non-ball that was lodged in the brick wall, a reminder of those thrilling days when the British frigate-of-war *Asia* lay anchored near the spot.

Going further north on Hunt's Point, a small cemetery may be seen, the last resting-place of many old settlers, including veterans of the earlier wars. Its chief interest lies, however, in the fact that it contains the monument to that celebrated American poet, Joseph Rodman Drake.

Some years ago, when the present system of streets was planned, it was unexpectedly found that Whittier Street would not only penetrate this little burying-ground, but would go directly through the grave of Drake itself. Plans were therefore immediately made that resulted in perpetuating this small "God's Acre" in the form of the new Joseph Rodman Drake Park. It is a sacred spot where even the most exalted personage in the land could profitably pause in silent meditation, as did Lafayette when he revisited our country in 1824. The broad Lafayette Avenue near the Corpus Christi Monastery, formerly the narrow Lafayette Lane, was so styled because the great Frenchman passed along it while coming to stay overnight at the residence of George Fox, further up on old Hunt's Point Road.

For years the old Hunt Mansion was the residence of Drake, who spent hours each day exploring the wooded glades of the Bronx River, which led to his composing that beautiful poem describing the wonderful charms of that stream. In company with Fitz Greene Halleck, he traversed every nook and corner of this glorious region. After his death, his friend mournfully declared: "There will be less sunshine for me hereafter, now that Joe is gone."



Faile Mansion, Hunt's Point. Captain Nathan Hale stopped a night at the Faile Lodge when the British were crossing at Hell Gate. Collection of Mr. Randall Comfort



Dennison-White Mansion, Leggett Ave. & Southern Boulevard. Famous for the forest of great trees surrounding it. Collection of Mr. Randall Comfort

Another person sleeping his last sleep in the new Drake Park is Thomas Hunt the fourth, the peaceful quaker and revered patriot. Hunt was the close friend of General Washington, and upon his strong courage and familiarity with the neighborhood the father of his country relied.

The Faile Mansion

On the high crest nearer the Hunt's Point station, "Woodside," the stately Faile Mansion, with its imposing array of Doric columns, never failed to attract attention. Surrounded by a glorious forest, its sloping lawns boasted two signal attractions, a flock of beautiful peacocks and a splendid Cedar of Lebanon, the gift of a United States consul.

Erected in 1832, "Woodside" was the residence of E. G. Faile, an old time tea merchant of New York City. As regular as clockwork he would leave his house early every morning, driving the long distance to his Chambers Street office in just an hour. Accounts state that each of his famous horses was imported from Porto Rico and that the cost for transportation alone was $1,000. Two solidly built chairs, stated to have been brought over in the *Mayflower,* were proudly pointed out as among the relics in the parlor.

"The Locusts," the ancient Faile lodge, stood near the Hunt's Point Road and dated from pre-Revolutionary times. It was the house where the celebrated Captain Nathan Hale once stopped overnight when the British troops were crossing at Hell Gate and Washington had moved his army to Harlem Heights. After Mr. Faile built his commodious "Woodside," he turned "The Locusts" into a private school, and summoned from Scotland a teacher, Walter Chisholm, formerly a tutor in Sir

Walter Scott's family, to take charge. The great plant of the American Bank Note Company, with its army of 2,000 workers, now occupies the large Faile estate.

The Dennison-White Mansion

Famous as one of the few remaining old time residences of the Bronx, the Dennison-White Mansion still guards what remains of "Longwood Park," just north of Leggett Avenue and west of the Southern Boulevard. It is now the home of the Longwood Club. A recent visit revealed the old rooms almost as they were when witnessing the scenes of the lavish hospitality of more than half a century ago. On the outside walls, a coat of brilliant white has taken the place of the striking checkerboard effect of the old days. This fine mansion was surrounded by a forest of great trees almost equalling the California redwoods, and a picturesque summer-house on an immense bowlder near at hand commanded the attention. This great rock was directly over the grave of a former Indian sachem of great renown.

Old Leggett's Lane easily took the palm for woodland seclusion and delightful beauty. Just beyond the entrance to "Longwood Park" was the opening, in days of yore, of a yawning cavern of great depth, in whose dark recesses once lay a mysterious pile of human bones. During the stirring revolutionary days, a sharp skirmish took place near here between the Americans and the British. The patriots, being forced to retreat, hastily threw their dead into this great cave where they successfully escaped detection.

So constantly did visitors swarm to see the old cavern and its mysterious relics—and possibly to taste the joys

of the "Kissing Bridge" just beyond—that the owner was obliged for his own protection to have the cave filled in.

A lamp-post near the Dennison-White Mansion bears a postbox with this startling inscription: "Collections Made from This Box Once a Month!"

The Casanova Mansion

Not far from this famous postbox stood the immense Casanova Mansion, known far and wide in its day as the finest private residence in the United States. It was built by B. M. Whitlock in 1859 and its cost is said to have been $350,000. The magnificently elaborate decorations of its hundred rooms have never been surpassed even to this day. Its "blue-and-gold" room may never have an equal. The 50-acre estate, the winding driveway with gates that sprang open as the horses touched a concealed spring, the doorknobs of solid gold, and the great mansion itself with its lofty cupola barely showing above the immense surrounding trees, all seemed like a veritable fairyland.

Known far and wide as "Whitlock's Folly," the bronze doors, with their elegant coat of arms and the inviting inscription, "Soyez le Bienvenue," were never thrown open with greater cordiality than when an entire regiment from Georgia was being entertained, the officers lodged in the rooms and the men encamped on the lawns.

His fortune ruined by the Civil War, Mr. Whitlock sold his much prized home to a wealthy Cuban planter, Señor Yglesias Casanova, the leader of a band of wealthy Cuban patriots. During that island's early struggles for liberty, he was an ardent sympathizer and his splendid home was the great rendezvous for friends of that cause.

Underneath the mansion there existed a regular network of subterranean chambers, containing three dark wells that supplied the house, as well as numerous dark wine cellars. One underground passage led to the water's edge, affording a secret entranceway, as well as a hidden exit. Rifles, supplies and ammunition, it is said, were stored in these dark vaults for sudden use should occasion arise. Mysterious vessels under cover of darkness appeared close by like dark spectres, and sailed away again on their secret errands under the same mantle of mysteriousness.

Massive wrought-iron chandeliers adorned halls and chambers. On my visit I found bell-pulls in the immense apartments, which I vigorously rang, causing mysterious ringings in distant rooms below with true ghostlike effect —but never a servant appeared. Chance led us into the strangest place of all, the secret chamber containing the great safe, itself as big as a room. The entrance was by a hidden door. The place was lighted by opaque oval panels that exactly resembled the surrounding woodwork. High up beneath the lofty roof was a mysterious place, but whether it was an elaborate chapel or an immense ballroom we never learned.

A vast level tract is all that is left of this extensive estate, with only the adjoining Casanova railroad station to perpetuate the name.

The Old Fox Mansion

Surrounded and almost obscured by towering apartment houses, the square-built Fox Mansion still holds its own close to Westchester Avenue and 167th Street, and is now used for church purposes. In 1848, when its owner was searching for a site for his house, he was

told: "Thee can have the old orchard between the roads."

There William W. Fox built his grand old "Foxhurst" at a time when most of New York City lay below Fourteenth Street, and there to-day his residence is as solid as it was three score and ten years ago. Immense rooms and a hall as large as many modern apartments characterize this "square mansion of Uncle Billy Fox." Among the many relics I used to see there I distinctly remember a strangely shaped Algerian cutlass and a massive carved chest brought over by the Puritans. Another remembrance I have is that on one visit the oil lamps were all promptly put out at half-past nine, and I was lighted to the front door by the aid of matches.

Mr. Fox was one of the original Croton Water Commissioners, and on the completion of that important work he insisted on walking inside the aqueduct from Croton to New York City before signing his name to documents stating that the improvement had been finished.

Cut up into a thousand and one fragments the vast Fox estate has disappeared. Gone is the quaint Fox Farm House, or Hunt Inn, once standing at West Farms Road and 167th Street, opposite the old "Foxhurst." Built in 1660, this ancient structure was the rendezvous for all lovers of fox hunting, and British officers were great votaries of the sport. A disastrous fire on Easter Day, 1892, destroyed this old building, although fortunately a pane of glass from one of its windows was preserved, bearing a heart scratched on its surface enclosing the names of Joseph Rodman Drake and Nancy Leggett with the single word "Love."

The Simpson Mansions

Just below the "orchard between the roads," or "Fox Corners," as the gorgeous tally-ho coaches wore it emblazoned on their dazzling sides, lay the beautiful extent of level meadow and attractive woodland that composed the 120 acres of the picturesque Simpson estate.

"Ambleside" was the name given to the twin stately stone structures of immense size and incomparable beauty that graced the spot. Many of their sumptuous interior decorations found their way to this country from distant England. An elaborate pipe-organ was one of the owner's prized possessions. When, a few years ago, the wreckers began their work of demolition, they had to summon dynamite to their aid as the only means powerful enough to destroy the castle-like stone walls.

Charming sunken gardens adorned this delightful place. An elaborate covered track 25 by 1200 feet in size, for the training of colts during the winter months, was one of the sights to be seen. The breeding of Shetland ponies was also one of the owner's favorite fancies, and also the raising of queen bees. Looking in any direction from the windows of the elevated trains, as they swing around a sharp curve near Simpson Street station, only city flats in massed formation greet the eye to-day.

The Richard M. Hoe Mansion

Directly across the Southern Boulevard from the park-like Simpson estate were the charming acres forming "Brightside," the country home of Colonel R. M. Hoe, known far and wide as the inventor of the rotary printing press. Colonel Hoe could not possibly have selected a more delightful location for his mansion. Indeed his charming lodge, which for many years graced the angle

of "Fox Corners," was a thing of beauty and a joy while it lasted.

The Old Vyse Mansion

A short distance above, old Home Street still stretches out just as it did when its course lay through vast open fields. A portion was flanked by a wall made of stones truly leviathan in size, forming the southern boundary of the great Vyse estate of early days. From the old lodge at the corner of West Farms Road, a winding and picturesque driveway led up to the high ground once adorned by the stately Vyse mansion, one of Bronx's most attractive homes, and a striking example of the true Southern style of architecture.

Surrounding the house on all sides was a splendid array of Corinthian columns, extending from basement to roof, and forming a setting for a second-story porch as well as a first-story piazza. An old resident related that he had seen the immense dining-room on the first floor, a commodious kitchen below, underneath the kitchen a cellar, and below the cellar a dark sub-cellar.

To the west, just north of Freeman Street, was a most wonderful aviary. Elaborate grottoes beautified the grounds, while west of the Southern Boulevard I can well remember seeing the dainty rustic fence with an inside wire enclosure forming a most attractive deer park well filled with these graceful looking animals.

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